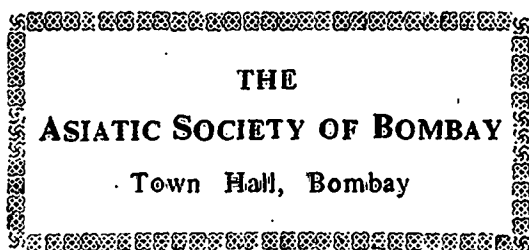




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THE
WORKS
OF
Thomas Hearne, D. A.

PRINTED FOR SAMUEL BAGSTER, IN THE STRAND. 1810.

VOL. III.

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CONTAINING THE FIRST VOLUME OF
PETER LANGTOFT'S CHRONICLE.

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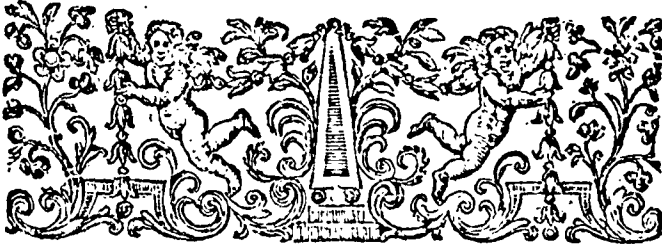


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Mercier and Chervet, Printers,  
Bartholomew Close, London.

Plinius in *Præfatione Natural.*  
*Histor. ad Vespasianum Au-*  
*gustum.*

Res ardua, vetustis novita-  
tem dare, novis auctoritatem,  
obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lu-  
cem, fastiditis gratiam, dubiis  
fidem, omnibus vero naturam,  
& naturæ suæ omnia.



## THE CONTENTS.

- I. **THE** Publisher's Preface. pag. ix.
- II. De Petro Longatosta [lege *Longatofa*.] E Pitseo  
de illustrib. Angliæ Scriptoribus. xciv.
- III. De eodem. E Lelandi Comm. de Scriptorib.  
Brit. xcv.
- IV. De eodem. E Bibliotheca Gesneri. *ibid.*
- V. Concerning Peter de Langetoft. Out of Bp. Nicol-  
son's Eng. Historical Library. xcvi.
- VI. Robert of Brunne's Prologue to his Chronicle.  
*ibid.*
- VII. Extract of a Letter, relating to Robert of  
Brunne and Peter de Langtoft, written  
Vol. I. b from

# Peter Langtoft's CHRONICLE,

(as illustrated and improv'd by ROBERT OF BRUNNE) from the Death of Cadwalader to the end of K. Edward the First's Reign.

TRANSCRIB'D,

and now first publish'd, from a MS. in the  
INNER-TEMPLE LIBRARY  
By THOMAS HEARNE, M.A.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Besides a Glossary and other curious Papers,

- (1) A Roll concerning Glastonbury Abbey, being a Survey of all the Estates belonging to that House at the Dissolution, taken by King Hen. the Eighth's order and for his use. (2) An Account of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen near Scroby in Nottinghamshire, by John Slacke, Master of that Hospital. (3) Two Tracts by an anonymous Author; the first relating to Conquest in Somersetshire, the second concerning Stone-henge.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

OXFORD,

Printed at the THEATER, M. DCC. XXV.

W W - d. 5

from London to the Publisher by the late learned  
John Bridges, Esq. Nov. 28. 1723. ci.

VIII. Robert of Brunne's Transition (called a Pro-  
logue by Mr. Bridges) from the first to the second  
Part of his Chronicle. cv.

IX. The Proceedings of the Abbat and Convent of  
Winchester against Joan of London, *A. D.* 1285.  
From an old MS. Fragment of that Age, given to the  
Publisher by Thomas Ward of Longbridge near  
Warwick, Esq. cvii.

X. A Letter concerning the reputed Nunnery at Lit-  
tle-Gidding in Huntingdonshire. From a MS. lent  
to the Publisher on July 6<sup>th</sup>. 1724. by the foresaid  
Thomas Ward, of Longbridge near Warwick,  
Esq. cix.

XI. A Copy of the printed Pamphlet about the reputed  
Nunnery at Little-Gidding in Huntingdonshire. cxxv.

XII. Dr. Wallis's Account of some Passages of his  
own Life. E Coll. MSS. Smithianis penes Editorem,  
Vol. 22. p. 38. cxi.

XIII. An Extract of a Letter from Dr. John Wallis to Dr.  
John Fell, then Lord Bishop of Oxford, dated April  
8. 1685. concerning the Report spread about of Dr.  
Wallis's deciphering King Charles the 1<sup>st</sup>'s Letters. E  
Coll.



## THE CONTENTS.

v

Coll. MSS. Smithianis penes Editorem, Vol. 22. p.  
54. CLXX.

XIV. Inscriptiones singulares hactenus ineditæ, Ha-  
driano Beverlando collectore. E Coll. nostris MSS.  
Vol. 75. p. 1. CLXXII.

XV. Robert of Brunne's account of the raising of  
Stone-henge, from the French of Master Wace, who  
followed Gefry of Monmouth. CLXXXVIII.

XVI. An Account of St. Wenefride, from an old MS.  
of the Book call'd *Festival* or *Festial* in the hands  
of the above mentioned Thomas Ward, of Long-  
bridge near Warwick, Esq. CXCVI.

XVII. Extract of a Letter, written to the Publisher  
from Winchester July 4<sup>th</sup>. 1724. by the Reverend  
Mr. Richard Furney, relating to the Election of an  
Abbess of Rumsey Nunnery in Hampshire, *Anno*  
*D.* 1333. which confirms what is asserted in Peter  
Langtoft, that the said Nunnery was founded by K.  
Edgar for an hundred Nunns. CCI.

XVIII. Extract of another Letter, written to the Pub-  
lisher from Winchester Aug. 15. 1724. by the said Mr.  
Furney, relating to the Number of the Nunns at Rum-  
sey some time before the Dissolution, and to a Note,  
b 2about

about our old Historians, in a MS. of Trivet at  
Winchester. CCIII.

XIX. A Copy of Dr. Richardson's and Mr. Thoresby's  
Letters about the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen,  
treated of by Mr. Slacke, in the Account mentioned  
below, Num. **XXIV.** CCVI.

XX. Bishop Wren's Narrative, touching Prince  
Charles's Judgment and Affection to the Religion of  
the Church of England. From a MS. in the Ash-  
molean Muséum. CCVIII.

XXI. Extract of a Letter to the Publisher from Mr.  
Graves of Mickleton in Gloucestershire, concerning  
Campden in that County. With a remarkable  
Passage, upon that occasion, out of an old anony-  
mous MS. Author (stiled John Bever by Dr. Powell)  
in Trinity College Library Oxon. CCXIII.

XXII. Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, (as illustrated and  
improv'd by Robert of Brunne) from the Death of  
Cadwalader to the End of K. Edward the First's  
Reign. From a MS. in the Inner-Temple Library. I

XXIII. The Copy of a Roll concerning Gla-  
stonbury Abbey, being a Survey of all the  
Estates belonging to that House at the Disso-  
lution, taken by King Hen. the Eighth's or-  
der der

## THE CONTENTS.

VII

der and for his use. From a MS. in the Hands of a  
Friend at Colchester. 343

XXIV. An Account of the Hospital of St. Mary  
Magdalen near Scroby in Nottinghamshire, by John  
Slacke, Master of that Hospital. From a MS. in the  
Hands of Thomas Frewin, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq. 389

XXV. A Discourse about some Roman Antiquities  
discover'd near Conquest in Somersetshire, supposed  
to be the Place where the Romans Conquest of Bri-  
tain was compleated. By an anonymous Author.  
Transcrib'd from a MS. lent to the Publisher by  
Mr. James West of Balliol-College, *A. D.* 1722.  
441

XXVI. A Discourse concerning Stone-Henge. From  
another MS. lent to the Publisher by the same  
Friend, Mr. James West, of Balliol-Coll. written in  
the same hand, and by the same anonymous Author.  
480

XXVII. Glossary. 518

XXVIII. Index. 690





## THE PUBLISHER'S P R E F A C E.

*THE* Robert of Gloucester, mentioned in the printed *Life of St. Thomas Cantilupe*, different from the *Author of the Chronicle*, and even from the other Roberts of Gloucester spoke of in my *Preface to that Chronicle*. §. I. Yet he seems to have been in the vigour of his Age at the time of the *Chronicler's Death*. A Mistake of Bishop Godwin's. §. II. No reason, from the time in which they lived, to take Robert of Gloucester the Historian and Robert of Gloucester the Secretary to be one and the same person. The *Historians in former Times* were the Religious, who often lost their first Surnames, and, upon compiling their famous Works, were surnamed anew from the Houses of which they were Members. §. III. Yet there were rather more that retain'd their first Surnames, after they became noted for their Writings. John Wethamstede of a greater character than Matthew Paris. The *Historical Passages in Dr. Gascoigne's Theological Dictionary*

should be published. §. iv. Among others that retain'd their original Sirnames was Peter Langtoft, who, besides his Translation into French Rhythms of Bosenham or Boscam's Life of Thomas à Becket, compiled a Chronicle of England in French. §. v. This Peter Langtoft seems to have died in the beginning of K. Edw. II<sup>d</sup>'s Reign, and to have been buried at Bridlington with much such another Epitaph as that to the memory of Robertus Scriba. §. vi. Were the Obituaries, or Obit Books of Bridlington now remaining, it is probable something certain about his Death might be learned from them. The Diligence of the Monks in registering. Many old Chartularies still in private hands, that ought to be search'd by men of a true genius. The Chronicle of England written by Thomas Blount, Esq; §. vii. Notwithstanding the French Tongue was so much in vogue in Peter Langtoft's Time, yet there were multitudes besides that despised it. The Normans not able utterly to extirpate the Saxon Language. The ill Consequence from the Endeavours that were us'd to that purpose. §. viii. Robert of Brunne one of those that cultivated the English Tongue, and he gained a great Reputation upon that score. This Robert of Brunne lived to a great age, tho' the year in which he died doth not yet occur. §. ix. He was not descended from the Founder of St. Mary Spittle extra Bishop's Gate. His Translation of Peter de Langtoft had it's intended Effect. Many Copies of it formerly, tho' it be now scarce.

The

*The Storics in it us'd in old time instead of Ballads.*  
 §. x. *Robert of Brunne a Man of a facetious merry Temper, yet without any Mixture of Immorality. The diligence of the Monks of Winchester in obstructing the Design of Joan of London. A Passage relating to the sedes stercoraria at Rome from an anonymous MS. Author.* §. xi. *'Tis impossible to give a particular Account of the Life of Robert of Brunne. There are Precedents, as well in ancient as later Times, to justify any one in leaving behind him Memoirs of his own Life. Dr. Wallis left some particulars of this nature. The Dr's. Memorandum at the Beginning of a Book (in the Bodleian Library) containing many Things that he deciphered.* §. xii. *If Robert of Brunne had any Epitaph, it seems to have been short, agreeable to those times, and to be now irretrievable.* §. xiii. *Peter Langtoft's Original, as well as Robert of Brunne's English Work, consists of two Parts, the first Part of which is here omitted, as containing nothing but Gessry of Monmouth. A Passage out of Rastall's Chronicle about Stone-henge.* §. xiv. *The exactness made use of in publishing this piece of ancient History. To gratify some Readers, several Specimens of the French are also made publick with it.* §. xv. *And, for further Satisfaction, the Conclusion of the French MS. that belongs to the Heralds Office, is here inserted in this Preface.* §. xvi. *Out of which MS. is here likewise published a Note concerning Hugo Car-*

*Cardinalis: Actor for auctor in many MSS. The Author of liber festivalis or festialis. A Remark relating to St. Wenefride. §. xvii. Many Things in this Chronicle, that are different from what is related by other Historians. §. xviii. Some of which are here enumerated. §. xix. In lieu of the first Part of Robert of Brunne, several Things are here published of greater use and service. An account of Mr. Andrew Paschal. A Note about Mr. John Gibbon's MSS. Papers in the Heralds Office. A short Account of Dr. Walter Charleton. An Interpolation in Camden, which Mr. Webb did not discover to be such. A Passage relating to Stone-henge from Mr. Camden's MS. Supplement in the hands of the publisher. §. xx. Stone-henge perhaps a British Monument, notwithstanding it might have been a Roman Work. Mr. Camden's Approbation of, and Assistance in, Dr. Holland's Additions, may justify such as cite them for Mr. Camden's own. §. xxi.*

The Robert of Gloucester, mentioned in the printed Life of St. Thomas Cantilupe, different from the Author of the Chronicle, and even from the other Roberts of Gloucester spoke of in my Preface to that Chronicle.

§. I.



**M**UST after I had published Robert of Gloucester, I had the good fortune to see and converse with a learned, modest and honest Friend of Hereford-shire, (the same, I mean, that, besides his other great assistance

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ance<sup>1</sup> in the Work, drew up the Indexes to the celebrated Dr. Hickes's *Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium*, and is so excellently well qualify'd to compile the Antiquities of that County<sup>2</sup>, about which he hath many curious Materials) at which time he was pleased to lend me the Life<sup>3</sup> of St. Thomas Cantilupe Bishop of Hereford, which tho' a printed Book, yet is very rare and seldom to be seen, as many Books of the same kind are also very scarce, and, therefore, greedily and industriously pick'd up by such curious Collectors as was the famous Mr. Richard Smith, that writ about Christ's Descent into Hell, and collected most of his Rarities<sup>4</sup> out of the Library of H. Dyson, a person of a very strange, prying and inquisitive genius in the matter of Books, as may appear from many Libraries, there being<sup>5</sup> Books, (chiefly in old English) almost in every Libra-

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<sup>1</sup> See the General Preface to Dr. Hickes's *Thesaurus*, p. V. <sup>2</sup> Vide Præf. ad Lelandi Coll. §. 10. <sup>3</sup> Intituled, *The Life and Gests of S. Thomas Cantilupe Bishop of Hereford and some time before L. Chancellor of England. Extracted out of the authentique Records of his Canonization as to the maine part, Anonymus, Matt. Paris, Capgrave, Harpsfeld, and others. Collected by R.S.S.J. At Gant, Print-*

*ed by Robert Walker, at the Sign of the Annunciation of our B. Lady. 1674. 8vo.* <sup>4</sup> See pag. 371, 372. alias p. 401, 402. or the last leaf save one of his Auction Catalogue. <sup>5</sup> So in a MS. Note, written by my very learned Friend Mr. Thomas Baker, B. D. of St. John's Coll. in Cambr. at the beginning of my Copy of Mr. Smith's Auction Catalogue, which was given me by the said Mr. Baker.

ry, that have belong'd to him, with his name upon them. I perus'd and read over this Life of Cantilupe with some considerable pleasure and attention, there being many things in it handled in a true rational way, such as becomes a Christian Historian. But the main reason of my speaking of it now is, upon account of the Author's mentioning<sup>1</sup> a Robert of Gloucester, that was Secretary to the said venerable and most holy Bishop at the time of the Bishop's Death, and was afterwards Chancellor of Hereford. At first one would think, that this Robert of Gloucester (whom the Writer of the Life met with in the very Process of his Canonization) was the Author of the Chronicle that bears his name, but, upon a serious and deliberate consideration of the matter, I conclude him to be a quite different person, and even different also from all the Roberts of Gloucester, that I have mentioned in my Preface<sup>2</sup> to that Work. Neither is it likely, that, had the Secretary been the Author, he would have passed over in silence his holy Master's Life, and not brought the thread of his History down to that Period, and given a very distinct and particular Account of the Acts of so worthy, religious and conscientious a Prelate, who equall'd in

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<sup>1</sup> See this Life, pag. 195, §c.    <sup>2</sup> §. xxiv.

the great Sanctity and Severity of his Life, and in the exercise of all virtuous and religious Duties, many of the most eminent of the primitive Christians.

§. II. It must, indeed, be granted, that there was so little difference with respect to the time, in which these two Roberts (the Historian and the Secretary) flourished, that the Secretary seems to have been in his full vigour when the other died, which was, as I take it, some little time after the VI<sup>th</sup>. year of K. Edward the First's Reign, which could not, therefore, be long before the Death of Bishop Cantilupe, who was consecrated <sup>1</sup> in Christ Church Canterbury *anno Christi*, 1275. and of his Age about 56, and was cut off by a Fever <sup>2</sup>, in the 63<sup>d</sup>. year of his Age, at, or rather near to, a Place known by the name of *Monte Fiacone* near Florence, on the 25<sup>th</sup>. <sup>3</sup> of August, though his Festivity were kept on the 2<sup>d</sup>. <sup>4</sup> of October. This I note the rather, because, tho' Bishop Godwin <sup>5</sup> be right with respect to the time of his Death, yet he is

Yet he seems to have been in the vigour of his Age at the time of the Chronicler's Death. A Mistake of Bishop Godwin's.

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<sup>1</sup> See my Preface to Rob. of Gloucester's Chron. §. XVII. <sup>2</sup> So the Life, Chap. XI. p. 120. <sup>3</sup> Ibid. Chap. XVII. p. 190. <sup>4</sup> Ibid. p. 195. <sup>5</sup> So in that most rare printed Book, call'd the Missal of Hereford, whereof I have a Copy in Velum, in which also his Death (called there *depositio*) is made to happen on the 25<sup>th</sup> of August, or the day after St. Bartholomew's. <sup>6</sup> De Præsulib. Angl. p. 537.

mistaken in saying<sup>1</sup>, it was at *Civita Vecchi*, and in his way to Rome, whereas it was really<sup>2</sup> in his way from Rome (after he had happily gained the Point he went thither for) and at the Place I have assigned. Nor does Matthew Westminster<sup>3</sup>, notwithstanding what Godwin says<sup>4</sup>, inform us, that his Death happened as he was going to Rome; which particular is so much the more worthy of notice, because it would otherwise take away that part of the honour which is due to the Bishop, for accomplishing a noble Action in behalf of the Rights of the Church of Hereford, against John Peckham Archbishop of Canterbury, a business, I believe, that no one could have carried with the Pope, but one of Cantilupe's extraordinary Piety, Sincerity, and Learning.

No reason, from the time in which they lived, to take Robert of Gloucester the Historian and Robert of Gloucester the Secretary to be one and the same Person. The Historians in former Times were Religious, who often lost their first Sir-

§. III. I am aware, that from what I have said about the Age of the Historian and the Secretary, it will be inferr'd by some, that they were one and the same person. But, unless I am much mistaken, they will be presently satisfy'd to the contrary, when they have impartially considered, that the original Sirname<sup>5</sup> of the Histo-

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<sup>1</sup> Ibid. <sup>2</sup> Of which the Author of his Life mentions undeniable Proofs, pag. 195. <sup>3</sup> See his Chron. sub an. M. CCLXXXVII. <sup>4</sup> P. 537. <sup>5</sup> See my Preface to Rob. of Glouc. §. xxiv.

rian is at present unknown to us, notwithstanding I do not doubt but the Secretary might have his even from the time of his Infancy. The Writers of History in those times (to say nothing of other Authors) were the Religious, and when they became famous that way, they often lost their first Surnames, and receiv'd new ones from the respective religious Houses of which they were Members. Hence William of Malmesbury<sup>1</sup> (whose true Surname, it seems, was Somerset<sup>2</sup>) and Matthew of Westminster<sup>3</sup> (commonly called<sup>4</sup> *Florilegus* from the Title<sup>5</sup> of his Work,) to say nothing of *Guilielmus Neubrigensis* (whose true Surname was Petyt<sup>6</sup>) were thus denominated from their Monasteries, after they became eminent in History. So also John of Glastonbury was so named upon account of the History or Chronicle of Glastonbury,

names, and, upon compiling their famous Works, were surnamed anew from the Houses of which they were Members.

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<sup>1</sup> Lelandus de Scriptorib. p. 195. Item Lelandi Coll. Vol. II. p. 303. Pitseus de illustrib. Angliæ Scriptorib. p. 208. Guil. Cavei Hist. Lit. p. 577. Geneva, 1720. <sup>2</sup> Pitseus ibid. Thomæ Galei Præf. ad XV. Scriptores Oxoniæ 1691. fol. Henrici Whart. oi Præf. ad Vol. II. *Angliæ Sacrae*, p. I. Ger. J. Vossius de Historicis Lat. p. 389. *Lug. B. cr.* DCXVII. <sup>3</sup> Joannis Joseclini Catalogus eorum, qui scripserunt historiam gentis Anglorum, & ubi extant. Ad calcem Roberti de Avesbury à nobis editi, p. 292. Append. ad Guil. Cavei Hist. Lit. p. 50. Ed. Gen. <sup>4</sup> Pitseus de Scriptorib. p. 518. Vossius de Hist. Lat. p. 491. <sup>5</sup> I. e. *Flores Historiarum*. <sup>6</sup> De quo fusissime ad initium editionis nostræ hujus Guilielmi, quam videsis.

of which he was a Confrere and Monk <sup>1</sup>, as himself hath assured us in the Prologue to that usefull and excellent Work, which was never yet printed, tho' some things have been extracted from it by Mr. Dodsworth, and are published in the beginning of the *Monasticon Anglicanum* <sup>2</sup>. Now had Robert of Gloucester the Secretary been as famous as Robert of Gloucester the Historian, the better to distinguish the one from the other, it would have been proper, to have stiled the latter, *Robert the Monk of Gloucester*, and the former barely *Robert of Gloucester*. But as it happened; there was no occasion for that nicety, since the Secretary, (however, after his Master's Death, Chancellor of Hereford, tho' the published *Fasti* <sup>3</sup> do not mention him as such) was not celebrated upon account either of his writings, or any other great Undertaking, that might render his name famous to Posterity.

Yet there were rather more that retain'd their first Sir-

§. IV. But now tho' there were so many that lost their original Surnames

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<sup>1</sup> *Johannes abjectissimus & humilimus ejusdem venerabilis loci* [monasterii scilicet Glastoniensis] *indignus confrater & monachus*, id quod de se ipso testatur noster Johannes, quemadmodum è Codice colligo eximio penes nobilissimum Dominum, Carolum Dominum Bruce, qui mihi

perquam benevole mutuo dedit. Et quidem jam alibi monui, Johannem hunc operis esse auctorem. Vide Lelandi Coll. Vol. VI. p. 97. <sup>2</sup> Vol. I. p. 1, &c. <sup>3</sup> Vide Fastos Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ per Johannem Le Neve, p. 116. ubi de Roberto nostro ne verbum.

after they became noted for their Writings, yet there were others, and those too as famous, and as many, yea more, that retain'd them, notwithstanding the Characters they had established for the Works compiled by them. Matthew Paris was Author of a very noble History, in which he took in what Roger Wendover had done before him<sup>1</sup>, tho' others say 'tis all the genuine Work of Matthew Paris<sup>2</sup>. Yet the great Abbey, of which he was Monk, did not take away from his primitive Sirname. Neither indeed did John Whethamstede, or Wethamstede, *alias* Bostok<sup>3</sup>, (stiled in Latin *Joannes Frumentarius*, or *Joannes de loco Frumenti*) loose his first Sirname, altho' he was even of greater note than Matthew Paris, as he was a great Writer<sup>4</sup>, and a great Benefactor to the Abbey of St. Alban,

names, after they became noted for their Writings. John Wethamstede of a greater character than Matthew Paris. The Historical Passages in Dr. Gascoigne's Theological Dictionary should be published.

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<sup>1</sup> Vide Guil. Watsii Præfationem ad Ed. suam Matthæi Parisiensis; uti etiam v. cl. Jo. annis Seldeni (nam is collegit scripsitque, quamvis non observaverit Antonius à Wood) testimonia (cum notis) de eodem Parisiensi ad initium Editionis Watsianæ. <sup>2</sup> Nicolson's Engl. Historical Library, p. 62. Ed. fol. <sup>3</sup> Lelandi Coll. Vol. VI. p. 278. <sup>4</sup> Baleus de Scriptorib. Majoris Brit. 4to. fol. 200. b. Pitseus, p. Vol. I.

631. <sup>5</sup> Lelandi Coll. Vol. VI. p. 135. Acta Joannis Whethamsted, Abbatis monasterii S. Albani, per Joannem Agmundishamensem, Monachum S. Albani, per singulos annos ipsius regiminis, MS. in Bibl. Cott. Claud. D. I. 2. See also another MS. in the said Cottonian Library (Otho B. IV.) containing abundance of curious Things relating to Whethamstede, as they are specified by my late very learned

of which he was at length Abbat, whereas Matthew Paris was only a Monk of it. But how does it appear, that this Wethamstede was as celebrated a Writer as Paris? He is certainly characteriz'd as such. His Works were of more general learning, which shew him, therefore, to have been a more general Scholar. He was in great Reputation among all good and learned men. He was honoured by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester <sup>1</sup>, that religious, good and learned Prince, whose Hand writing I us'd, whenever I saw it in the Bodleian Library (where it occurs several times) to shew a sort of particular respect to, as some little Remains of a truly great Man, one that was both a Scholar himself and the chiefest Promoter of Learning and Scholars at that time, by condescending to whose Death his Nephew K. Henry VI<sup>th</sup>. (otherwise generally esteemed for a gentle and innocent Prince) drew on himself and this Kingdom (if the Observation of a very wise Historian <sup>2</sup> may be regarded) the greatest joyntlosse and dishonour, that ever it sustained since the Norman Conquest. Nor do I take Wethamstede to have been a worse Historian than

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learned Friend Dr. Thomas | 4to. fol. 200. b. Pitseus, p.  
Smith in pag. 70. of his Cata- | 630. <sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Raleigh's  
logue. <sup>1</sup> Lelandus de Scripto- | Preface to his *Hist. of the*  
rib. Brit. p. 437. Baleus Ed. | *World*.



Paris, tho' he did not confine himself so closely to the Affairs of this Kingdom. His *Granary*, as it is a Proof of his extraordinary Diligence, so 'tis, withall, 'an Instance (and that too a very noble one) of his Abilities in History. There are Remains of it in many Places. Some I have seen, and often consulted, formerly in the Bodleian Library. The most material Historical Passages, especially such as concern our own Affairs, (particularly those *de viris illustribus*, which Leland <sup>1</sup> admired) should be extracted by those, that have the best opportunity of doing it, and made publick, as should likewisethose in Dr. Gascoigne's *Theological Dictionary* in Lincoln-College Library (as was many years ago noted by Dr. Gerard Langbaine <sup>2</sup>) a Specimen of which I have lately given in the *Antiquities of Glastonbury* <sup>3</sup>, written by a very worthy and pious Gentleman <sup>4</sup>, who had he lived to improve the Book as he design'd, would have enriched and adorned it with abundance of other very curious Remarks and Observations, such as Men of his genius are capable of making, whenever they employ themselves up-

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<sup>1</sup> Lelandus de Scriptorib. p. 437. <sup>2</sup> See a Letter of his to Mr. Selden, that I have published in Leland's Coll. Vol. V. p. 287. <sup>3</sup> Pag. 290. <sup>4</sup> Vide Præf. ad Hemingi Chartularium Ecclesiæ Wig. §. I.

on Subjects, to the Study of which they are naturally inclin'd.

Among others that retain'd their original Surnames was Peter Langtoft, who, besides his Translation into French Rhythms of Bosenham or Boscarn's Life of Thomas à Becket, compiled a Chronicle of England in French.

§. V. But 'twill be endless here to multiply Instances of such as have retain'd their Surnames after their becoming noted Writers. They will be obvious enough to such as deal in Antiquity. Waving, therefore, others, I shall mention only one more, which indeed is more material than any other I

either have named or can name, and that is Peter Langtoft, or Peter de Langtoft, the Person that hath occasioned this present undertaking of mine. He was so called from Langtoft in Yorkshire, and was not, as some have thought <sup>1</sup>, a Frenchman by birth, notwithstanding his being so very well vers'd in the French Language, that was in his time so much in vogue both at Court and elsewhere, especially among Lawyers and great Scholars, a thing which King James the I. look'd upon as of no true Advantage to Britain <sup>2</sup>. It does not appear to me, how he was originally educated; but, without question, there was nothing wanting, that might render him a compleat Scholar, as well as a Man of honesty and good Morals. After he had obtain'd a good

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<sup>1</sup> See the Appendix to this Preface, Num. I. <sup>2</sup> See *The Royal Law* by Richard Eburne, p. 40.

fair Character, he became a Canon Regular<sup>1</sup> of the Order of St. Austin at Bridlington, or Brellington<sup>2</sup>, a Priory of Black Canons in Yorkshire, founded by Walter de Gant, (*temp. Hen. I.*) and dedicated to S. Mary and S. Nicholas<sup>3</sup>. He was a person naturally addicted to History and Poëtry, and spent a good deal of his time that way; insomuch that, besides his Translation out of the Latin Tongue into French Rhythms of Herebert Bosenham, Boscarn, or Hoscham's<sup>4</sup> Life of Thomas à Becket, he compil'd in French a Chronicle of England<sup>5</sup>, written in Rhythem, and is preserv'd still in several Libraries.

§. VI. The Author begins this History at the very Original of the Britains, even as early as the Trojans, in the same manner as many others do, that have no better Vouchers than the old Brittish Historian (and I look upon him as good<sup>6</sup> as those dark Times can

This Peter Langtoft seems to have died in the beginning of K. Edw. II<sup>d</sup>'s Reign, and to have been buried at Bridlington with much such another Epitaph as that to the memory of *Robertus Scriba*.

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<sup>1</sup> See the Appendix to this Preface, Num. I. II. III. <sup>2</sup> Lelandi Coll. Vol. III. p. 363. <sup>3</sup> Lelandi Coll. Vol. I. p. 123. & Vol. IV. p. 35. Tanner's Notitia Monastica, pag. 252. <sup>4</sup> Nicolson's Engl. Hist. Library, p. 112, 113. Fol. <sup>5</sup> See the Appendix, Num. I. II. III. IV. <sup>6</sup> For which reason Geffry of Monmouth (who took from him) hath been vindicated by many great men, and among others, that used to speak well of him, was the learned Mr. Thomas Thompson, Rector of Montgomery, in the Year 1628. as I find by the following Particulars, that I have entered at pag. 86. of Vol. 103. of my MSS Collections: "Mr. Brome [of Ewthington, near Hereford]

produce) from whom ' first Alfred of Beverley, and afterwards Geffry of Monmouth ( tho' Mr. Dodwell was not sufficiently aware of this <sup>1</sup> ) took their Histories. He brings the Story down to the end of the Reign of K. Edward the first after the Conquest ; but carrying it no lower, I take it for granted, that he died towards the beginning of the Reign of K. Edward II. but in what Year, or in what Place, it was that he finished his days, I cannot pretend to determine, unless I could meet with some good Authority on which to ground an

" hath got *Gyraldus Cambren-* | " the beginning, at the end of  
 " *sis* of Dr. Powell's Edition, | " which *Ponticus Virunnius* is  
 " with *Ponticus Virunnius* at | " the following MS. Note :

Θῷ δόξα. ἀμην.

" *Legi, nec video qua ratione improbetur hæc historia, cum*  
 " *nil sapiat, quod non sit & probabile & possibile, non obstanti-*  
 " *bus invidiosis illis pseudepigraphis prolatis à Polydoro Virgilio*  
 " *& Guilielmo Cambdeno, Viris alioquin apprime doctissimis :*  
 " *uti sentio Ego Dei servus humilimus his in studiis à pueritia*  
 " *versatus,*

" *Thomas Thompson, Rector Eccl. parochialis de*  
 " *Montgomery, 20<sup>o</sup> Febr. 1628<sup>o</sup>.*

" Immediately after which is a spare Leaf, on the back  
 " side of which is this MS. Note in another hand :

" *The beginning of the Giralds family in Ireland, was from*  
 " *one Girald, which tooke to wife Nesta, Sister to Gruffin the*  
 " *prince, of whom he begate a goodly faire progeny, from*  
 " *whom descended Giraldus Cambrensis. Cambden : Britan :*  
 " *in Pembroksh : 652. P.*

" *Giraldus Cambrens : was Archdeacon of Brechnock : above*  
 " *400 yeeres since. Cambden : in Brechnocksh : p. 627.*

<sup>1</sup> Vide Præf. nostram ad Aluredum Bev. §. VII. <sup>2</sup> Exercit. de Ætate Phalaridis, p. 25.

Assertion. I am, however, of opinion, that he continued Canon of Bridlington till the time of his Death, and that he was buried in the Priory, with some short Epitaph upon him, much such another as that to the memory of *Robertus Scriba*, or *Robert the Scribe* (so sirnamed from the many great Works, that were written and compiled by him <sup>1</sup>) who was the fourth Prior of Bridlington, and, upon his Death, was buried in the Cloyster just before the Chapter-House Door with this Inscription, as we are assured by Leland <sup>2</sup> who saw it, at the same time that he curiously look'd over his Writings, as they were then preserved in the Priory Library: *Robertus Scriba, quartus Prior*; or, as Leland gives it elsewhere <sup>3</sup>, **ROBERTUS, COGNOMENTO SCRIBA, QUARTUS PRIOR.**

§. VII. It is not at all improbable, but, if there be any of the Obit Books of the Priory of Bridlington now in being, upon a due Search, some note might be found about the exact time, when Peter de Langtoft died. For the Monks were exact in their Registering things of this nature, as may appear e-

Were the Obituaries, or Obit Books of Bridlington now remaining, it is probable something certain about his Death might be learned from them. The diligence of the Monks in registering. Many old Chartularies still in private

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<sup>1</sup> Lelandus de Scriptorib. seum, p. 243. <sup>3</sup> De Scriptorib. Brit. p. 203.  
<sup>2</sup> Coll. p. 202. Pitseus, p. 242. Vol. IV, p. 35. Vide etiam Pit-

hands, that ought to be search'd by men of a true genius. The Chronicle of England written by Thomas Blount, Esq;.

ven from the Obituaries, or Obit Books, that I have seen, particularly one ' that belong'd to Evesham Abbey. They exceeded, in many respects, what hath been done since the Reformation, not-

withstanding the strict Injunctions and Orders for keeping true and accurate Registers. Men of distinction and character were then appointed for looking after such things. They did not commit such kind of business to an illiterate common person, no more than they did the care of their Chartularies, in many of which too Notes may be occasionally found, immediately relating to the great and famous Men of those Times, such as would be of very good use to those that are concern'd about our ancient Worthies. But what advantage then, it will be ask'd, will this be of, if, after abundance of time spent in searching, nothing of moment should occur, directly belonging to the subject, which gave occasion to the Searches? Or what Compensation will be made for so much pains, and the laying out so much time upon dry Inquiries? In answer to which it must be noted, that none but persons, naturally inclined to these Studies, should be employ'd in searching,

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*Cujus apographum penes Graves, de Mickleton in agro se habet antiquarius amicissimus doctissimusq; Richardus* Gloucestriensi, armiger.

who if they do not meet with much about the Lives and Deaths of eminent Men, besides what is already known, will, nevertheless, find a vast deal about our Monasteries and our ancient History not yet divulged, which as it will prove of unspeakable satisfaction to themselves (for no Study can be more pleasant to Persons of a genius than that of our National History and Antiquities) so it cannot but be of wonderful service to the Publick. The single Chartulary of the Church of Worcester, that I lately published, is an undeniable Proof of this. And that there are many Chartularies, very little known, in private hands, is, I think, agreed amongst all. We only want the benefit of them, by having persons of a genius imploy'd to turn them to publick Use. Thomas Blount, of Orleton in Herefordshire, Esq;. was extremely curious this way, and in the year 1669. he met with a Chartulary of the Priory of Leoninster, in that County, with some other choice Antiquities, in the hands of a Friend of his \*. I do not know, that there hath been as yet any publick use made of this Chartulary, but, without doubt, Mr. Blount read it all over, and extracted many things out of it, some of which, perhaps, he might have in his Eye,

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\* Id quod de seipso testatur nium à Wood scriptis, quas in  
in litteris quibusdam ad Anto- Muséo Ashmoliano perlegi.

(not only in his *Antiquities of Herefordshire*, a Book never yet printed<sup>1</sup>, but) in the Chronicle of England that he compiled, a Work in which, I am informed, he inserted many Things about our Religious Houses, and the Sacrilegious Destruction of them (what the Clergy and the Poor ought to lament<sup>2</sup>) that was made by K. Henry VIII. of whom a very faithfull and judicious Historian writes, among other remarkable Particulars, that if all the Pictures and Patterns of a merciless Prince were lost in the World, they might all again be painted to the Life, out of the Story of this King<sup>3</sup>. But, it seems, this Chronicle was never yet printed; nor do I exactly know where it now is, tho' some Extracts<sup>4</sup> from it were, a few years since, in the Hands of a late ingenious Friend: of which Extracts, as well as of many other curious Things, I should have had a free use, had he lived longer, he being solicitous for me to go to his Scat, and to peruse whatever he had concerning our History and Antiquities.

Notwithstanding the French Tongue was so much in vogue in Peter Langtoft's Time, yet there were multitudes be-

§. VIII. I have observ'd above<sup>5</sup>, that the French Tongue was much in vogue in the time of Peter Langtoft. Yet notwithstanding this there were very

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<sup>1</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 94. p. 136. <sup>2</sup> Richard Eburne's *Royal Law*, p. 44. <sup>3</sup> Sir Wal-

ter Raleigh's Preface to his History of the World. <sup>4</sup> Coll. nostr. MSS. Vol. 68. p. 61. <sup>5</sup> §. V.

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many exquisite Scholars, that had a particular regard to their own native Tongue, and as for the inferior and more illiterate sort of people <sup>1</sup>, they wholly despised the French Language. And 'twas a piece of great wisdom to do so. The introduction of the French Tongue was of very great disadvantage. It brought a disuse of the Scriptures, which having been translated into Saxon, were commonly read among the Vulgar, as well as others, (that did not understand the Originals,) 'till after the Normans came among us, who did all they could possibly to destroy every thing, that look'd like Saxon; and yet they were not able to bring their ill design to perfection. The Saxon Princes and great Men had granted abundance of Charters in their own Language. These (notwithstanding some, tho' a very few, have been suspected <sup>2</sup>) were look'd upon as genuine and authentick. Extraordinary care, therefore, was to be us'd in preserving them. Great Immunities and Privileges depended thereupon. The Monks knew this very well. They, therefore, imploy'd all their Skill in securing them from a People, that was as diligent to destroy them, as the Rebels of Somersetshire were in 1685<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Rob. of Gloucester's Chron. p. 364. <sup>2</sup> Henr. Whar. Praef. ad Part. II. Angl. <sup>3</sup> H. Wharton's Praef. ad Part. I. Angl. p. XII.

to destroy very many ancient Writings, that belong'd to the Church of Wells. This being so, we may fairly conclude, that the ignorance, which appeared after the Conquest, was owing to a Conflux of Forreigners, that were against that very Language, in which were written great Numbers of excellent Books, among which were the Scriptures, that were afterwards very diligently kept from the knowledge of the vulgar, and all others, that were not acquainted with the Originals. This was of dismal Consequence, as will be readily own'd by those, that consider, that the Saxon Version of the Scriptures was excellent, and the Words very significant, as will sufficiently appear to such, as shall consult what MSS. are remaining, relating to it, even to this day, or if they do not have recourse to the MSS. (one of which is the ancient Rushworth one in the Bodleian Archives) they may be fully satisfied of the truth of it, from the Saxon Gospels, first printed by Mr. Fox, and afterwards, more correctly, by Dr. Marshall, to say nothing of some other printed Books. John Wickliff and others had weigh'd this matter well, and upon that account partly they set upon another Version, agreable to the Language in use in their own Times, and were very industrious in divulging it, which is the reason, that we have

so many MSS. of it at this time, in which many Words appear, that are originally Saxon, and, therefore, it would be proper for any, that shall read over one Version, to compare it with the other, by which they will the more readily perceive and find out, the Alterations that have crept into the old Saxon Tongue.

§. IX. Among such as were concern'd Robert of Brunne for cultivating the English Tongue, Robert of Brunne is deservedly to be reckoned, he being the very person, to whom we owe that Piece of obsolete English, that is now here published. He was well apprized of the Credit, that Peter Langtoft's Chronicle had obtained; but then being written in French, it was far from being of general use in England. Upon which he was importuned to translate it into English for the sake of such, as did not, understand either Latin or French. I say *importuned*, because himself hath assured<sup>1</sup> us, that he was requested to do it. Nor is there any wonder, that he should be pitched upon above any other, since he had, many years before, obtained a very great character for several Rhythmical Translations that he made, one of which was

Robert of Brunne one of those that cultivated the English Tongue, and he gained a great Reputation upon that score. This Robert of Brunne lived to a great age, tho' the year in which he died doth not yet occur.

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<sup>1</sup> See his Prologue de *Historia Britanniae*, in the Appendix to this Preface, Num. V.

Robert Grossthead's *Manuel de Peche*, begun by him in the year 1303. 13. Edw. I. about four years before he feasted (upon account of some honour done him) and made Observations at Cambridge<sup>1</sup>. An excellent Copy of the said *Manuel de Peche*, as translated by Robert of Brunne, is in the Harleyan Library<sup>2</sup>, as there is another in the Bodleian<sup>3</sup>, in which are some other Things probably to be ascribed to him. The true Sirname of this great Man was Mannyng<sup>4</sup>, but being (as I believe at present) born at Malton in Yorkshire, he was from thence frequently call'd Robert of Malton<sup>5</sup>. He lived<sup>6</sup> for some time in the House of Sixhill, Sixill, Syxille or Sixle, a Gilbertine Priory in Lincolnshire, founded by one Greslei, or Grelle, in the time of King John, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary<sup>7</sup>. Hence 'tis, that he afterwards express'd himself so hearty a Friend<sup>8</sup> to the Gilbertine or Sempringham Order. After he had left Sixhill, he became a Canon of Brunne, or

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<sup>1</sup> See below in this Chronicle, p. 337. <sup>2</sup> See my Preface to Rob. of Gloucester's Chron. § xiii. <sup>3</sup> Catal. MSS. in Bihl. Bodl. n. 2313. <sup>4</sup> See the Appendix to this Preface, Num. V. Also my Preface to Rob. of Glouc. §. xxiv. and my Glossary to that Work, p. 706. <sup>5</sup> See the Appendix to this Pref. Num. V. and my Glossary to Rob. of Glouc. loc. cit. <sup>6</sup> Ibid. <sup>7</sup> Mon. Angl. Tom. II. p. 810. Tanner's Notitia Mon. p. 129. <sup>8</sup> See my Pref. to Rob. of Glouc. p. lx. <sup>9</sup> Vide Append. ad hanc Pref. Num.

Bourne, a Priory of Black Canons in the same County, founded by Baldwin de Wake (*temp. Hen. I.*) and dedicated to the honour of St. Peter<sup>1</sup>, 'tho' others<sup>2</sup> say (and even Camden himself<sup>3</sup> seems to imply, tho' he does not directly say, that it was dedicated) to the B. Virgin. Here he lived a great many Years, continuing there, unless I am mistaken, to the time of his Death. It doth not yet appear to me in what year he died; but that he must have lived to a great age, is clear from the Notes himself hath left us. He had been of Brunne Abbey fifteen Years<sup>4</sup>, when he began to translate *Manuel de Peche*, and 'twas more than thirty Years after that, before he finished his Task about Peter Langtoft, according to this Memorandum that is put in red letters (but in the same hand) at the End of it:

*Explicium gesta Britonum & Anglorum in lingua materna per Robertum Mannyng transumpta anno Christi millesimo. CCC<sup>mo</sup>. tricesimo VIII. Idus Maij, littera dominicali D. Prima IX. tempore Regis Edwardi tercii à conquestu. XI<sup>o</sup>.*

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| Num. V. item Præf. ad Rob. Glouc. p. LX. & Gloss. ad Rob. Glouc. p. 706. <sup>1</sup> Mon. Angl. Tom. II. p. 235, &c. Lelandi Coll. Vol. I. p. 96. <sup>2</sup> Tanner's Notit. Mon. p. 119. <sup>3</sup> In | his Defence of himself against Brook, p. 27. publish'd by way of Appendix in some Copies of his Britannia in 4to. 1600. <sup>4</sup> Præf. ad Rob. de Glouc. p. LX. |
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He was not descended from the Founder of St. Mary Spittle *extra* Bishop's Gate. His Translation of Peter de Langtoft had it's intended Effect. Many Copies of it formerly, tho' it be now scarce. The Stories in it us'd in old time instead of Ballads.

§. X. After he became famous for his Writings, he was generally called Robert of Brunne, which was partly occasioned also by his living so long in that Priory; so that I should not think, that he was descended from Walter Brune, or Broune, who, with Roisia or Rosia his Wife, founded St. Mary Spittle *extra* Bishop's Gate for Canons

Regular or Black Canons' *an.* 1197. an House of such relief to the needy, that there were found standing at the surrender thereof, nine-score beds, well furnished for receipt of poor people<sup>1</sup>; of which kind I might (were it my proper business now) give other Instances in those times, when Bishops also were Men of diffusive Charity, insomuch that Richard Redman<sup>2</sup>, first Bishop of St. Asaph, then of Exeter, and afterwards of Ely, where he died and was buried *A.* 1505. as he was a person of great liberality and bounty, and of a virtuous and godly life, so when <sup>4</sup> he travell'd through any Towns where he stay'd but an hour, he caused a Bell to be rung, that the poor and indigent might come and partake of his Charity, which he plentifully bestowed amongst them. Now

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<sup>1</sup> Lelandi Coll. Vol. I. p. 1633. fol. <sup>3</sup> Godwin de Præs. 36. Monast. Angl. Vol. II. p. p. 331, 473, 662. Le Neve's 383. <sup>2</sup> Stow's Survey of London, p. 86. b. 176. a. Ed. Fasti, p. 21, 70, 83. <sup>4</sup> Coll. " nostr. MSS. Vol. 80. p. 54.

as Robert of Brunne undertook the Translation of Langtoft, not for Praise and Vain-Glory, but with a design of doing good, so what he proposed had it's intended Effect. He adapted himself to the Capacity of the Vulgar, and did not affect a high-flown Stile, nor hard Words, such as were complained of in the Stories of Erceldoun, of Kendale, and of Tristram<sup>1</sup>, celebrated Rhythmical Books (but<sup>2</sup> full of lyes) in Robert of Brunne's time, tho' little known since. Now as Robert of Brunne's Translation was much cryed up, so there is no doubt, but there were many Copies of it formerly, notwithstanding it be so scarce since, there being, at present, only two MSS. that I know of, one in Vellum in the Library of the Inner-Temple, the other (which is imper-

<sup>1</sup>See the Appendix to this Pref. Num. V. <sup>2</sup>And it was to such Romantick Books, that the Rhythmical Author of the Lives of the Saints (who, it may be, was Robert of Brunne) had regard in the beginning of his Work, where is this Passage, as I find it in

a very fine, but imperfect MS. thereof (written, as I take it, in Edward the III's. time) that was lent me by my very worthy Friend, Edward Sheldon of Weston-house, near to Long-Compton, in Warwickshire, Esq;.

Wel auht we loue Cristendom, þat is so dere y þougt  
 With our Lorde's herte blode, that þe spere hath y sougt.  
 Den wilneþe more y þere of bataile of kyngis,  
 And of kyngtis hardy, that moche is lelyngis;  
 Of Rouland and of Myquere, and Gy of Maremyke,  
 Of Alawaren and Tristram, þat ne founde þere y like.  
 Also so louetheþ to here tales of suche þyng,  
 Where þe may y here thyng þat nys no lelyng.

fect') in Paper in that of Lambeth<sup>2</sup>. The former of these MSS. belong'd lately to William Petyt, Esq;. who gave it to the Inner-Temple, from whence I have had the Loan of it by the Grant of that learned Society, at the Interest of my learned Friend, John Anstis, Esq;. Garter-Principal King of Arms, who put it into the Hands of my late very worthy Friend John Bridges, Esq;. from whom I receiv'd it a

Of postices and martres, that hardi knyghtes were,  
And Gedefast were in bataile, and fledde nozt for no fere.

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| <p>"The Chronicle" [of Peter Langtoft in MS. in Lambeth Library] "is written at one time, on the same Paper by two different hands. There is no modern</p> | <p>"mark of any Addition or Alteration to be seen throughout the whole MS. At the end indeed there is this remark added by a late hand:</p> |
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*"Note this Book imperfect. The French Copies of Langtoft in the Cotton Library, and also in the Herald's Office end with the Reign of King Edward the first".*

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|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>E litteris amici pereruditi Edwardi Burtoni, armigeri, datis ad me Londini Mar. 5. 1724.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p> <p>"Robert Brunne was a Canon of the Abby of Brunne or Bourn near Depying in Lincolnshire — flourish'd in the latter end of K. Ed. I. reign, and translated into English</p> | <p>"verse the History of England, writ in French by Peter de Longatosta, Canon of Bridlington, a Specimen of which you'll find in Stow's Hist. in A. D. 1279. where and in 1266. he is join'd in the margin with Peirce Longton or Longrose; but his true Name Brunne has described thus:</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Petes of Langtoft a Chanoun  
Schaben y the house of Bridlingtonne  
On Romaunce al this story he wrote  
Of Englysh kynges as we wel wote &c.

" This



little before his Death <sup>1</sup>. But tho' there were many intire Copies of the Work formerly, yet others were very imperfect. For notwithstanding most people then (as well as they are now) were very desirous of hearing the Acts of their famous Ancestours related, yet much the greater part were not of ability to get compleat Copies of this Book, and for that reason were contented with Transcripts of some particular Stories out of it, which for recreation (a thing aimed at by Robert of Brunne) they used to recite, and very often to sing by way of Ballads. Which method we ought not to wonder at, since our more ancient Ballads were nothing but such Rhythmical Historical Accounts, done by Persons of note for Learning, who proposed Truth in their Relations; and such Relations were stiled ancient *Gests*, which Word *Gests* was opposed to the French *Romanance* <sup>2</sup>, a Word it seems that was apply'd to whatever History was compiled in French Rhythms.

§. XI. Now from Robert of Brunne's <sup>Robert of Brunne a Man of a facetious merry Temper, yet</sup> calculating this Work for the Diver-

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"This translation is yet ex- | Appendix to this Pref. Num.  
 "tant MSS. in Lambeth Li- | VI.<sup>2</sup> See pag. 205. of this Chro-  
 "brary n. 131. folio." — | nicle. See also the Appendix  
 E litteris viri cujusdam pere- | to this Preface, Num. VII.  
 ruditi ad amicum. <sup>1</sup> See the

without any Mixture of Immorality. The diligence of the Monks of Winchester in obstructing the Design of Joan of London. A Passage relating to the *sedes stercoraria* at Rome from an anonymous MS. Author.

sion and Recreation of the respective Readers, and such as met together for Mirth and Pleasure, we may easily gather, that he himself was of a chearful, pleasant humour, and that he was very blithe and merry whenever he saw a proper occasion; at all which times, however, he behav'd himself

without any immoral or indecent Expressions. He was naturally addicted to virtue, and his being engaged in a religious course of Life made him have a stricter Guard upon himself. But 'twill be objected, that in the younger part of his Life, as hath been already noted <sup>1</sup>, he was a Member of Sixille, a House that consisted of Women <sup>2</sup> as well as Men. Can we, therefore, think, that, since he was of a jocular Temper, he could be wholly free from Vice? or that he should not sometimes express himself loosely to the Sisters of that Place? This Objection would have some weight, had the Priory of Sixille been any ways noted for Luxury or Lewdness; but whereas every Member of it, both Men and Women, were very chast, we ought, by no means, to suppose, that Robert of Brunne behaved himself otherwise than became a good Christian

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<sup>1</sup> §. IX. <sup>2</sup> See pag. 243. of this Work. See also the Appendix to this Work, Num. VI.

during his Abode there. Had his Life been sullied during that time, he would have been branded for it afterwards, and 'twould have been impossible for him to have obtained a Canonry at Brunne. Had the Friars and Nuns of Sixille acted against the Rules of Chastity and good Manners, they had Enemies enough to have marked them for it, not only in those more early Times, but even of late, when some, particularly a very fabulous Historian, have spared no pains to rake up all the scandalous Stories they could against the Religious, tho' I do not know, that they have particularly accused the Priory of Sixille. 'Tis indeed no wonder, that there should be always such fictitious Writers, when they have some wicked Designs to carry on. Malice hath always been at the bottom, and tho' it hath oftentimes prevailed to the utter ruin of whole Societies, yet it hath frequently likewise discovered it self so palpably, as to baffle and quite overthrow such as have promoted it. 'Twas nothing else but the virtue of the Monks of Winchester, and their Diligence to secure their Reputation, that obstructed the Designs of one Joan of London, in the time of K. Edward I. She pretended to be a religious Convert, and had obtain'd, at least got forged, an Order from Rome and Canterbury, to have a yearly Maintenance allow'd her, dur-

ing life, in the Monastery of Winchester, claiming the same Pittance, viz. 8 s. (or, as it should be perhaps, 8 *libs.*) a year *pro alimentis*, that every Monk had, a thing which so exasperated the Monks, that they prosecuted her in the Court of Arches, and I doubt not but they carried their Point, the matter being of pernicious consequence, if they had acquiesced and permitted such an Innovation. I did not meet with this Piece of History, 'till lately, when I read over an old Parchment Fragment<sup>1</sup>, that was given me by my ingenious Friend Thomas Ward, of Longbridge near Warwick, Esq;. The like Attempts were made, without dispute, upon other Religious Houses, which, I suppose, met with the like Success. Envy accompanies Virtue, and, therefore, there will never be wanting persons, that will be ready to calumniate the most innocent. 'Tis what is complain'd of among all Persuasions. Even the Roman-Catholicks (who, to give them their due, and to hint what hath been long since observ'd, in the point and practice of Charity, and in the provision for those that serve at God's Altar, several of which are forced to put their hands to many a servile labour and base Employment, have shew'd themselves more

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<sup>1</sup> See the Appendix to this Pref. Num. VIII.

sound and constant, more righteous and religious, more reasonable and conscionable than some of us Protestants, that in profession and knowledge go far before them <sup>1</sup>) assert, that what many eminent Protestants affirm of the *sedes Stercoraria*, in the procession of a new Pope to Lateran, is meer Fiction and Calumny. A learned anonymous Author, therefore, which I have now before me in MS. <sup>2</sup> but imperfect, being lent me by the just now mentioned ingenious Mr. Ward, tells the Story thus <sup>3</sup> :---- *When the pope cometh to Laterane, he entreth into the gallerie or cloyster of the church, wher he is receyved of the canons of the same church in theyr habites honorablye with the crosse, whych the prior of the canons offreth to be kyssed of hym descendinge from his horse, which he doth, the cardinall deacon takynge it of the prior, and houldynge it to the pope's mouth takynge of his crowne & kyssynge it. The crowne is geven to the auditors to be houlden, and he takynge his miter, is by the same prior and canons receyved and conducted unto a marble seat, standinge without the principall gate at the left hand, which seat is called (of the ceremonie there done) stereo-*

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<sup>1</sup> Rich. Eburne's Royal Law, p. 44, 48. <sup>2</sup> Intit'led, *The Ceremonies of the holy Church of Rome.* It is in 4to. and consists of two Books, the first booke whereof is of the thynges done only at

*Rome : the second of thynges done, as occasion serveth, at Rome or elsewhere.* But there is only one Chapter (and that too imperfect) of the second Book of this MS. the rest being wanting. <sup>3</sup> L. I. chap. 7.

aria, the stercorarie. *for syttyng down in that seat, and leanyng a little on one syde, so that he may seme rather to lye than to syt, the cardinales come to hym, and lyftyng him up, say : suscitāt de pulvere egenum, & de stercore erigit pauperem : he lifteth up the nedie from the dust, and exalteth the poore from the dunghill, that he may syt amonge the princyes, and possesse*

Ps. 112. ut  
sedeat cum  
principi-  
bus, & so-  
lium glo-  
rie teneat.

*the throne of glorie. Then the Pope rysyng up, taketh out of the bosym of his chamberlayne so much money, as he can grip (and yet ther is neether gould nor sylver) & casteth it amonge the people sayinge :*

*It is a cer-  
teyne coyne,  
neither of  
sylver nor of  
gould.*

*argentum & aurum non est mihi, quod autem habeo hoc tibi do : I have neither sylver nor gould, yet such as I have I geve the. I know what is usually said on this occasion ; but I am not concerned, at present, either way any farther, than to represent the Author's words, as I have done, faithfully, and to leave them to the consideration of all such, as are willing, and judge it very reasonable, to examin things fairly, before they accuse any of notorious Immoralities, and among such I am sure Robert of Bruune will be look'd upon as a Man of probity and virtue ; especially since the same ingenious persons (who are far from taking up with Calumnies) cannot be ignorant, what an aspersion some wicked men were pleased to cast upon a very pious and devout Family at Little*

Gid-

Gidding in Huntingdonshire, and to print a libellous Pamphlet upon the occasion, (on purpose to expose a most worthy and excellent Design as superstitious and popish) which was extracted, in good measure, though with unwarrantable Alterations, from a Letter that is now in MS. in the hands of the foresaid Mr. Ward, from which I shall print in the Appendix <sup>1</sup> to this Preface, that it may be compared with the printed Book, of which, because it is now extremely scarce, I shall, at the same time, give <sup>2</sup> a new Impression (according to the former, provided it may be call'd, Orthography) from a Copy, the loan of which was obtain'd for me by my very learned and judicious Friend Thomas Baker, B. D. of St. John's-College in Cambridge, who, upon this occasion, was so kind, among other particulars, to write to me in this manner: *If an account of that reputed Nun-cry [of Little Gidding] be what you want, you have the best and most authentic account, in Bp. Williams's Life (then Bp. of the Diocese) by Bp. Hacket, Par. 2d. pag. 50, 51, &c. Fol. & somewhat in Mr. Oley's Preface to Mr. Herbert's Country Parson, who was of the same College with Mr. Ferrer, viz. Clare-Hall, where Mr. Nich. Ferrer was first Fellow-Commoner, and after Fellow, where he commenc'd*

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<sup>1</sup> Num. IX.    <sup>2</sup> See the Appendix to this Pref. Num. X.

*Mr. of Arts 1613. He was so great and so good a man, that the late Bp. of Ely (Bp. Turner) had a design to write his Life, but what Collections he had made, or where log'd, I do not know: His Library was sold.*

'Tis impossible to give a particular Account of the Life of Robert of Brunne. There are Precedents, as well in ancient as later Times, to justify any one in leaving behind him Memoirs of his own Life. Dr. Wallis left some particulars of this nature. The Dr's. Memorandum at the Beginning of a Book (in the Bodleian Library) containing many things that he deciphered.

§. XII. But I must not pretend to enter into the minute Circumstances of the Life of Robert of Brunne, who although he was so well known in his own time, yet is now, as it were, quite forgot, even among our best Antiquaries. Stow indeed hath quoted him <sup>1</sup>, and given us a remarkable passage out of him <sup>2</sup>. Otherwise I do not remember, that he hath been cited by any noted Writer. A thing much to be wonder'd at, especially since Selden was very diligent this way, and hath

given <sup>3</sup> us a Passage out of the original Langtoft, whom Brunne calls <sup>4</sup> his Master. And what is still stranger is, that he should not have been known to Leland, who had been at Bourne, and had taken special notice of the Place <sup>5</sup> for it's pleasant Situation. But it seems this Author's Works were not then at Bourne, having been, it may be, convey'd off in that time of Plunder, otherwise Leland, without question, would have

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<sup>1</sup> Annals pag. 196. Ed. fol. | XIV. <sup>3</sup> Diss. upon Fleta, p. 548. <sup>4</sup> See pag. 206, 285. <sup>5</sup> Lelandi Coll. Vol. IV. p. 31.



judged them worthy his notice. Neither was there then, when Leland was there, as I believe, any Obit Book about the time when Robert of Brunne died, at least if there were, 'tis probable there was no note in it about his being a celebrated Writer, which particular, however, the Members of the Priory might have acquainted Leland with, had they had any inclination to gratify him, as I am apt to think they had not, upon Account of the mischiefs they wisely foresaw Henry VIII. (from whom Leland had his Commission) was apt to bring upon them. For want, therefore, of particulars, we must not think of writing a full account of Brunne's Life, the only Memoirs about him being what he hath given himself in his Prologue<sup>1</sup> to this work, in his Transition<sup>2</sup> from the first Part thereof to the second, and in what he writes<sup>3</sup> in the Harleian MS. of *Manuel de Peche*, which are indeed but slender, and yet such as give us some (and that no despicable) Idea of him. I wish he had been fuller of himself, as I do likewise lament, that some other of our ancient Worthies had not left us Memoirs of their Lives. But this, it may be, was neglected by them, as disagreeable to the Rules of Modesty, which, not-

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<sup>1</sup> See the Appendix to this Pref. Num. V. <sup>2</sup> See the Appendix, Num. VII. <sup>3</sup> See my Preface to Rob. of Glouc. §. XIII.

withstanding, was a false notion, especially if they took care to conceal what they committed to writing of that kind 'till after their death,' and put it into the hands of some faithfull Friends, that might make use of it in defence of their posthumous Fame against malicious Enemies. Some of the greatest Men did not look upon it as immodest to do themselves this piece of Justice, not excepting even that good man venerable Bede. And Posterity hath imitated them. Thence Sir Thomas Bodley was pleased also to leave behind him an Account written by himself of his own Life<sup>1</sup>; and, to name no others, since his time the learned Dr. John Wallis writ an Account of some Passages of his own Life, by way of Letter to my late learned Friend Dr. Thomas Smith, from whose Papers I shall publish it in the Appendix<sup>2</sup>, with part of a Letter<sup>3</sup> of the Dr's. to Bp. Fell concerning the Report of his deciphering King Charles the First's Cabinet, in reference to which I shall only here remark, that the Dr's. original Book (in his own hand) is now in the

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<sup>1</sup> Published first in 4to at Oxford *anno D.* 1647. and afterwards, at the Beginning of *Reliquiæ Bodleianæ*, at London in 8vo. *A.D.* 1703. This Life was translated into Latin, and 'tis still preserved in

that Language both in the Bodl. Library, and in the learned Dr. Thomas Smith's MSS. in my possession, Vol. 22. p. 60. <sup>2</sup> Num. XI. <sup>3</sup> Num. XII.

Bodleian Library, with this Memorandum (in his own hand also) at the beginning of it :

*Hanc Epistolarum Collectionem, quas Ciphris scriptas Ipse exposuerat, Celeberrimæ Bibliothecæ Bodleianæ in Illustrissima Academia Oxoniensi dedit Johannes Wallis, ibidem Geometriæ Professor Savilianus. Reservatâ sibi in posterum potestate addendi vel emendandi.*

*A Collection of several Letters and other Papers, which were at several times intercepted, written in Cipher, Deciphered by John Wallis, Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford---Given to the Publick library there, Anno Domini 1653.*

Which Memorandum I the rather take notice of, because the being acquainted with the liberty, that Dr. Wallis reserved to himself, may be of service to such, as are concerned to defend, as well the Title of this Book in the printed Catalogue<sup>1</sup>, as what hath been said of this MS. by Henry Stubbe<sup>2</sup> and Anthony à Wood<sup>3</sup>, who (as other honest men have done<sup>4</sup>) look'd upon

<sup>1</sup> Tom. I. Part. 1. n. 3524.

<sup>2</sup> In pag. 7. of *A severe enquiry into the late Oneirocritica; or an exact account of the grammatical part of the Controversie between Mr. Thom. Hobbes and John*

*Wallis, D.D. Lond. 1657.*

4to. <sup>3</sup> Ath. Oxon. Vol. II. col. 415. See also pag. 61. of the Life of Dr. John Barwick in English, Lond. 1724. 8vo. <sup>4</sup> See pag. 156. of a Book, intit. *The Civil Warres of Great*

this business of deciphering as a base act. And it may be the learned Dr. Smith would have spared his note on the occasion, had he been either aware of the beforesaid Memorandum, or given any credit to what Anthony à Wood had said <sup>1</sup> of the Dr's. being able at any time to make black white, and white black, for his own ends, and of his having a ready knack of sophistical evasion, a character which Anthony afterwards enlarged, notwithstanding it does not appear in the late spurious Edition of his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, in which he is made to have written Things transacted after his Death.

If Robert of Brunne had any Epitaph, it seems to have been short, agreeable to those times, and to be now irretrievable.

§. XIII. But to return to Robert of Brunne, it is very well known, that Leland in his Travells made it his business, not only to seek out and inspect MSS. but to view and consider ancient monumental Stones, in which he shew'd a great deal of Judgment. For he did not think it worth his while, to take notes of all Inscriptions and Monuments that he happen'd to light upon, but of such only that were to the memory of persons of worth; and among other Places that

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*Great Britain and Ireland. Containing an Exact History of their Occasion, Originall, Progress, and Happy End. By an Impartiall Pen. Lond. 1661. fol. The Author subscribes himself J. D. at the*

*End of his Dedication, To the most noble Charles Duke of Richmond and Lenox, &c. <sup>1</sup> Vol. II. coll. 816. of the genuine Edition of his *Athenæ Oxon.**

..

he

he nicely examined, was this of Brunne, tho' his Notes upon that occasion do not now occur. Tho' therefore I am of opinion, that Robert of Brunne was buried in the Priory of Brunne, and had some Epitaph over him, yet in what part it was, and what the Epitaph said of him, is now uncertain, unless the Stone were still preserved, as I do not think that it is, or unless such Papers as Mr. Leland's were forthcoming to inform us. If he had any Epitaph, I do not at all doubt but it was short, far from the modern way of writing Inscriptions. A good man deserves praise; and the speaking often of such is of great use for promoting virtue. But then to represent ill men as good, is one effectual way to encourage wickedness; and yet this is what is now adays too often practised. A lewd vicious wretch shall have a fine Epitaph (and too often an Harangue from the Pulpit) and be characteriz'd as an exceeding good man, tho' at the same time, perhaps, he did not deserve the least share of so great an Encomium. Our Ancestors, no question, had their Defects; but then they were not guilty of such Extravagancies in their Characters of the Dead. A plain Monument, and a plain Inscription was then common. Their Names and Offices, with a *cujus animæ propicietur Deus*, was then generally the Subject of  
their

## THE PUBLISHER'S

their Epitaphs; but should such a Conclusion be made use of at this time, the Outcries would be great, and nothing but Curses denounced. The Favourers thereof should be called the worst of men, and be condemn'd as injurious to the Dead, as if the Defunct needed either prayers or pity, notwithstanding, it may be, none ever stood in greater need of such mercifull Offices. But what is this to Brunne? or what occasion was there to speak of the custom of writing Epitaphs? A Question that may be soon resolved by those, that will consider, that Brunne lived in an age, when the custom of writing concise Epitaphs was much practised, and that therefore, in all probability, the Epitaph, if there were any at all, upon him, did not deviate from the then receiv'd custom, when even the Date of the respective persons Deaths was frequently omitted, which is what might also be left out in that of Brunne. This Brevity and Simplicity is agreeable to Antiquity, tho' it must be granted, that some of the short Roman Inscriptions carry tokens in them of their being spurious; and whether there be not such in (some, at least, of) the *Inscriptiones singulares ineditæ* of Hadrian Beverland, I shall leave to the Judgment of the Reader, after he hath perus'd them in the Appendix<sup>1</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> Num. XIII.

§. XIV.

## PREFACE.

LI

§.XIV. Now since we have no more Memoirs, relating to the Life of Robert of Brunne, I shall leave the farther discussion of that Point, and will confine my self to the Historical Work he hath left behind him. This consists of two Parts, as likewise does the French Original of Peter Langtoft. The first Part brings the History down from the most early Times to the Death of Cadwalader, the second from that Period of time to the Death of K. Edward the First. But then whereas both Parts in the French are written in long Verse, and in one Column, on the contrary the second Part only in the English Book is in long Verse, and in one Column, and the first Part is in short Verse, and makes two Columns: which Remark, however, is not so worthy of notice, as another, which I must by no means omit, and that is this. Peter Langtoft himself had carefully read over Geffry of Monmouth, and resolved to make him his Standard for the first Part of his Work; but then, instead of representing him intire, he abridg'd him, and left only a Rhythmical Epitome of him; which when Robert of Brunne well perceiv'd, instead of following Peter Langtoft in that point, he judg'd it more advisable to represent Geffry at large, but

Peter Langtoft's Original, as well as Robert of Brunne's English Work, consists of two Parts, the first Part of which is here omitted, as containing nothing but Geffry of Monmouth. A Passage out of Rastall's Chronicle about Stonehenge.

not according to the compendious Account in Langtoft, but in the manner he found done in French Rhythms to his hands by one Master Wace (the same, as I take it, that others <sup>1</sup> call Wate) whose Translation being approved of, Robert of Brunne thought it a piéce of prudence to follow him, without regard to the Original Latin of Geffry. The first Part, therefore, of Robert of Brunne is nothing but Geffry of Monmouth, and that too translated into English from a French Auther; but then the second Part contains a Translation of Peter Langtoft's second Part, yet with many Insertions that do not appear in the Original. After I had read over the whole Work, (which, take it all together, may be properly call'd *Robert of Brunne's Chronicle*, a Title I have call'd it by lately <sup>2</sup>) I concluded it to be a needless piece of service to publish any of the first Part, (excepting the Prologue <sup>3</sup> to the whole Work, and the Transition <sup>4</sup> from the First to the second Part thereof, in both which he speaks of himself and the Work) and all my Friends, that I consulted upon the occasion, readily concurr'd with me. For which reason I have kept

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<sup>1</sup> See Aaron Thompson's Preface to his Translation of Geff. of Mon. pag. xxv. <sup>2</sup> Viz. in several Places of my

Ed. of Rob. of Glouc. <sup>3</sup> See my Appendix to this Preface, Num. V. <sup>4</sup> See my Appendix, Num. VII.



## PREFACE.

LIII

to, and made publick, the latter Part only, as containing a great many Things not commonly known, such as all, that are curious in our English History, will be glad to be acquainted with, especially since Peter Langtoft, the original Author, flourished in Edward the First's time (whose Story he tells at large) and Robert of Brunne, his Translator and Improver, was not long after him. But then, tho' the First Part be deservedly pass'd over by me, yet the Reader may meet with several Specimens of it, if he be pleas'd to have recourse to my Glossary to Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, and another Specimen also I shall annex here in the Appendix <sup>1</sup>, for the sake of those who shall undertake to write about Stone-henge, which our old English Historians unanimously affirm to have been a British Work, which opinion Rastall himself seems likewise to have espoused, notwithstanding he did not readily agree with those, that held them to be natural Stones. His words <sup>2</sup> are worth reading, and therefore I shall here transcribe them, as I found them in the Copy of his Chronicle, that was lent me by my Friend the ingenious Mr. John Murray of London; and indeed they are the rather fit to be considered, because Camden <sup>3</sup>, as

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<sup>1</sup> Num. XIV. <sup>2</sup> In his Chron. C. ii. a. <sup>3</sup> Brit. p. 184. in Wiltshire, Ed. Lat. fol.

I believe, had them in his view at the same time that he was writing about their being artificial, notwithstanding he hath not been pleased to make any mention of his author.

¶ Thys Aurylambrole destroyed the pangen lawys & reedified churchys of crystendome he was porsoned at Wynechester & was buryed at Stoneheng vnder the grete stonys wherof songys the bryttons say that one Werlyon which was begyn of a woman by the deuyl brought out of yreland by the craft of magyk wherof dyuers men thynk stondeyth nother with good sayth nor reason & also the bryttons say that thys Werlyon told & wrote, many prophesyes wheron they greatly beleue But other clerkis, and grete lernyd men gyue lyttell credence to them | & also they say that those stonis were neuer brought out of yreland by merlion but that they were made by craft of men as of liment & morter made of flynt stonys | one reason they alegge therof because those stonis be so hard that no yryn tole wyll cut them without grete bysnes and also they be of one facyon and bygnes saue only there be. ii. fortis | & so most lykly to be caske and made in a molde & that men thynke it a thyng almoste vnpolyble to get so many grete stonys owt of anny quarre or rok that shold be so herd so equall of bygnes & fastyon | a nother reason they say that it is not well polyble to haue so many gret stonis to be all of one color & of one greyn throw and in every place but that some stone shuld be more darker of colour in one place or another or at the lest haue some bayns of other colours in them as grete stonis of merbell and other gret stonis commynly haue | But these stonis at Stoneheng be all of one gret without chaunge of colour or bayne & all of one facyon therefore many grete wysemen suppose them to be made of a morter of flynt or other stonys.

## PREFACE.

LV

§. XV. In publishing this old Piece of History, I have aim'd at the same accuracy and exactness as I have done in my other publick Works, and as in Robert of Gloucester, so also in this Piece of Antiquity I have made it.

The exactness made use of in publishing this piece of ancient History. To gratify some Readers, several Specimens of the French are also made publick with it.

use of four Saxon Characters, viz. *ʒ* or *g*, *þ* or *th*, *p* or *u* (which, however, very rarely occurs) and *y* or *p*, letters that are met with in most MSS. of that age, as well as in those of the times afterwards quite down to the Beginning of printing, nay even to the Destruction of the Religious Houses, which put a stop to many laudable Employments, among which was also the Elegancy of writing, (which was much encourag'd in Abbeyes,) and the profession of the Saxon Tongue, which was kept up, with more than ordinary diligence, in some of those Houses of Religion. This exactness I have always been cautious in, because 'tis what the most judicious Readers expect, and where they meet with it, they never fail to set the greater esteem upon the Writings that are so set out. And because some curious persons will be ready to inquire, what sort of French it is, that Peter Langtoft made use of; partly to gratify them on that account, and partly to illustrate some expressions of Robert of Brunne, I have given many Specimens of that

Language in the Notes, that I have put at the bottom of the page, in order to which I have perus'd three French MSS. of Peter Langtoft, that were sent me, after I had begun to print this Translation of Robert of Brunne's, by that most excellent and accomplished Herald, the learned Mr. Anstis. One of these MSS. (which is the most ancient) belongs to the College of Arms, the Members whereof, as they are Men of curious Learning, and ready to promote Works of this kind, generously consented, that I should have the loan of it, just in the same manner as (a thing I have hinted before) the Members of the Inner-Temple (who are equally ready to advance Undertakings of this nature) most willingly agreed, that I should have the benefit of the MS. of Robert of Brunne. This MS. of the Heralds Office belong'd once to that truly great, good, and generous man (a person of an unaffected Plainness and primitive Spirit) Raphe Sheldon, of Beoly in Worcestershire, Esq; as appears from this Note, written at the beginning of it by the late industrious Antiquary Mr. Anthony à Wood, to whom Mr. Sheldon was a very great and liberal Friend \* :

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\* §. X. \* See *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 364, 604. Vol. II. col. 449, 866. One Instance of the said Raphe Shel-

don's Affection for Mr. Wood is this, that not long before he died (as I am inform'd by an excellent Friend) he gave Mr. Wood,

*Given to the Heralds office at London by Raphe Sheldon of Beoly in Worestersh. Esq; who died 24 June 1684.*

The other two French MSS. belong to Mr. Anstis himself, and are both bound in one and the same Volume; but then whereas one continues the Story to the Death of K. Edward I. the other (which contains only the second Part of Langtoft) ends before that Period at these Words, in ~~pag~~ 287.

*He granted for to gyve þe fiftie penie to þe kyng,  
In his werre wele to lye, & save þer oþer þing.*

§. XVI. Tho' the French Passages at the bottom of the page are sufficient for my purpose, yet, as a farther Satisfaction to the inquisitive and curious Reader, I shall here publish, in this Preface, the Conclusion of the French Peter de Langtoft, as 'tis express'd in the MS. of the Heralds Office, especially since the last Lines are the Scribe's own, which will, in some measure, confirm what I have observ'd. formerly about Chaucer's Revocation of the Par-

And, for further Satisfaction, the Conclusion of the French MS. that belongs to the Heralds Office is here inserted in this Preface.

Wood, by word of mouth, an hundred Pounds towards printing his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, which the Father (a person of great virtue and honour) of the present Edward

Sheldon, Esq; confirm'd to him (tho' not oblig'd) when he came into possession of the estate. See my Appendix to Rob. of Gloucester, p. 601, 602, 603.

son's Tale, and the same might be withall confirm'd from other MSS. where the like Additions have been added by the Scribes or Librarians.

En lan ausunt nome cum nous auouns oÿe,  
 Le iour serÿme de Jule, pur veir vous certifÿe,  
 Ke nostre Reis Edward, ki alme dieu benÿe,  
 A Burg suz les sablouns, alaunt vers Albanye  
 En uerray creauce, son secle ad finÿe.  
 Mairdenaunt apre sa mort elait pupÿe,  
 Translatez est le cors, par barnez e clerÿe,  
 A Maltham pres de Loundres la demene abbeye,  
<sup>1</sup> Quatre Pays enteres solempneït seruÿe,  
 Baunez iust sur here, saunz auoÿ; espaigne,  
 Partisaunt a pouers, qe pur cele sunt prÿe.  
 "Trent <sup>2</sup> e quatre annz. vijj. Pays. v. iours vous die  
 Regnayt <sup>3</sup> suz Engleterre par ley estabÿe,  
 Et resoun e dreit mayntint la monarchÿe.  
 De vigour e value de sen replenÿe,  
<sup>4</sup> Pere nul auoÿt dount griez seÿgnorÿe.  
 En prede son lÿgnage oÿe est <sup>5</sup> le cors senelye  
 A Westmonster en croumbe de marbre bien posÿe.  
 Le prince, qi pur nous suz Pilate fu punÿe,  
 Le Reis sire Edward reseÿue en sa mercÿe,  
 Relese al alme face des foÿetiz en la bÿe,  
 En regal mansoun la mene a compaignÿe  
 En seÿuise nÿ ad fors ioye e melodÿe. A.

<sup>1</sup> Datte moys enters solemp-  
 nement Cod. Antisianus. <sup>2</sup>  
 Robert of Brunne (pag. 341.)  
 hath wrongly express'd this,  
 by telling us that he reigned  
 only 24 years 8 months and 5  
 days. Our later Chronicles  
 are more exact, which tell us,

that K. Edward I. reigned 34.  
 years 7 months and 21. days.  
 For he began his reign Nov.  
 16. 1272. and died July 7.  
 1307. <sup>3</sup> Sur. Cod. Anst.  
<sup>4</sup> Par nul auage Cod. Anst.  
<sup>5</sup> Son cors pro le cors in Cod.  
 Anst.

Cy finist Peres son liuey en honour,  
 Et Ion qe lescrit parfet ad son labouy,  
 Al terme de la vie Dieu luy face locour,  
 Et mette salme en repose oue Seintz en dotour,  
 Ion qe lescrit ordre porte de prestre,  
 Le vikere de Atlyngstere Sire Ion qe fu son mestre,  
 Le pris devescriuer par la mayne destre,  
 Dieus i me ne louy almes en la ioye celestre.

§. XVII. And this is all I have to observe with respect to the French MSS. made use of by me in this Work, unless it be, that at the end of that belonging to the Herald's Office is a Note, written in an old hand, (but different from that of the MS.) concerning *Hugo Cardinalis*, a Person of great Sanctity and Learning, which I shall also take the liberty of publishing here.

Out of which MS. is here likewise published a Note concerning *Hugo Cardinalis*. *Actor* for *auctor* in many MSS. The Author of *liber festivalis*, or *festialis*. A Remark relating to St. Wenefride.

“ *Tempore Regis H. tercij.*

“ Hiis temporibus floruit vita & sciencia D<sup>ni</sup>. Hu-  
 “ go Cardinalis, fratrum Prædicatorum ordinis,  
 “ qui doctor eximius doctrina sana & perlucida  
 “ totam Bibliam postillavit. Concordanciarum  
 “ eciam Bibliæ primus actor fuit, quem, propter  
 “ vitam bonam & scienciæ famam, papa Inno-  
 “ cencius Sanctæ Sabinæ instituit Cardinalem,  
 “ in quo statu licet esset de ordine fratrum  
 “ Prædicatorum, omnibus tamen Religionibus  
 “ ac eciam secularibus placidus extitit.” In

Anno Do-  
 mini M.  
 cc. lxxvii.  
 De Hugone  
 Cardinali,  
 qui concor-  
 dancias Bi-  
 bliæ com-  
 posuit.

which

which Note *actor* is the same with *auctor*, and *Religionibus* the same with *Religiosis*. The same way of writing *auctor* I have very often seen in old MSS. and so 'tis written in an excellent MS. of the Book called **Festival or Festial**, lent me by my very kind Friend Thomas Ward, of Longbridge, Esq;. At the top of the first page of which MS. an old, but later, hand hath written, **This booke is called The Festial of Englishe Sermones, necessary to simple Curates and parishe priests. &c.** and at the bottom of the same (first) page, in the same later hand, is written, *actor lib. & dicitur fuisse.*

*plommer.* I cannot tell who is meant by *Plommer*. Mr. Ward (and I am not willing to dissent from so candid a Gentleman) conjectures him to have been *Robertus Plimmodunensis* or *Plymton*, so surnamed from Plympton in Devonshire, of which he was a black Canon, and is said to have written *Conciones Dominicales*. But then I find by my late learned Friend Dr. Thomas Smith's Catalogue, that the MS. in the Cottonian Library <sup>2</sup> ascribes this Work to John Mirkus a black Canon of Lulshul or Lille-shull in Shropshire; and it may be very truly. This is certain, that there is but just room or time, for Plympton's being the Author or Col-

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<sup>1</sup> Baleus, p. 379. Ed. fol. Pitseus, p. 409. <sup>2</sup> Claudius A. II. 1. lector.



lector. For the Author says himself in the Prologue or Preface, *this treatys is drawen oute of legenda aurea*, the Author whereof *Jacobus de Viragine* or *Voragine* flourished *anno 1290.* and died *circa an. 1300.* and Robert Plympton seems (from *LeNeve's Fasti*<sup>2</sup>) to have been Archdeacon of Totton *an. 1310, &c.* Mr. Ward's MS. is in many respects different from the printed Book, spoken of by me in my Glossary<sup>3</sup> to Robert of Gloucester, but then these Variations chiefly relate to the Orthography, which is much changed in the Print for more modern Expressions, as less lyable to stop the Reader. And yet there is one Omission I find in the print, which I cannot forbear taking notice of here, and that is the Account of St. Wenefride, which is intirely left out in the print, and for that reason I shall subjoyn it in my Appendix<sup>4</sup>, as a Specimen of the MS. and that it may be the better compared with the old Rhythmical Life of this holy Virgin, printed at the End of the late Bp. Fleetwood's Book<sup>5</sup> about her from a Copy that I transcribed and sent to his Lordship, at the same time that I sent him a Transcript of *Robertus Salopiensis's* Life of her, when I should likewise have communicated to him

<sup>1</sup> Cavei Hist. Lit. p. 654. E. dit. Genev. <sup>2</sup> Pag. 96. <sup>3</sup> Pag. 739. <sup>4</sup> Num. XV. <sup>5</sup> Intit. *The Life and Miracles of St.*

*Wenefrede, together with her Litanies; with some Historical Observations made thereon.* Lond. 1713. 8vo.

this

## THE PUBLISHER'S

this Account in the Festival, had I then had the command of the MS. tho' at the same time I cannot forbear noting, that my sentiments are widely different from the Bishop's with respect to this Virgin. For whereas the Bishop hath insinuated, that there never was any such holy person, and that all which is reported of her is fiction, on the contrary, I not only believe, that there was such a virtuous, pious and holy young woman, (nor can I imagine, that she would have been inserted either in the Calendar, or in the Offices of the Missal of Hereford, had the Compilers thought otherwise) but that she perform'd many uncommon acts of Devotion, which occasion'd many Speculations; and tho' I am far from believing many Things alledg'd about her, yet I think, that the very same Arguments that his Lordship hath offer'd in this Affair (if they should be judg'd valid, as I cannot think that they ever will) may as well serve to cut off abundance of other holy persons that are celebrated in History, whose Examples conduce much to the advancement of Piety and good Works. Arguments drawn from Inconsistence in Chronology are but weak, since it appears, that the Monks were generally but indifferent Chronologers. Neither are negative Arguments of any greater Force. *Robertus Salopiensis* was Prior  
of

of Shrewsbury, a man of a devout life, and, without doubt, followed other Writers notwithstanding they be lost since; and yet at the same time it must not be questioned, but he followed Tradition in several Things. Which we need not wonder at, since the British History, in very great measure, depended, in the more early Times, upon Traditions delivered from Father to Son; so that in this case it was very difficult to adjust the exact years, such as accurate Chronologers expect. A thing that will be readily allow'd by such as consider the uncertainty of the ancient *revel*. Nor do I see any thing incredible in what is said of a Cripple's being restored to his limbs, that had pray'd and watch'd all night at the shrine of St. Wenefride, whatever the latitudinarians and libertines of this Age may think. In old time Vigils were strictly observ'd, and 'twas not look'd upon as Superstition and Foppery to continue in devotion all night, and to render Thanks to Almighty God for Founders and Benefactors, and for the good Examples of pious Persons. The Name of Vigils is still retain'd, but the practice too much laid aside. The Founders of, and Benefactors to, Churches are (alass!) generally forgot, and little care is now adays taken about Thanksgivings for them.

Many Things in this Chronicle, that are different from what is related by other Historians.

§. XVIII. Such as are studious of our History and Antiquities will the more readily peruse this Chronicle, and

consider the particulars with the greater attention, when they shall understand, that there are many Things in it, that are different from what is related by other Historians. The reader himself will be much more able to collect all these together, and afterwards to pass a Judgment upon them, than I am. Nor indeed is it properly my business to point out such Passages, my immediate province, in Affairs of this kind, being to act the part of a faithfull Editor, not that of an Annotator or Commentator. And yet, for the sake of some, that have occasionally consulted me about such Passages, I shall here take notice of several of them, as I have observed a few at the bottom of the Page of the Text, and will leave the rest to those that shall take the opportunity of reading over and considering this obsolete Chronicle, which will be esteemed (unless I am very much mistaken) as such another Curiosity as that of Robert of Gloucester, to which as I added a Glossary (that hath given great satisfaction, and been well receiv'd) so I have likewise perform'd the same piece of service for Peter Langtoft, by which his Language (which is now often very difficult and intricate, notwithstanding in

in his own time it was the vulgar speech) will be render'd the more intelligible.

§. XIX. In pag. 5. the Author tells us, that K. Ina had a son named Adel-  
 lus, and that he died before his Father, a particular which I do not, at present, remember to be mentioned by others. In pag. 8. he calls Eadbald K. of Lyndesay, tho' he was really K. of Mércia. He uses this stile, it may be, because Lindsay in Lincolushire was the chief part of his Residence, and therefore afterwards<sup>1</sup> he makes use of the word *Lyndesay* for *Mercia*. In p. 13. he tells us, that Brightrick, K. of the Westsaxons, was buried at Tewksbury, whereas others say it was at Wareham. In p. 17. he acquaints us, that Wilaf, K. of Mercia, was slain by K. Egbert at Doncaster. Others make him only vanquished, and observe that he was afterwards an obedient tributary Subject to Egbert. In p. 20. he notes, that K. Ethelwulph was buried at Winchester, and this is what the generality of Historians agree in, tho' Speed tells us<sup>2</sup>, that he was first buried at *Stamvige*, and afterwards removed to Winchester, which seems very true, since even Asser Menevensis, according to Archbishop Parker's excellent Edition in Saxon Characters, agrees in the very same thing, as

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<sup>1</sup> Pag. 9.      <sup>2</sup> Pag. 659. .

may be seen in my Discourse<sup>1</sup> upon some Historical Fragments (lent me by Mr. Murray) at the end of Heming's Chartulary of the Church of Worcester, to which I shall refer the Reader. In p. 21. he tells us, that Eadbald was buried at Shirburn; but then others tell us, that he was afterwards removed to Salisbury, which was the Roman *Sorbiodunum*: and whereas in p. 20. he makes Ethelbert to be uncle to the said Edbald, and brother of K. Ethelwulf, on the contrary Ethelbert was really brother to K. Edbald, and Ethelwulf the father of both. In the same page Elfrith (or, as others, Ethelred) is made to be son of K. Egbricht, or Egbert, whereas he was his grandson. In p. 22. he tells us, that the town where S. Edmund, King of the East-Angles, was slain, was in old time called *Oren*. Others say *Heglesdune*<sup>2</sup>, *Eglesdene*<sup>3</sup>, *Eglesdon*<sup>4</sup>, *Æglesfoun*<sup>5</sup>, *Hoxtown*<sup>6</sup>, or *Doron*<sup>7</sup>. In p. 23. he says, that K. Elfride, or Ethelred, was buried at Driffeld (or Driffeld in Yorkshire) whereas others say, he was interred at Winburn in Dorsetshire; but then he hath confounded the said Elfride with Alkfryd, or A-

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<sup>1</sup> P. 659. <sup>2</sup> Mon. Angl. T. I. p. 284. a, b. <sup>3</sup> Mon. Angl. T. I. p. 291. a. <sup>4</sup> Legend of the Saints (pr. by W. de Worde 1495.) fol. cccxxxix.

b. in the lyl of saynt Edmond kyng and martyr. <sup>5</sup> Lelandi Coll. Vol. I. p. 219. <sup>6</sup> Ibid. <sup>7</sup> Mon. A. Tom. I. p. 285. b.

lured, the most learned K. of Northumberland, who was really buried at Driffild <sup>1</sup>; and 'tis with no less errour, that he makes <sup>2</sup> that to belong to K. Elfrid or Ethelred, with respect to his spending his time, which belong'd really to Ælfred the Great. In p. 25. is something added by Robert of Brunne himself about Hanelok the Dane, which is not in the original Peter Langtoft, for our common Historians, but 'tis, however, very imperfect, occasioned, I suppose, for want of Vouchers. In p. 27. he makes Edward the Elder have 14 children by two Wives. Others say three Wives. His Notes about these Wives are short but singular; yet he did not know the Names of some of these Daughters. In pag. 28. he makes K. Athelstan cast his brother Edwin headlong into the Thames, which is different from what is taught us by other Historians, as may be seen in pag. 337. of the third Ed. of Speed. In p. 29, 30. he tells us, that Charles, K. of France, married Ilde or Edbild, sister of K. Athelstan, whereas, according to others <sup>3</sup>, she was married to Hugh Earl of Paris. Authors differ mightily about the Names of Edward the Elder's Daughters and their Marriages. From p. 29. we learn,

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<sup>1</sup> Camdeni Brit. p. 635. Ed. 4to. 1600. <sup>2</sup> Pag. 23, 24. <sup>3</sup> Guil. Malmesb. p. 28. & Speed p. 338.

that Peter Langtoft cannot tell us, where K. Athelstan was buried. Robert of Brunne says at Hexham; but others report it to be at Malmesbury. The Saxon Chronicle tells us not. In p. 33. he tells us, K. Edred was crowned at London. Others say at Kingston. In p. 34. he makes Edwy brother to K. Edred, whereas he was his nephew. In p. 35. he remarks, that **Rumey** or **Rumsey** Nunnery in Hampshire was founded by K. Edgar for an hundred Nunns. This was a large number. And I began to suspect, that it was a Mistake, especially when the Valuation at the Dissolution did not, as I thought, answer so many. But, upon my writing to my learned Friend Mr. Richard Furney, I was soon convinced, that there could not be fewer than are assigned in this Chronicle, from an Election of an Abbess of this Place in the year 1333. being the seventh year of the Reign of K. Edw. III. at which time there being very near 90 Nunns present, that gave their Votes, it is an undeniable Proof of what is asserted by the Historian. Mr. Furney extracted his Account from an authentick Register, and I shall beg leave to insert it at large from his Letter in my Appendix '. There is no doubt but the Provision was every way equal to the Number, as well as to the Quality, of those that

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were educated and lived here, notwithstanding the Valuation I have spoke of, tho' I believe the Revenues, upon some Accidents or other, had been much altered from what they had been originally, as the Number of the Nunns was also very much decreased some time before the Dissolution, as may appear from what my before mentioned Friend Mr. Furney hath observ'd in another<sup>1</sup> Letter to me, in which he hath been pleased likewise to insert a Note, about our old Historians, from a valuable MS. of Trivet. There is now a fair Church at Rumsey, being the remains of the dissolved Nunnery<sup>2</sup>. In the same page (viz. 35.) tho' the Author tells us that Edmund, Son of K. Edgar, died at Peterburgh, yet he hath not been pleased to inform us, where he was buried, which others assure us was at Rumsey Nunnery, that I have been speaking of. Whence we read in the Saxon Chronicle<sup>3</sup>, *AN. DCCCCLXXI. Hēr pōpð. fepðe Eadmund æþeling. 7 hȳ lic līð æt Rumeri-ge.* With which agrees Florence of Worcester. *Clito Eadmundus, (saith he<sup>4</sup>,) regis Eadgari filius obiit, & in monasterio Rumesiæ honorifice est sepultus.* Nor is there any variation in that most excellent Copy of Florence that I have with

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<sup>1</sup> See my Appendix to this Preface, Num. XVII. <sup>2</sup> See p. 95. <sup>3</sup> P. 121. Pag. 358. Ed. 4to. sub anno 971.  
Sir Thomas Herbert's Memoirs,

Dr. Langbaine's MSS. Notes. This Nunnery had been founded but the year before by his Father K. Edgar, and so this was one of the first Bodies of the Royal Family with the Sepulture of which it was ever honoured. In p. 36. he tells an odd miraculous Story of K. Edgar. This K. Edgar died, according to our common Chronicles (tho' there is a difference in some Writers) in the year 975. Our Author informs us, that twenty four years after his Death (which must be *A. D.* 999.) one Edward was Abbat of Glastonbury, and that this Edward made a Tombe for K. Edgar, but that the Tombe being too little, the King's shanks were broke by the direction of the Abbat, in order to fit the Tombe for the Royal Remains. Hereupon Bloud and Water, it seems, came out of the shanks, and the Abbat became blind. Which being look'd upon as a Miracle, Bishop Oswald (the same that became Bishop of Worcester *A. D.* 960. and being translated to the Archbishoprick of York in 971. or 972. held both 'till his Death in 992. <sup>1</sup>) ran and laid the Bones in a rich Shrine; and that was (as our Author asserts) in *A. D.* 973. (at which time Sigegarus, and not Edward, whose Name I do

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<sup>1</sup> Godwin de Præs. Part. I. | *Fasti Ecclesiæ Angl.* p. 294,  
p. 504. & Part. II. p. 17. | 306.      "  
Isaacson's Chron. Le Neve's

## PREFACE.

LXXI

not find in the List, was Abbat of this Monastery) which could not be, if the thing happened, as our Author himself assures us it did, twenty four years after the King's Decease. But I think, after all, that the Story is to be understood of Egelward, (abbat of Glastonbury) it being reported of him by John of Glastonbury in his MS. Chronicle, and placed by him under the year 1052. a little after which sacrilegious act (for such the violence shew'd to K. Edgar's Body was esteem'd) the said abbat (as we are assured by that Author) died distracted. In p. 37. he tells us, that Edward the Martyr was buried in a Shrine at Westminster. Others tell us, that he was first buried at Warham, and afterwards removed to the Minster of Shaftsbury; tho' the Saxon Chronicle and Florence of Worcester say, that he was interr'd at Warham, without adding any thing about his being removed to Shaftsbury. Nor do they place his Death under the year 976. as our Author doth, but under 978. In p. 40. he makes Edmund Ironside to be Son of K. Ethelred by his Queen Emma, whereas others make him his Son by his first Wife Elgiva. In p. 43. he speaks of Kurkille Earl of the Danes, where, at the Bottom of the page, I have noted, that he is commonly called Turkille: and indeed it is Turkille in the French MSS. In p. 44. he

makes Suane die at Gainesborough; and so also some others: but then others relate, that it was at Thetford. In p. 46. he speaks of K. Eilred or Ethelred's falling sick at Euesham, whereas others say it was at Cosham. In p. 47. he makes mention of the Tower of Northampton, (and 'tis **tour** also in the French;) by which word Tower I take it for granted, that he means the Castle of Northampton, concerning which Leland writes thus: *The Castel stondith hard by the West Gate, and hath a large Kepe. The Area of the Residew is very large, and bullewarkes of Yerth be made afore the Castelle Gate.* In p. 49. he tells us, that Edmund Ironside had no other Child besides one Son, he means Edward surnamed the outlaw; whereas 'tis well known from other Historians, that he had another Son (younger than Edward) called Edmund. Passing over what he says in p. 50. of Harold Harefoot (the Son of K. Cnute) his being a Bastard (for the best Historians affirm the same) I cannot but remark, that whereas in p. 51. he makes the said Cnute to be buried at Westminster, others assure us it was at Winchester. In the same page (*viz.* 51.) he says, that the Assembly or Meeting about Harold Harefoot and Hardeknute was under (or near) Southampton. Others tell us it was at

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<sup>1</sup> Itin. Vol. I. p. 6.

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Oxford. In p. 58. he tells us, that Earl Godwyn's Wife, that was banished by the Earl her Husband, was named Engle. Others call her Gytha. In p. 73. he stiles William the Conqueror's Queen by the name of Elianor, whom others call Maud. In p. *ead.* he calls Harold of Kent's Sons Edmund and Edwyn. Others call them Edmund and Godwyn. In p. 82. he calls that the third year of William the Conqueror's Reign, which was the thirteenth, and that the fourth, which was the fourteenth. In p. 105. he informs us, that Maud, K. Hen. the First's Queen, was buried in a Tomb at St. Paul's, and refers us to Westminster for her Story. Others make no mention of her being buried at St. Paul's, but tell us it was at Westminster, and so in particular the Register of the Priory of the Blessed Trinity (commonly called Christ-Church) at London, as may be seen from what I have published out of it in my Ed. of *Guilielmus Neubrigensis* <sup>1</sup>, where her Epitaph also occurs; which Epitaph, it may be, our Author had in view, when he directed us to Westminster for a particular Account of her, tho', I suppose, he had also some other Record (that was much fuller) in his mind, that is since quite lost. In p. 127. he tells us, that it was reported, that Maud the Empress

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<sup>1</sup> P. 702.

was buried at Feversham; but others more truly observe, that it was at Bec in Normandy. The Mistake arose from Maud the Wife of K. Stephen's being buried there, and 'twas K. Stephen's Queen (and not the Empress Maud, as our Author would insinuate) that built the Offices of Feversham Abbey, which Performance, perhaps, occasioned the Author of the *Prose Additions* <sup>1</sup> to Robert of Gloucester, as well as Henry Huntingdon <sup>2</sup>, to ascribe the Foundation of the whole Abbey to her, whereas it was really built by her Husband K. Stephen. In p. 128. he observes, That Thomas à Becket's Father (Gilbert à Becket, Portgrave of the City of London, then the highest Governour of the City <sup>3</sup>) was rich, being able to spend 300 *libs.* that is, as I take it, *per annum*, which, indeed, was a very great Sum for those days. In p. 157. he quotes the Romance, and the Romancer, of Rich. I. A Romance is a Story or Tale. But I have said enough, relating to the Romance of that King's Reign, in my Preface <sup>4</sup> to Robert of Gloucester, whither I shall, therefore, refer the Reader. In p. 205. he tells us, that K. Richard was wounded the

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<sup>1</sup> F. 227. b. <sup>2</sup> P. 467. of S. Thomas Archbishops of  
<sup>3</sup> See pag. 137, 138. of a very Canterbury. *Colloniæ.* M.DC.  
 scarce Book, intit. *The Life* XXXIX. 8vo. <sup>4</sup> Pag. LV.  
 or *The Ecclesiasticall Historie* &c.

fourth day next before Palm-sunday, and died nine days after. Others differ from this. In p. 206, 211. he calleth K. John's Wife (by whom the King had two Sons, and two Daughters) Elizabeth for Isabell. In p. 207. he calls Arthur Earl of Britain's Sister Margaret, that is call'd Elianor by others. In p. 210. he speaks of K. John's making the Walls, (or, as he expresses it, the *Groundwalle*) of Berwick Castle very thick; a Thing which Fordun should have spoke of in particular, had he thought fit to have mentioned the Works of K. John distinctly. In p. 212. he makes K. John's Daughter Isabell to have no Children. Others say she had Children; and here, upon this occasion of the mention of K. John, I cannot but take notice of a singular Remark of John Ross, who in p. 199. of his Chronicle, that I published, calls Richard K. of Almayn *the Brother*, instead of *the Son, of K. John*. In p. 217. he tells us, that K. Hen. III. and his Retinue lodged in the Priory of Lewes, immediately before the Battle of Lewes, (for which Priory, I believe, he had a particular regard) a Thing which tho' noted by Stowe (who had perused Brunne and other old MSS.) yet is passed over by many other of our Historians. In p. 248. he says, he *thinks* Q. Elianor, Wife of Edw. I. was buried at Westminster. He might have been positive,

sitive, since 'tis certain she was buried there. In p. 323. he tells us, that the Court of Rome is not to be trusted, and so the French MSS. too. This was a bold Stroke, and is what is alluded to by Mr. Bridges about Pope Boniface in the Fragment of his Letter, printed in the Appendix'. In p. 333. is mention made of Eymer, or Aymer, of Valence, Earl of Pembroke, a Man of great Valour, and very serviceable both to K. Edw. I. and K. Edw. II. and had suitable Rewards from each. This is the same Aymer de Valence, that, in the 8<sup>th</sup> year of K. Edw. II. (to note this by the way) obtained licence <sup>2</sup> to make a Castle of his House at Bampton in Oxfordshire, a Thing which if Dr. Plot had considered, he would not have conjectur'd, (or rely'd, I believe, upon tradition, which informs us,<sup>3</sup> that it was built by K. John.

In lieu of the first Part of Robert of Brunne, several Things are here published of greater use and service. An Account of Mr. Andrew Paschal. A Note about Mr. John Gibbon's MSS. Papers in the Heralds Office. A short Account of

§. XX. After I had, upon mature deliberation, and with the Advice and Concurrence of learned Friends, resolved to pass over the first Part of Robert of Brunne, as being a Translation of a French Version of Geffry of Monmouth (whose Story may be best learned from the original Latin)

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<sup>1</sup> Num. VI. <sup>2</sup> Pat. 8 E. 2. p. 2. m. 22. Dugdale's Baronage, T. I. p. 777.



## PREFACE.

LXXVII

I determined with my self, in lieu thereof, to publish some things besides, that would be of more benefit and service to the Reader, and be, withall, less bulky, (for both the Parts, with the Glossary, would have made III Volumes.) Accordingly, therefore, besides the curious Remains, that are to

Dr. Walter Charle-  
ton. An Interpolati-  
on in Camden,  
which Mr. Webb  
did not discover to  
be such. A Passage  
relating to Stone-  
henge from Mr.  
Camden's MS. Sup-  
plement in the  
hands of the pu-  
blisher.

be met with in the Appendix to this Preface, and in the Glossary, I have published at the End of Peter Langtoft these four Pieces following, viz.

(1.) *The Copy of a Roll concerning Glastonbury Abbey, being a Survey of all the Estates belonging to that House at the Dissolution, taken by the King's Order and for his Vse, at the Dissolution.* This Copy was transcrib'd from a noble and beautifull Original in the Hands of a Friend (personally unknown to me) at Colchester, who was pleas'd afterwards very kindly to present me with the said Copy, and to express himself with many particular Marks of Affection and Esteem for whatever I undertake for the publick. (2.) *An Account of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen (near Bautre) in Nottinghamshire, by John Slacke, Master of that Hospital.* It was written at the Command of the most Reverend Father in God Richard Neile, Lord Archbishop of York, as appears from the Author's Letter (at the beginning of it) to the Archbishop. I transcrib'd

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it from a MS. in the hands of a modest ingenious Gentleman, who is one of the subscribers to what I publish. 'Tis a very faulty MS. But it being the only one I know of, I could not correct it otherwise than by conjecture. What Corrections and Notes I have made occur at the bottom of the page. Only I must here beg leave farther to note, that whereas in p. 394, l. 19. it is 250. *l.* in the English, in the Latin, immediately following, it is (p. 395. l. 26.) at large *pro ducentis & quadraginta libris*; that the Robert Archbp. of York, mentioned p. 398. l. 4. was Robert Halgate or Holgate; that for *Commissioner* in p. 400. l. 2. perhaps should be read *Commissioners*; and that in p. 405. l. 2. may be also read *vacancy* as well as *vacante*, tho' *vacante* be nearest the MS. After I had proposed to print this MS. I writ to my ingenious and worthy Friend Mr. Thoresby of Leedes in Yorkshire, in order to get some farther Information about this Hospital, much about which time I also writ to my learned and accomplished Friend Dr. Richardson of North Bierly near Bradford in that County, that I might, if possible, get some Intelligence about the nature of Earth-horns, mentioned in this Chronicle. But tho' the Action, upon account of which these Earth-horns are spoke of, happened in that part of England, and tho' the Dr. be a person extremely

tremely curious in such Affairs, yet he was not able to satisfy me in that point, as I soon understood by a Letter from him, at which time he was pleased likewise to acquaint me, that Mr. Thoresby was incapable of writing himself to me, he having been lately seized with a palsy, which had, in a great measure, deprived him of the use of his right hand. Hereupon I writ again to Dr. Richardson, with a Request, that he would, were it not too great trouble, be pleased to give me what light he could himself in the Affair of the Hospital. Whereupon, not long after, he obliged me, not only with a Letter written by himself, but with one that he had receiv'd from Mr Thoresby, who had imploy'd a Friend to write for him; a Copy of both which shall be subjoyn'd in the Appendix<sup>1</sup>. (3.) Two Tracts written by an anonymous Author, and transcrib'd by me from two MSS. (both written in the same hand) that were lent me by Mr. West of Balliol-College, an ingenious and curious Gentleman I have mentioned formerly<sup>2</sup>) whom (I have always found very ready and willing to promote whatever I undertake for the publick service and benefit of Learning. The first of these Dis-

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<sup>1</sup> Num. XVIII. <sup>2</sup> See at also p. 682, 706, 739. of my pag. 285. of *The History and Antiquities of Glastonbury*. See Glossary to Robert of Gloucester.

courses is about some Roman Antiquities discover'd near *Conquest* in Somersetshire, supposed to be the place where the Romans Conquest of Britain was compleated. The other is concerning *Stone-Henge*, and is intituled, by it's Author, *A fool's Bolt soon shott at Stonage*. It is, without doubt, the same Tract that is mentioned in the following Passage of the Additions to Bp. Gibson's English Ed. of *Camden's Britannia*<sup>1</sup>: "The opinions about *Stonehenge* " may be reduc'd to these 7 heads; 1. That it " is a work of the Phœnicians, as Mr. *Sammes* " in his *Britannia* conceits; a conjecture that " has met with so little approbation, that I " shall not stay to confute it. 2. That it was a " Temple of the *Druids* long before the coming of the Romans; which Mr. *John Aubrey*, Fellow of the Royal Society, endeavours to prove in his Manuscript Treatise, " entitl'd *Monumenta Britannica*. 3. That it was " an old Triumphal British Monument, erected " to *Anaraith* the Goddess of Victory, after a " bloody battel won by the illustrious *Stanings*, " and his *Cangick* Giants, from *Diviliacus* and " his *Belgæ*; and that the Captives and Spoils " were sacrific'd to the said Idol in this Temple. An opinion advanc'd (upon what grounds

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<sup>1</sup> Col. 108. Ed. Lond. 1695.

"

" I know

## PREFACE.

LXXXI

“ I know not ) in an anonymous MS. writ about  
 “ the year 1666, and now in the hands of the  
 “ learned Mr. *Andrew Paschal*, Rector of *Chcd-*  
 “ *zoy* near Bridgewater. 4. That it was a mo-  
 “ nument rais’d by the Britains in memory of  
 “ Queen *Boadicia*; advanc’d by the Author of  
 “ *Nero-Cæsar*. 5. That it was a Temple built  
 “ by the Romans to the God *Caſum*, or *Termi-*  
 “ *nus*, of the *Tuscan* order; is Mr. *Jones’s*, in  
 “ his ingenious Conjecture upon this Subject.  
 “ 6. That it was the burial-place of *Vther-Pen-*  
 “ *dragon*, *Constantine*, *Ambrosius*, and other Bri-  
 “ tish Kings; or as others would have it, a mo-  
 “ nument erected by *Ambrosius* in memory of the  
 “ Britains here slain. 7. That it was a Danish  
 “ monument, erected either for a burial-place,  
 “ a trophy for some victory, or a place for the  
 “ election and coronation of their Kings.”  
 These two MSS. are also very faulty. Some of  
 the Errors I have corrected, as the Reader  
 will perceive as he goes along. What Notes I  
 have added, I have distinguished from the Au-  
 thor’s own by the Letter *H*. I have, after my  
 usual custom, observed the Author’s spelling,  
 which sometimes is *singular*, as indeed his Ob-  
 servations, tho’ learned, are likewise frequent-  
 ly *singular*. Who the Author of these two Tracts  
 was is to me very uncertain. ’Tis probable  
 that some light may be learned from Mr. Pa-  
 schal’s

schal's Papers (provided they are still in being) which after his Death (that happened, I think, in 1696, when he was succeeded as Chancellor of the Church of Wells by Marshall Brydges, A. M. being installed ' on Nov. 23. that year) fell into the hands of the late Dr. Roger Maunder, Master of Balliol-Collegē. As for Mr. Paschal (to whom these Tracts belong'd) he was (to observe this by the by) Fellow of Queen's-College in Cambridge, being admitted as such an: 1652. thus: *Andreas Pascall Middlesex: in Artibus Bac: electus* [Socius Coll. Regin:] Jan: 18: *admissus Jan: 19: 1652.* This, the Reader will observe, was in ill times, and therefore Dr. Martin the ejected President or Master upon his being restor'd in 1660: oblig'd all the Fellows that had broken Titles to a new admission; Andr: Pascall stands thus, *Andreas Pascall Londinensis in locum M<sup>ri</sup>. Johis Coldham* (who was an ejected Fellow.) And after he and the rest are nam'd, it is entred thus, *Omnes rite electi, jurati, & admissi, secundum Statuta Collegii, Aug: 23, 24, & 25, 1660.* And yet Mr. Paschal did not immediately succeed Mr. Coldham, but Mr. John Hore (as I think), the immediate Successor. Dr. Martin was a Man of very high Principles, and show'd it sufficiently

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<sup>1</sup> Le Neve's Fasti, pag. 41.

upon this occasion, in such a manner, as I care not to describe. Mr. Paschal besides the Degree of Mr. of Arts, took that of Bach. of Div. and was presented to the Rectory of Chedzoy above mentioned by Francis Rolle, Esq; He was afterwards Prebendary, Canon, and (as hath been already insinuated) Chancellor of Wells, but publish'd nothing that I know of, but some few Observations mention'd in the Transactions of the Royal Society. He wrot a Book upon the Revelations, but agreeing in his Notions with the late Prophetic (as he was commonly stiled) Bishop of Worcester, he never printed it. I never heard but Mr. Paschal was in himself a grave, sober, learned, and religious Clergyman; but by the Instigation of his Wife and Daughters, he did some Things which were prejudicial to his Successor at Chedzoy, and a Blemish to his own Character. But to return, the late ingenious Mr. John Bagford in his *Catalogue* (prefix'd to the late English Translation of Camden's *Britannia*) of some *Books and Treatises relating to the Antiquities of England*, speaks of a *short Treatise upon Stonchenge written by Mr. John Gibbons. MS.* Mr. Gibbon's MSS. Papers are now in the Heralds Office; but my Friend before mentioned Mr. West, who, with the learned Peter Le Neve, Esq; Norroy K. of Arms, hath turned them all over, assures me, that

those Papers chiefly relate to Heraldry, except some few concerning Judicial Astrology, Impulses, Dæmons, &c. and that there is nothing among them concerning Stone-henge, besides a leaf at the End of Dr. Charleton's printed Book, which ~~is~~ indeed wrote by Mr. Gibbon, but contains only extracts from Charleton, without any mention of it's being British. This single leaf confirms Mr. Bagford's Assertion; but then what is become of Mr. Gibbon's Tract I cannot say. He was a man of Humour and some Learning; but then there is more Learning in the two imperfect Pieces I now publish than, I think, he was master of. Whoever the Author of them was, 'tis plain from what he says' himself, that he was living in the year 1670. He designed a Frontispiece to his Discourse of Stone-henge, containing a Draught of some (as many as he thought necessary) of the Stones: as also a Map of Wiltshire. But both are wanting. Nor do I think, that he ever finished them. Tho' Dr. Charleton's opinion was exploded by many, when his Book first appeared, yet it was applauded by divers very eminent Antiquaries, one of which was Sir William Dugdale, and they did not stick to affirm (what vex'd Mr. Webb, who

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<sup>1</sup> See p. 499, 501.



could not forbear speaking very contemptuously, as appears sufficiently from his Book, not only of Dr. Charleton, but even of that very great man Olaus Wormius,) that they verily believ'd Dr. Charleton to be in the right in making it a Danish Work, and since that time many others declare themselves to be of the same mind, as others do (one of which is the Author we publish) that it is Brittish, in which they are confirm'd by the very old Brittish Writer in Jesus-College Library. I care not (at present) to interpose my own opinion in this Affair, but I shall beg leave to take notice, that whereas all the three Pieces about Stone-henge, viz. Mr. Jones's, Dr. Charleton's, and Mr. Webb's, are very lately <sup>1</sup> reprinted together, it appears to me, that the Edition is by no means equal to the first Edition of those three Pieces, (I mean as they all three came out separately <sup>2</sup>) and that 'tis there <sup>3</sup> falsly insinuated that Dr. Charleton died in one of those Islands, which are the Remains of our French Conquests. For tho' this great man was unhappily reduced to Straits in the latter part of his Life, and found himself therefore obliged to retire into the Isle of Jer-

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<sup>1</sup> Lond. 1725. fol.    <sup>2</sup> The first, viz. Mr. Jones's, at Lond. 1655. fol. The 2d. Dr. Charleton's, at Lond. 1663. 4to. The 3d. Mr. Webb's, at Lond. 1665 fol.    <sup>3</sup> Viz. at the beginning of the Edition, in p. 5. of the *Memoirs relating to the Life and Writings of Inigo Jones, Esq.*

sey, yet he really died (in a very indigent condition, *o Anglia quam ingrata es bene de te merentibus!* said some great Danish Lords to the famous Mr. Oughtred <sup>1</sup>) and was buried in London, as may be learned from the following Passage, that was writ in a Letter <sup>2</sup> to me by my late reverend and very learned Friend Dr. Thomas Smith, which will <sup>3</sup> also correct what is said in the second (or spurious) Edition of *Athenæ Oxonienses* <sup>4</sup> about the year, in which Dr. Charleton was born.—“ As to what concerns Dr. Charleton, short Memorials of whose life, I beelieve, wil be written by some one or other of his surviving friends, I can onely tell you at present very briefly, that hee was the son of Walter Charleton, Doctor of Divinity, and borne at Shipton-Mallet in Somersetshire on Candlemas day in the yeare 1620. as wee reckon, bred up in Magdalen Hall Oxon. under the care and tuition of Mr. afterwards Bp. Wilkins, created Dr. of Physic in 1642. as appears by the diploma, which hee formerly shewed mee, and was together with Dr. afterwards Sir Edward Greaves, brother of Mr. John Greaves, travelling Physician to K. Charles I. from that time forward,

<sup>1</sup> Coll, nostr. MSS. Vol. 82. p. 37. <sup>2</sup> Dated at London 31 May 1707. <sup>3</sup> Vol. II. coll. 1112. where we are told, that

Dr. Charlton was born at Shipton-Mallet on the second day of Febr. 1619.

“ whilst

“ whilst that excellent, but greatly unfortunate,  
 “ Prince was able to keepe an army in the field:  
 “ which particulars, with many others, too long  
 “ to bee here related, hee has told mee more  
 “ than once. Hee dyed the 24<sup>th</sup>. of April last  
 “ in the 87<sup>th</sup>. yeare of his age, and was buried,  
 “ according to his earnest desire and express  
 “ order, the Sunday next following, viz. 27<sup>th</sup>.  
 “ very privately and obscurely in the Church-  
 “ yard of St. Paul’s Covent-Garden”. Instead  
 of saying more of this learned Person at this  
 time, I will only insert what is spoke of him  
 in a 4<sup>to</sup>. MS. that formerly belong’d to him-  
 self, but was given by him, about a fortnight  
 before he died, (and not long after his *Ono-*  
*masticon Zoicon*, of the folio Ed. with great  
 Improvements by the Author’s own hand, in  
 order to another Edition, which it very well  
 deserves, was sent to the University of Ox-  
 ford, and put into the Bodlejan Library, to  
 which he had in his prosperity been a Bene-  
 factor) to the said Dr. Thomas Smith, who  
 left it to me with many other MSS. at his  
 Death as a Legacy. *Omnibus in confesso est,*  
*hunc virum constantissime Regias partes calami-*  
*tosissimis etiam temporibus tutatum fuisse: sæpius*  
*dicentem, Religioni, nisi salvâ Rep. consuli non*

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<sup>1</sup> Viz. in. 1707.

*posse; salvam autem Remp. servari non posse, nisi Legitima successione servatâ.* There is one thing which at this time it will be improper to pass by, and that is, that whereas Mr. Webb hath taken abundance of learned pains to refute Dr. Charleton, I have often wondered, that, whilst he was striving all he could <sup>to</sup> weaken that Argument, to prove the Monument Danish, which the Dr. drew from an Inscription in odd Characters, quoted by him from Camden, and supposed by him to be Runick, Mr. Webb (who otherwise very readily catcht at every thing he could of that kind to expose the Dr.) had not discovered, that the Words were not really Mr. Camden's, but his Translator Dr. Philemon Holland's. The Words are these, as I find them in pag. 254. of the Translation \*: *I have heard that in the time of King Henrie the Eighth, there was found neere this place [of Stonehenge] a table of mettall, as it had beene tinne and lead commixt, inscribed with many letters, but in so strange a Character, that neither Sir Thomas Eliot, nor master Lilye Schoole-Master of Pauls, could read it, and therefore neglected it. Had it beene preserved, somewhat happily might have beene discovered as concerning Stonehenge, which now lieth obscured.* Which Words are in no Latin

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\* See Webb's *Vindication of* &c. of the new Edition. <sup>2</sup> Of *Stone-Heng restored*, p. 78, the Ed. at Lond. 1637.

Edition; nor is there any thing like them in Mr. Camden's Latin Book (of the folio Ed. 1607.) as I have it corrected and improved with his own hand, and for that reason both this, as well as other Interpolations of Dr. Holland are deservedly put at the bottom of the Page in the late Translation. And yet I cannot but acknowledge, that Mr. Camden does speak of an Inscription in his *Supplement to the Topographical Description of Britain*, which I have in MS.<sup>1</sup> in his own hand writing, where<sup>2</sup> I meet with the following Things about Stonehenge that are not in the *Britannia* it self. "As  
" for Stone-heng uppon Sarisbury plaine, I cannot tell what to saye. I knowe oute of Vitruvius that the<sup>3</sup> auncient imitating the nature  
" of heaven, did especially take pleasure in  
" round Temples; yea considering the rudnes  
" and deformity of this work, I cannot perswade  
" my self, that it was in Claudius the Emperour's  
" time, when Architecture was come to the  
" topp of perfection. To think they were

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<sup>1</sup> Inter Codd. Smithianos, Num. VII. It is thus intit'led: *A Supplement of the Topographical Description of Britain published mdcx. Containing many specialities which since have intervened concerning Creations, Inscriptions and other memorable matters in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Isles adjacent. Dedicated to the right*

*honorable Thomas Earle of Arundell and Surrey Primmer Earle of England, Lord Howard, Fitz-Alan, Maltravers, Mowbray, Segrave, Bruce and Clun, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and of his Majestie's most honorable privie Councell.* <sup>2</sup> Pag. 45. <sup>3</sup> L. auncients.

## THE PUBLISHER'S

“ brought hither oute of Ireland by Magick,  
 “ were doting impiety, when the like stones,  
 “ for greatness and graine, are found at Avely  
 “ and elswer. If the smale Pyramides about  
 “ the midle centure be just thirty, it may alund  
 “ to the 30 encounters, that Vespasian, sent  
 “ by Claudius, had, with the Britains. If we  
 “ have any hope of discovering the Veritie here-  
 “ in, the very centre is to be digged open, and  
 “ the inscription to be looked with the letters  
 “ down-ward. How so ever it seemeth to con-  
 “ cern Aurelius Ambrosius, when as the next  
 “ town is denominated Ambresbury of him.  
 “ And because it is situated in the midst as it  
 “ were of the Isle from the East to the West,  
 “ doubtless it was a place for convention uppon  
 “ divers ocsasions. I doubt not but the Bri-  
 “ taines and Hengest mett here for their confe-  
 “ rence, and that it was called theruppon Sten-  
 “ Hengest (as Rudborn testifieth.) How Clau-  
 “ dius remitted to the nobilitie of Britane the  
 “ confiscation of their goodes, and that ther-  
 “ fore they erected an alter to him, and adored  
 “ him as a God, and how select gentlemen  
 “ wearing Crownes of Gold spent their private  
 “ states, you maye reade in Tacitus and Aqia-  
 “ nus, and the Britans called it *Chorea Gigantum*,  
 “ that is, the Temple of Giances, you may  
 “ read in the foresayd Rudborn, and how the  
 “ place

“ place was called *Riffen Bydden*, i. the ridge  
 “ of Bath, I need not to remember, neither  
 “ how the stones of Mercolij were so disposed,  
 “ that here was one stone, ther was an other,  
 “ and the third placed upon them both. At a Selden de  
Diis Syris.  
 “ word, I am persuaded that <sup>1</sup> this were so  
 “ placed by the first inhabitants of this yslē,  
 “ when as Hector Boëtius writeth that *Mainus*  
 “ *King of the Scotts did institut solemne ceremonies,*  
 “ *and erecting huge stones in divers places circularly,*  
 “ *the greatest ever toward the South, which served*  
 “ *in steed of an alter to <sup>2</sup> sacri. beastes therupon.*  
 “ *Thies stones are yeat extant called by the common*  
 “ *sort, The temples of the Gods. Any man that*  
 “ *seeth them would mervaile by what arte and what*  
 “ *strength of men they were so reared. Thus farr*  
 “ Boëtius. What other men can gather out of the  
 “ word *ycluis*, which signifieth, in the Britain  
 “ language, *lame*, I see not, albeit I know that  
 “ the name of Claudius came originaly from  
 “ *lamnes*. Not long since a hilloc was here dig-  
 “ ged down, and in it was found a stagg’s hedd,  
 “ and under neth coales, which is a manifest  
 “ profe that it was a Land marck.

§. XXI. I have above declared, that Stone-henge per-  
haps a British Monu-  
ment, notwithstand-  
ing it might have  
 I have no mind at this time to inter-  
 pose my own Sentiments about Stone-

<sup>1</sup> L. *thesc.* <sup>2</sup> L. *sucrifice.*

been a Roman  
Work. Mr. Cam-  
den's Approbation  
of, and Assistance  
in, Dr. Holland's  
Additions, may jus-  
tify such as cite them  
for Mr. Camden's  
OWN.

hence, and yet whereas formerly I  
have signify'd<sup>1</sup>, that 'tis a Roman  
Work, I shall now so far gratify the  
Reader's curiosity as to assure him,  
that I still am inclin'd to think it so  
much owing to the Romans, as to have

one or more of them for carrying on the Ar-  
chitecture, whilst, at the same time, it is pro-  
bable it was, as our anonymous Author stiles it,  
a Brittish and no Roman Monument; or it may  
be even the Britains themselves raised it accord-  
ing to the Rules of Architecture in which they  
had been instructed by the Romans, both peo-  
ple being as it were now incorporated, and the  
Britains being at length so much beloved by  
the Romans, that the Romans were very will-  
ing to do all imaginable service to them, as  
may appear from the Assistance they receiv'd  
from the Romans even at that time when the  
Romans were oblig'd to relinquish the Isle for  
securing other Parts of the Empire. But I will  
not, I must not expatiate. And yet I cannot,  
before I leave this Subject, but ingenuously  
confess, that I my self, some years ago, fell<sup>2</sup>  
into the same mistake with Mr. Webb in tak-  
ing Dr. Philemon Holland's Interpolation for

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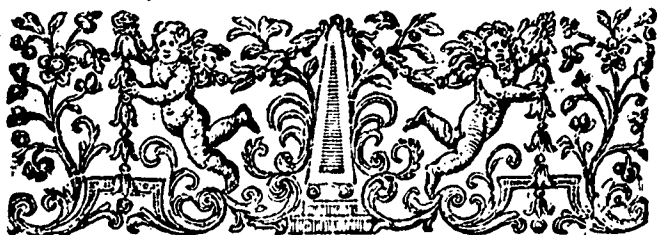
<sup>1</sup> *Ductor Hist.* Vol. II. p. 319. Discourse concerning some Antiquities found in York-shire, at the End of the first Vol. of Leland's Itin. p. 106. <sup>2</sup> See the said Discourse, p. 106.



Mr. Camden's own Words. And indeed, upon recollection, I think that they may still be properly enough call'd Camden's, since he both allow'd of that and other Additions of the Dr's. and hath not any where, that I know of, disclaim'd them, having, I suppose, help'd the Dr. to many of them, and being willing enough, that they should be quoted and look'd upon as his own. And 'twas upon account of his approbation of what Dr. Holland did, that he drew up the Supplement, with a design that it should be taken into the second Edition, in which nevertheless it was omitted, being not, it may be, communicated to him. It is likely Mr. Webb himself also considered this matter, which if so it will excuse him also, as well as Dr. Charleton and others, for ascribing any Interpolation to Mr. Camden, and then it will cease to be a wonder, that either he or any one else should mention Mr. Camden's instead of Dr. Holland's name.

Oxford August 3.

1725.



THE PUBLISHER'S  
APPENDIX

To his PREFACE.

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Num. I. Vide Præf. §. v.

E Pitseo de illustrib. Angliæ Scriptorib. p. 890.  
in Appendice.

*De Petro Longatosta.*



ETRVS Longatosta, Gallum fuisse  
susplicantur nonnulli, ego verò  
existimo natione Anglum. Fuit  
ordinis S. Augustini Canonicus  
regularis in cœnobio Bridlindg-  
tonensi Eboracensis agri. Vir cui pietas  
& doctrina celebre nomen dederunt. Hu-  
maniores benè tenuit litteras, historiis le-  
gendis & scribendis non mediocriter delecta-  
tus.

tus. In Galliis aliquandò studuit, & linguam Gallicam accuratè calluit. Ex Hereberto Boscamo Latinè scriptam transtulit in rithmos Gallicanos

*Vitam S Thomæ Cantuariensis, Librum unum.*

*Scriptit Anglicè chronicon Angliæ, Librum unum.*

MS. in bibliotheca Baronis Lumleiani. De hoc auctore nihil prorsus aliud invenio . . . . .

This is all in Pitseus. He seems to have intended more by the Points. *Longatosta*, I suppose, is a Mistake in him, as well as in Leland and Gesner for *Langatosta*.

Num. II. Vide Præf. §. v.

*E Lelandi Comm. de Scriptorib. Brit. p. 218.*

— *Petrus Longatosta, canonicus Augustinianus in cœnobio Brillendunensi, hunc [Hereberti Bossanhamensis de vita Thomæ Becketi] transtulit in Gallicos rhythmos libellum.*

Num. III. Vide Præf. §. v.

*E Bibliothecâ Gesneri, Tiguri 1583. Fol.*

Petrus Longatosta, Gallus, Canonicus Regularis cœnobii Bridlyngtonensis in Angliâ, ex latino sermone in metra Gallica transtulit opus Hereberti de Bosham de Vitâ Thomæ Cantuariensis Lib. I. Joannes Lelandus.

Num.

Num. IV. Vide Præf. §. v.

*Bp. Nicolson's Engl. Historical Library, p. 79.  
Ed. Fol.*

——*Peter de Langetoft, who drew up an ' Epitome of our Chronicles in old French Rhymes, bestows one whole Book upon Edward I.*

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Num. V. Vide Præf. §. ix, xii, xiv.

*Robert of Brunne's Prologue to his Chronicle.  
Incipit Prologus de historia Britanniae, transumpta  
per Robertum in materna lingua.*



Ordynge, that be now here,  
If ȝe wille listene & lere  
All þe story of Inglande,  
Als Robert Mannýng wryten it fand,  
& on Inglýsch has it schewed,  
Not for þe lerid bot for þe lewed,  
For þo þat in þis land wonn,  
þat þe Latýn no Frankýs conn,  
For to haf solace & gamen  
In felawschip when þai sitt samen.  
And it is wisdom forto wýtten  
þe state of þe land, an haf it wryten :  
What manere offolk first it wan,  
& of what kýnde it first began.

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## TO HIS PREFACE.

xcvii

And gude it is for many thynges,  
 For to here þe dedis of kýnges,  
 Whilk were foles & whilk were wýse,  
 & whilk of þam couth mast quantýse;  
 And whilk did wrong & whilk rýght,  
 & whilk mayntend pes & fyght.  
 Of þare dedes salle be mý sawe,  
 In what týme & of what lawe,  
 I salle zow schewe fro gre to gre,  
 Sen þe týme of sir Noe,  
 Fro Noe vnto Eneas,  
 & what betwix þam was,  
 And fro Eneas tille Brutus týme,  
 þat kýnde he telles in þis rýme.  
 Fro Brutus tille Cadwaladres,  
 þe last Bryton þat þis lande lees.  
 Alle þat kýnde & alle the frute,  
 þat come of Brutus þat is þe Brute;  
 And þe rýght Brute is told nomore,  
 þan the Brytons týme wore.  
 After þe Bretons þe Inglis camen,  
 þe lordschip of þis lande þai namen;  
 South & North, West & Est,  
 þat calle mēū now þe Inglis gest.  
 When þai first amang þe Bretons,  
 þat now ere Inglis þan were Saxons,  
 Saxons Inglis hight alle oliche.  
 þai aryued vp at Sandwýche,

In þe kȳnge's tȳme Vortogerne,  
 þat þe lande walde þam not werne.  
 þat were maȳsters of alle þe toþire,  
 Hengist he hight & Hors his broþire.  
 þes were hede, als we fȳnde,  
 Where of is comen oure Inglis kȳnde.  
 A hundrethe & fifty gere þai com,  
 Or þat receyued Cristendom .  
 So lang woned þai þis lande in,  
 Or þa herde out of Saynt Austȳn,  
 Amang þe Bretons with mȳkelle wo,  
 In sclaunder, in threte & in thro.  
 þes Inglis dedes ge maȳ here,  
 As Pers telles alle þe manere.  
 One maȳster Wace þe Frankes telles,  
 þe Brute alle þat þe Latȳn spellen,  
 Fro Eneas tille Cadwaladre,  
 þis maȳster Wace þer leues he.  
 And rȳght as maȳster Wace saȳs,  
 I telle mȳn Inglis þe same waȳs.  
 For maȳster Wace þe Latȳn alle rȳmes,  
 þat Pers ouerhippis manȳ tȳmes.  
 Maȳster Wace þe Brute alle redes,  
 & Pers tellis alle þe Inglis dedes.  
 þer maȳster Wace of þe Brute leſt,  
 Rȳght begȳnnes Pers eft,  
 And tellis forth þe Inglis story,  
 & as he saȳs, þan saȳ I.

## TO HIS PREFACE.

XCIX

Als þai haf wrytē & sayd,  
 Haf I alle in mȳn Inglis layd,  
 In sȳmple speche as I couthe,  
 þat is lightest in manne's mouthe.  
 I mad noght for no disours,  
 Ne for no seggers no harpours,  
 Bot for þe luf of sȳmple mē ,  
 þat strange Inglis cān not ken .  
 For many it ere þat strange Inglis  
 In rȳme wate neuer what it is,  
 And bot þai wist what it mente,  
 Ellis me thoght it were alle schente.  
 I made it not forto be prayسد,  
 Bot at þe lewed mē were aȳsed.  
 If it were made in rȳme couwee,  
 Or in strangere or enterlace,  
 þat rede Inglis it ere inowe,  
 þat couthe not haf coppled a kowe,  
 þat outhere in couwee or in baston  
 Som suld haf ben fordon,  
 So þat fele men þat it herde,  
 Suld not witte howe þat it ferde.  
 I see in song in sedgeȳng tale  
 Of Ercecloun & of Kendale,  
 Non þam says as þai þam wroght,  
 & in þer sayng it semes noght.  
 þat may þou here in Sir Tristrem,  
 Ouer gester it has þe steem,

Ouer all þat is or was,  
 If men it sayd as made Thomas.  
 Bot I here it no man so say,  
 þat of som copple som is away.  
 So þare fayre saying here beforne,  
 Is þare trauayle nere forlorne.  
 þai sayd it for pride & nobleye,  
 þat non were suylk as þei,  
 And alle þat þai wild ouerwhere,  
 Alle þat ilk wille now forfare.  
 þai sayd in so quainte Inglis,  
 þat manyone wate not what it is,  
 þerfore heuyed wele þe more  
 In strange ryme to trauayle sore,  
 And my witte was oure thynne,  
 So strange speche to trauayle in,  
 And forsoth I couth noght  
 So strange Inglis as þai wroght,  
 And men besoght me many a tyme,  
 To turne it bot in light ryme.  
 þai sayd, if I in strange it turne,  
 To here it manyon suld skurne.  
 For it ere names fulle selcouthe,  
 þat ere not vsed now in mouthe.  
 And þerfore for þe comonalte,  
 þat blythely wild listen to me,  
 On light lange I it began,  
 For luf of þe lewed man,

"



## TO HIS PREFACE.

c1

To telle þam þe chaunces bolde,  
 þat here before was don & tolde.  
 For þis makýng I wille no mede,  
 Bot gude prayere, when ge it rede.  
 þerfore, ge lordes lewed,  
 For wham I haf þis Inglis schewed,  
 Prayes to God he gyf me grace,  
 I trauayled for your solace.  
 Of Brunne I am, if any me blame,  
 Robert Mannýng is my name.  
 Blissed be he of God of heuene,  
 þat me Robert with gude wille neuene.  
 In þe thrid Edwardes tyme was I,  
 When I wrote alle þis story.  
 In þe hous of Sixille I was a throwe,  
 Danz Robert of Maltone þat ge know  
 Did it wrýte for felawes sake,  
 When þai wild solace make.

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Num. VI. Vide Præf. §. x, xix.

*Extract of a Letter, relating to Robert of Brunne and Peter de Langtoft, written from London to the Publisher by the late learned John Bridges, Esq; . Nov. 28. 1723.*

— This day, by Godfrey the Oxford Carrier, there goes a Packett, directed to Willmott the Bookseller, in which there is the MS. of Robert of Brunne. It belongs to the Inner

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Temple

37863

*Temple Library*, being given, with other MSS. to that Society by the last Will of *William Petyt*, Esq; . late Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London. And Mr. *Anstis* being one of his Trustees, I have, by his means, procur'd it for you, in order to be printed.

It seems to be a perfect MS. from the beginning to the End, and written about the same time that the Author liv'd, viz. at the beginning of Edw. 3<sup>d</sup>'s. Reign. You'll find in it severall Things worthy of Remark.

First, it appears, that he liv'd sometime in the Monastery of *Sixill* or *Sixle* in *Lincolnshire*, a mixt Monastery of Nunns and Friars: And that he calls himself *Robert Manning* of *Brunne*, now *Bourne*, a Town also in *Lincolnshire*, where was a Monastery. He calls himself also *Danz Robert* of *Malton*.

2<sup>dly</sup>. The Prologues acquaint us, that *Pers* (or *Peter*) de *Langtoft*; Canon of *Bridlington*, wrote the Original History in French Rhime. One part whereof, viz. from *Eneas* to *Cadwallader*, was taken from *Geffry* of *Monmouth*, and abridg'd by the said *Peter*, but translated more at large into French by *Mayster Wace*, which *Mayster Wace* is follow'd cheifly by the Translator; but in the other part, viz. to the End of *Edw. I.* he tells the Story according to *Langtoft*.

"

3<sup>dly</sup>.

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CIII

3<sup>dly</sup>. There is an exact account of his being Author of this Translation by a Note at the End of both the first and second Parts, together with the Time when it was wrote.

4<sup>thly</sup>. There are some particular Passages of History found in the Translator, that are not in the Original, viz. That King *John* died at *Hauhe* (or *Haugh*) in *Lincolnshire*. That *Wentilian*, the daughter of *Lewellyn*, being an Infant about two years old when her Father was beheaded, was profess'd and died a Nun in the Convent at *Sempringham*. And that *Gladous*, her Couzin-German, daughter of *David* brother of *Lewellyn*, died also a Nun in the Monastery of *Sisle*, both of them being in the County of *Lincoln*. You'll find also in most Passages the Translator to be more copious and large than his Original.

5<sup>thly</sup>. In his Prologues he takes notice of severall sorts of Old English Verse, viz. *Couwe*, *Stranger*, *Enterlace*, and *Baston*. The first of which (*Couwe*) he gives Instances of and Marks in the Margin. He also mentions severall Tales of *Erceldown*, *Kendale* and *Tristrem*, all which were very well known in those Days. But I find none of them expounded in our Modern Glossaries, which therefore, as well as other antient Terms and Words, will need an Explanation.

## THE PUBLISHER'S APPENDIX

6thly. The Historian speaks very freely of the Vices of the Court of *Rome*, particularly Pope *Boniface*.

There is a MS. in French Metre of *Peter de Langtoft* in the *Cotton Library*, *Julius A.* In the first Page whereof are these Remarks in modern Hands :

“ Hanc P. Langtoft in Gallicam prosam ver-  
“ tit Auctor Scalæ Chronicæ. *Leyland.*

“ Multa continet notabilia, quæ apud vul-  
“ gatos Historicos haud facile invenies.  
“ *T. G.*” (i. e. Thomas Gale.)

“ Aliud Exemplar extat in Collegio Heral-  
“ dorum—— Extat Versio Anglicana in  
“ *Lambethana Bibl. T. G.*”

In the *Elenchus* of the said *Cotton Library* MS. 'tis rightly observ'd, that this Historian is very prolix or spacious in the Life of *Edw. I.*

The second part of the Chronicle begins with these four Latin Verses :

*Incipiunt Gesta, quæ sunt Anglis manifesta,  
Beda pater præsta Petro, quod dicat honesta,  
Lector narrabit id quod Scriptura parabit.  
Petrus dictabit quod sibi Beda dabit.*

At the end of the Volume (after a Tale or Romance in French of five Leaves, which intervene) are three other Verses, which seem to referr to the same *Peter de Langtoft.* ”

“ *Artus*

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CV

“ *Artus Scriptoris careant gravitate doloris.*

“ *Sermo de Bruto fit sub dictamine tuto.*

“ *Culpa datur Petro deficiente Metro.*

This Translation was taken at first for *Robert of Gloucester* by the total Ignorance of the Owners. — It is very strange, that this Author has never been taken notice of or quoted. In my Opinion, it far exceeds *R. of Gloucester*, both for the matter and manner of his Story. Neither do I find any Account of him in *Leland*, or the other Byographers. Bishop Nicolson says little or nothing. —————

Num. VII. Vide Præf. §. x, xiv.

*Robert of Brume's Transition (called a Prologue by Mr. Bridges) from the first to the second Part of his Chronicle.*

*Explicit historia Britannæ, transposita in linguam maternam per Robertum. Incipiunt Gesta Anglorum secundum Petrum de Langtoft, transposita per eundem R. Mannyng.*



NOW haf I told of þe Bretons,  
Of kыnges & som barons.  
How þei mayntend þis lond,  
Siþen Brutus first it fond,  
Unto Cadwaldre's tyme,  
þer of Bretons leue we to ryme,

& now of Inglis wille we telle,  
 Sen þe Bretons here gan duelle,  
 þat toke þe lond þorgh Gode's heste,  
 þer tyme we kalle þe Inglis geste.  
 Alle is cald geste Inglis,  
 þat on þis langage spoken is.  
 Frankis spech is cald Romance,  
 So sais clerkes & men of France.  
 Pers of Langtoft, a chanon  
 Of þe hous of <sup>1</sup> Brdlyngton,  
 On Frankis stile þis storie wote  
 Of Inglis kыnges, for him we wote  
 He wrote þer dedes as þei wrouht,  
 After him in Inglis I it brouht.  
 Of his menýng I wote þe way,  
 Bot his faire spech I can not say.  
 I am not worþi open his boke,  
 For no konýng þer on to loke,  
 Bot forto schew his mykelle witte  
 On my spech, þat is bot skitte;  
 How he was quaynt in spech & wys,  
 þat suilk a boke mad of pris,  
 & gadred þe stories alle tille one,  
 þat neuer ore was mad for none.  
 Whan he first bigan his werk,  
 He bisouht a holy clerk,  
 To gyue him grace wele to speþe,  
 þat holy man hight S. Bede.

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<sup>1</sup> Sic.

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CVII

For in his bukes mykelle he fond,  
 He mad fyue bokes of Ingland.  
 I salle praie him þat ilk wais,  
 Als he holy & curtais,  
 He gif me grace wele to say,  
 & rightlȝ þis in rȝme lay,  
 þis story þat is said of Pers,  
 þat alle be paied þat it hers. Amen.

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### Num. VIII. Vide Præf. §. XI.

*The Proceedings of the Abbat and Convent of Winchester against Joan of London, A. D. 1285.  
 From an old MS. Fragment of that Age, given  
 to the Publisher by Thomas Ward, Esq;.*

Officialis curiæ Cantuariensis religioso viro  
 priori reverenter salutem in Christo Ihesu. Sua  
 noverit religio, ubi abbas & conventus Win-  
 chester petitione monstrarunt, quod vos, præ-  
 tendentes à sede apostolica vobis esse commis-  
 sum, ut in monasterio suo de Winchester, Jo-  
 hannæ de London, mulieri conversæ, ad sui  
 sustentacionem, suo perpetuo de tanto faceretis  
 annis singulis providere, quantum unus de mo-  
 nachis, ibidem existentibus, pro suis alimentis  
 percipit, annuatim eidem Johannæ, <sup>1</sup> octo s.  
 sterlingorum, percipiendos per annum, quoad

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<sup>1</sup> F. octo scilicet libras sterlingorum, percipiendas.

vixerit,

vixerit, de monasterio Wynchester memorato, certis terris, pro æqualibus porcionibus, nomine sustentacionis hujus religiosæ, ipsis ad hæc nullatenus evocatis, nec de ipso mandato apostolico, seu de provisione ipsa, per citacionis seu denunciacionis modum, quicquam scientibus, sed ignorantibus, immo nulla super facultatibus dicti monasterii, seu super æstimatione vel valore exhibicionis seu sustentacionis cujuscunq; monachi domus ejusdem per annum, inquisitione præmissa, in ipsorum religiosorum, ac suæ domus, præjudicium non modicum & gravamen, præsertim cum in inensum ære alieno fuerint ornati, non absq; juris offensa, inique & temere providistis, à qua vestræ provisionis hujus sententia, tanquam ab iniqua, quam cito id ad notitiam eorundem pervenit, sedem apostolicam, & pro tutione sedem Cantuariensem legitime, ut asserunt, applicuerunt. Quare vobis inhibemus, & ceteris omnibus, quibus exigit inhiberi, ne, pendente in curia Cantuariensi hujus tutionis appellationis negotio, aliud hac occasione acceptetur seu acceptare faciatis, in partis pæjudicium appellantis, quo minus liberam habeat prosecutionem appellationis suæ, prout justum fuerit <sup>1</sup> utriusq;. Citetur eciam, seu citare faciatis peremptorie par-

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<sup>1</sup> Sic cum duobus punctis sub *u*, perinde ac si *utrisque* legi debeat.



tem appellatam, quod compareat coram nobis, vel commissario nostro, in ecclesia beatæ Mariæ de arcubus Londoniæ, tercio die juridico post Octavas Sanctæ Trinitatis, factura & receptura super præmissis, quod postulaverit ordo juris, & pariter ad procedendum in principali, si viderit expedire. De die vero receptionis præsentium, & quod super præmissis feceritis, nobis, vel commissario nostro, dictis die & loco constare faciatis, per litteras vestras patentes harum seriem continentes. Dat Londoniæ quarto Nonas Maii, anno Domini M°. CC°. octogesimo quinto.

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Num. IX. Vide Præf. §. xi.

*A Letter concerning the reputed Nunnery at Little-Gidding in Huntingdonshire. From a MS. lent to the Publisher on July 6<sup>th</sup>. 1724. by Thomas Ward, of Longbridge near Warwick, Esq;.*

The Coppie of my Letter to Sr. Thomas Hedley, Kt. Serjeant at Lawe, upon his Request to certifie, as I found, concerninge the reputed Nunnerie att Giddinge in Huntingdonshire.

*Good Mr. Serjeant,*

I cann give you but a short Relation of my, not two howers, staye at the reputed (at least  
re-

reported) Nunnery at Giddinge, and yet must leave out three partes of our passages, as fitter for Relation then a letter. I came thither after terme, and found a faire house fairelie seated, to which I passed through a faire grove, and sweete walkes, letticed and gardened on both sides, their livelihood. 500<sup>li</sup>. *per annum* (as my Lord Mountague tolde mee.)

A man servant brought me into a faire spacious Parlour, whether soone after came to mee the olde Gentlewoman's second sonn, a batchelor of a plaine presence, but of able speech and parts, whoe (after I had, aswell as in such case I coulde, deprecated anye ill conceipt of mee, for soe unusuall and bolde a visite) entertayned mee very civilly, and with humility, yet saide, I was the first that ever came to them in that kinde, though not the first that they had heard of, that determined to come. After Deprecations and some Complements, hee said, I shoulde see his mother, if I pleased. I shewinge my desire, hee went upp into a Chamber, and presently came his mother, a tall, straight, cleare complexioned, grave Matron, of. 80. yeares of age) his eldest brother married, (but wheather <sup>1</sup>Widdowe or noe, I asked not,) a short, blacke complexioned man, his apparrell and hayre soe fashioned, as made

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<sup>1</sup> F. Widower.

him shewe Preist like, and his sister married to one Mr. Cooles, by whom shee hath. 14. or. 15. Children, all which are in the howse, which I sawe not yet; and of these, and two or three mayde servants, the Familie consisted. I saluted the mother, and daughter, not like Nunnes, but as wee use t<sup>o</sup> salute other women; and after wee were all sett circular wise, and my Deprecations renewed to the other three, I desired that, to their favour of enter-tayninge of mee, they woulde add the givinge of mee a free libertie to speake <sup>1</sup>ingeniouslye, what I conceived of any thinge I shoulde see or have hearde of, without any distast to them. Which beinge graunted,

I first tolde them what I had heard of the Nunnes of Giddinge; of two watchinge and prayinge all night; of their Canonically howers; of their crosses on the outside, and inside of their Chappell; of an Alter there richly decked with plate, tapestry, and tapers; of their <sup>2</sup>Adorations, Iniculations at their entringe therein, which I objected might savour of Superstition and Popery.

Heere the younger sonne (the mouth for them all) cutt mee off, and to this last answered,

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<sup>1</sup> Sic. <sup>2</sup> F. *Adorations, Gemflections, and Geniculations*:  
Nam sic infra libello impresso.

First, with a protestation, that hee did as verely beleeve the Pope to bee Antichrist, as any Article of his faith. Where with I was satisfied and silenced touchinge that pointe.

For the Nunnery, hee said, the names of Nunnes was odious, but the truth (from whence that untrue report might arise) was two of his<sup>1</sup> Neeces, and lived one with thother. 32. yeares virgins, and soc resolved to continue, as hee hoped they woulde, the better to give themselves to fasting and praier, but had made no voves.

For their Canonick howres, hee saide, they usuallie praied. 6. tymes a daie, (as I remember,) twice a daie publiquelie in the Chappell, and. 4. tymes more privatelie in their howse; in the Chappell after the Order of the booke of Common-praier, in their house particular praiers for a private Family. I saide, if they spent soe much tyme in prayinge, they would leave little for preachinge, or for their weekelie callings. For the one I vouched the text, *Hee that turneth away his eare from hearinge the Lawe, his praier is abominable.* For the other, *sixe dayes shalt thou Labour &c.*

To the one hee answered, that a Neighbour Minister, of another Parish, came on Sunday morninge, and preached in their Chappell, and

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<sup>1</sup> F. Neeces had lived.

some tymes they went to his Parish; To the other, that their callinge was to serve God, which he tooke to bee the best.

I replyed, that for men in health, and of active and able bodies, and parts, it were a temptinge of God, to quitt our Callings, and whollie betake our selves to fastinge, praier, and a Contemplatinge lyfe, which by some is thought to bee noe better, then a specious kind of Idlenes, not to terme it, as St. Augustine termes Morrall vertues without Christ, *splendida peccata*. Hee rejoyned, that they found diverse perplexities, distractions, and almost utter ruine in their callings, but if others knewe, what comfort and content God had ministred unto them, since their sequestration, and with incredible improvement to their livelihood, it might incourage others to the like course.

I said, that such an Invitation might bee of dangerous Consequence, and that yf any, which were in good <sup>1</sup> Cause before, shoulde thereby fall into povertie, fewe afterwards woulde followe the example.

For their night watchinge,<sup>2</sup> at their risinge at. 4. of the Clocke in the morninge, which (I said) was much for one of. 80. yeares, and for Children; To the one hee saide, it was

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<sup>1</sup> L. Innovation, <sup>2</sup> F. Case. <sup>3</sup> L. and their.

not much, sithence they alwaies went to bedd at. 7. of the Clocke in the eveninge. For the other hee confest, there <sup>1</sup> was every night two. (*Alternatim*) continued in their devotions, that <sup>2</sup> went to bedd untill the rest arose.

For the Crosses, he made mee the usuall Answere, that they were not ashamed of that badge of Christian profession, which the propugners of the faith bare in their banners, and which wee in our Church disciplyne reteyne to this daie.

For their Chappell, that it was nowe neere Chappell tyme, (for eleaven is the howre in the forenoone) and that I might (if I pleased) accompany them thither, and soe satisfie my selfe best of what I had heard concerning that.

Which offer I willinglie enterteyned. Meane tyme, I told them, that I perceived all was not true, that I had heard of the place. For I coulde see noe such inscription on the frontespeece of the howse, conteyninge an Invitation of such as were willinge to learne of them, or woulde teach them better, which was some incouragement to mee to come (as one desirous to learne, not to teach) and might bee some excuse of my Audacity, if they will be pleased soe to accept it.

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<sup>1</sup> F. were. <sup>2</sup> F. went not to.

But hee (barringe mee from further Complements) said, the ground of that Report hunge over my head, wee sittinge by the Chymney. On the Chymney peece was a Manuscript Tableture, which after I had read, I craved leave to begg a Coppie thereof, soe that they would not take mee for to bold a begger, which hee forthwith tooke downe, and commaunded to bee presentlie transcribed, and given mee. I offered the writer money for his deserved paines, which was refused, and they conjured mee not to offer it the second tyme, and there upon made it his suite to mee, not to offer any thinge to any of that house at my partinge, or otherwise.

The words of the protestation are as followeth :

## I. H. S.

|                                                                                                                                                                           |   |                                                                                                                                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Hee that, by reproofe of<br/>our Errors, or Remon-<br/>strance of that which is<br/>perfect, seekes to make us<br/>better, is welcome as an<br/>Angell of God; And</i> | } | <i>Hee that, by a cheare-<br/>full participation of that<br/>which is good, confirms<br/>us in the same, is wel-<br/>come as a Christian frend.</i> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

*But,*

|                                                                       |   |                                                             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Hee that any waie goeth<br/>about to divert or disturbe<br/>us</i> | } | <i>And hee that faults us in<br/>absence for that which</i> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------------------------------|

|                                                                                                                                                                          |   |                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>us in that which is, and<br/>ought to bee, amongst<br/>Christians, is a burthen<br/>whilst hee staies, and shall<br/>beare his Judgment what-<br/>soever hee bee.</i> | } | <i>is' in presence hee made<br/>a shewe to approve of,<br/>shal, by a double guilt of<br/>flattery and slaunder, vio-<br/>late the bands of frend-<br/>shipp and Christianitye.</i> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

*Mary Farrer Widdowe, and motherof this Fa-  
milie, aged about. 80. yeares, that bids a dewe  
to all feares, and hopes of this worlde, and de-  
sires to serve God.*

To the matter of this Declaration, beinge  
in such generall termes, I said, I thought it  
without Exception, but praied leave to except  
against a Circumstance, namely the Inscription  
beinge the proper Character of the Jesuites in  
every booke and exhibite of theirs. Hee said,  
it was that Auspicious name, worthy to bee  
the *Alpha* and *Omega* of all our doinges, and  
wee are commaunded to write such thinges on the  
posts of our houses, and upon our gates.

I toulde him, I was farr from exceptinge  
against that sacred and savinge name of Jesus,  
onlie I coulde have wished it written at length,  
or anie other waies, to have differed from that  
the Papists onlie use, and noe Protestants, and  
that the text hee mentioned was in the ould



Testament, where there was noe mention of Jesus but of Jehova, to my remembrance; but wee passed by this towards the Chappell, being about two paces from the howse, but staid a little (as with a parenthesis) with a glasse of sacke, suger-cake, and a fine napkin brought by a mannerlie maide, which refreshed my memorie, to tell them what my Lord Bishopp of Lincolne saide of them, wherein yet I brake noe Lawes of humanitie, nor hospitalitie, though spoken at the Table. For hee said nothinge but that they might, and were gladd to, heare, beinge but the Relation of the grave and discrete Answeres (as my Lord himselfe termed them) of the oulde Gentlewoman's to some of his Lordshipp's expostulations to that part concerninge the younge deacon, which his Lordshipp had heard of to come from Cambridge, to associate in their Chappell. Hee (*innuendo* ever the younger some,) whoe onlie was the speaker, said, that himselfe was the younge deacon intended, that hee is 42. yeares olde, was fellowe of an howse in Cambridge, and hath taken Orders of Deacon (to saie nothinge of his havinge been at Rome) whereof I could have excepted noe more against him, then hee might to mee. For havinge been so longe in the labour of the Chappell, it is nowe high tyme wee were at Church.

At the entringe whereof hee made a lowe obeysance, fewe paces further a lower, comminge to the halfe-pace, which was at the East end; where the Table stood, hee bowed to the ground, if not prostrated himselfe, then went upp into a faire large readinge place, a preachinge place beinge of the same proporcion, right over against it.

The Mother with all her trayne, which were her daughter, and daughter's daughters, had a faire Island seate. Hee placed mee above uppon the halfe-pace, with two faire longe Windowe-Cushions of greene Velvett before mee. Over against mee was there such another seate soe suited, but noe body to sitt in it.

The daughter's. 4. sonnes kneeled all the while at the edge of the halfe-pace, all in blacke-gownes, and, as they went to Church, in round Monmoth-Capps (as my man said, for I looked not backe) the rest all in blacke, save one of the daughters, whoe was in a Fryer's greene gowne.

Wee beinge thus placed, the Deacon (for soe I must nowe call him) with a very lowde and distinc' voice, began with the Letany, read divers Pr. ers and Collects in the booke of Common-praier, and Athanasius his Creede, and concluded with *The peace of God, &c.*

All attended<sup>1</sup>, the Mother, with all her Company, attended my comminge downe; but her sonne decon toulde her, I woulde staie a while, to viewe the Chappell: soe (with all their Civill salutations towards mee, which I retorned them a farr off, and durst come noe neerer, least I shoulde have light upon one of the virgins, not knowinge wheather they woulde have taken a kisse in good part or noe) they departed home. Nowe none but the deacon and I left, I observed the Chappell in generall to be fairelie and sweetelie adorned with herbes and flowers, naturall in some part, and artificiall upon every Pillar thereof a longe both sides the Chappell, such as are in Cathedralls, with Tapers (I meane, greate Virgin Waxe Candles) on every Pillar. The halfe-pace at the upper end (for there was noe other division betwixt the body of the Chappell and the East part) was all covered with tapistry, and upon that half-pace stood the Communion Table, not Altarwise (as was reported) with a rich Carpett hanginge very large upon the<sup>2</sup> halfe, and somme of plate, as a Callice and Candlestickes with waxe Candells. By the preachinge place stood the font, the legg, laver and cover all of brasse cutt and carved. the Cover

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<sup>1</sup> F. delend, nisi malis, *All ended.*    <sup>2</sup> F. halfe-pace, and some plate.

had a Crosse erected, the laver of the bignes of a barbor's Basen; and this is all I had leasure to observe in the Chappell, save that I asked for the Organs, which he toulde mee were not there, but that they had a paire in their house. I asked alsoe, what use they made of so many Tappers. Hee said, to give them light, when they coulde not see without them. Then havinge formerlie (as I said before) obteyned leave, to saie what I listed, I asked him, to whom hee made all those Curtisies, Hee saide, to God. I asked him, if the Papists make any other answeare for their bowinge to Images and Crucifexes, yet wee accompt them Idolaters for soe doinge. Hee said, wee have noe such Warrant, for the one, but for the other, wee have a precept to doe all things with decencie and order, as hee tooke this to bee. I demaunded then, why hee used not the same solempnitie in his service at his howse, and whcather hee thought that Chappell more holie then his howse. Hee said noe, but that God was more imediatelie present, whiles we were worshippinge him in the Temple. I replied, that God was as present at Paule's Crosse as at Paule's Church, and at the preachinge place at White hall and Spittle-Sermons as elsewhere, For wheresoever two or three are gathered togeather in his name, God  
is

## CXXI

<sup>1</sup> Sic. <sup>2</sup> F. well. <sup>3</sup> F. di-  
verted. <sup>4</sup> L. adiaphora (things  
&c. <sup>5</sup> F. Scripture sense. <sup>6</sup>  
An, complying? <sup>7</sup> Sic hæc

saide, I spake like one that it seemed had had experience in the Worlde. Beeinge nowe neere twelve of the Clocke, wee ended our Discourse, and I called for my horses, hopinge there upon, that hee woulde have invited mee to staie dynner, not for that I cared for his, or any man's meate (for you had given mee a dynner in too good a breakefast,) but that I might have gayned more 'more'' tyme to have seene and observed more of their fashions, and wheather the Virgins, and younger sorte woulde have mingled with us, with diverse other things, which a dynner tyme would have ministred matter for; but in steede of makinge mee staie, hee alsoe helped mee in callinge for my horses, accompanyinge mee even unto my stirropp, and soe I not returninge into the howse, as wee frends mett, soe wee parted.

Many more questions I thought on, when it was too late, and yet, you see, I was not idle for the short tyme I staide. I asked him of their monethlie receivinge the Sacrament, and wheather their servants, when they received, were attended by their Masters and Mistresses, and not suffered soe much as to laye or take awaie their owne trenchers, (as I had heard;) whercat hee smiled, as at a frivilous fable, and said, that the only difference from

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<sup>1</sup> Dele.

other daies was, that the servants, the daie they received, satt at the same Table with them. I heard alsoe, that they never rost any meate, onlie boile and bake, but not in paste, that their servants maie not be much hindered from their devotions, and that they have but one horse amongst them all; but of those I made noe mention.

They are extraordinary well reported of by their neighbours, that they are very liberall to the poore, at greate cost in preparinge of phisick and Surgery for the sicke and sore, whom they alsoe visitt often, and some. 60. or. 80. poore people they taske with Catechisticall questions, which, when they<sup>1</sup> come, cann make noe Answere there unto, they are rewarded with money and dynner, by reason of which Corody of meate and money, the poore<sup>2</sup> Catechumen learne their lessons well, and soe their bodies and soules are well fedd.

I finde them full of humanitie, and liberallitie, and others speake as much of their Charitie, which I also verelie beleeeve, and therefore am farr from censuring them, of whom I thinke much better then of my selfe.

My<sup>3</sup> apposinge some of their opinions and practise (as you maie see in this my Relation,

<sup>1</sup> F. come, and can make Answere thereunto, &c. <sup>2</sup> L. Catechumens. <sup>3</sup> Sic.

wherein I maie have varied in some Circumstances, but nothings from the substance) was onlie by waie of argument, and for myne owne better Information.

I shall be gladd to observe, howe wyser men will judge of them, or imitate their Course of lyfe.

I intended not a third part of this, when I begann, as you maie see by my first lynes.

But one thinge drawinge on another, I have nowe left out a little or nothings to my remembrance, savinge that I thought fitt in good manners, upon my first affront, to make waie for my welcome, and *ad captandam benevolentiam*, which is not worth the repeatinge if I coulede, and I am some thinge better at actinge such a part, then at relatinge it, though good at neither.

After this longe and tedious Relation, I must nowe make but short thanks to you and my Ladie, for my longe and kinde welcome, wherein my wyfe joyneth with mee, prayinge my Remembrance of my lovinge respects to our kinde Neece, hopinge the good Schollers at Westminster are well, and soe I leave you all in the grace of God, and am

The same

Your lovinge Frend

" H. S.



Num. X. Vide Præf. §. XI.

*A Copy of the printed Pamphlet about the reputed  
Nunnery at Little-Gidding in Huntingdonshire.*

THE  
**ARMINIAN**  
**NUNNERY:**

OR,

**A BRIEF DESCRIPTION**

AND

Relation of the late erected *Monasticall* Place,  
called the **ARMINIAN NUNNERY** at little  
**GIDDING** in **HUNTINGTON-SHIRE**.

*Humbly recommended to the wise consideration of this  
present PARLIAMENT.*

The Foundation is by a Company of **FARRARS**  
at **GIDDING**.



Printed for Thomas Underhill. MDCXLI.





THE  
ARMINIAN  
NUNNERY:

OR,  
A BRIEFE DESCRIPTION

and Relation of the late erected *Monasticall*  
Place, called the ARMINIAN NUNNERY at  
little GIDDING in HUNTINGTON-SHIRE.

*The Foundation is by a Company of Farrars at*  
GIDDING.

**T**HERE stands a faire Houſe  
well ſcituated with a fine Grove  
and ſweet Walks; Letticed and  
Gardined on both ſides; their  
livelihood or Revenew about 500. l. *per Annum*.  
One of my Lord Mountagues Mansion-Houſes  
being within two or three miles off called *Hem-*  
*mington Houſe* not farre from *Oundle*.

\* A Gentleman comming to viſit the ſaid \* Pag. 2.  
*Houſe*, was firſt brought to \* faire ſpacious Par-

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<sup>1</sup> The Pages in the Margin auſwer the former Impreſſion.

<sup>2</sup> Sic.

## cxxviii    THE PUBLISHER'S APPENDIX

lour, where soone after appeared the old Gentlewomans second sonne, a Batchelour of a plain presence, but pregnant of speech and parts, unto whom when I had deprecated and excused my selfe for so sudden and bold a visit, he entertained me with seeming civilitie and humilitie.

After deprecations and some complements past betwixt us, he said I should see his Mother if I pleased, and I shewing my desire, hee went up into a Chamber, and presently returned with his Mother, (a tall ancient Gentlewoman about 80. yeares of age) shee being Matron of the *House*, his elder Brother a Priest-like man in habit and haire. Now he had a Sister married in the *House* to one Mr. Cooles, who had 14. or 15. Children in the *House*, and of these with a man-servant and 2. or 3. maid-servants the *Family* then consisted.

I was permitted to salute the Mother and Daughters, as we use to salute other women : and after we were all sitten Circular, I had leave to speake ingenuously of what I had heard and did or might conceive of their *House*. I first told him what I had heard of the *Nunns* at *Gidding* ; of *two* watching and praying all night ; of their *Canonicall houres* ; of their *Crosses* on the outside and inside of the *Chappell* ; of an *Altar* richly decked with *Tapestry*, *Plate* and *Tapers* ;  
 of

of their *Adorations, genuflections, and geniculations*, which I told them plainly might strongly savour of Superstition and Popery.

Now you must understand that the younger Brother who first came unto me is a jolly pragmaticall and Priest-like fellow, and is the mouth for all the rest, and he began to cut me off, and answered with a serious protestation (though not so properly) that he did as verily \* beleeve • Pag. 3. the Pope to be *Antichrist*, as any Article of his Faith, which I noted and gave the hearing: and therein if he spake from his heart, he much differed from the opinons of Priest *Shelford*, Priest *Squire*, Dr. *Draffig*, the red Dragon of *Arminians*, and other eminent *Arminians*.

He denied the place to be a *Nummery*, and that none of his *Neeces* were *Nunnes*: but hee confessed that two of his *Nieces* had lived the one thirtie, the other thirty and two yeares Virgins, and so resolved to continue (as he hoped they would) to give themselves to *Fasting* and *Prayers*; but had made no *Vowes*.

For their *Canonicall hours*, he said they usually prayed 6. times a day, viz. 2. times a day publicly in the *Chappel*, and 4. times a day more privatly in the *House*; in the *Chappel* after the Order of the Booke of Common Prayer, at both times chanting out aloud the *Letany*; and in their *House* particular private Prayers for a *Familie*.

And

And hee being asked, if they spent so much time in *Praying*, they would leave little for *Preaching*, or for their weekly calling for which the Text is pregnant: *He that turneth away his cares, from hearing the Law, his prayer is abominable: PRO. 18. and 19.* And the fourth Commandment, *Six dayes shalt thou labour, &c.* Unto which this Priest-like pregnant Prolocutor answered but slubbringly, That sometimes a neighbour *Parson* would come and preach in their Chappell; and to the other, That their *Calling* (forsooth) was to *serve God*, which he tooke to be best: Oh the stupid and blind devotion of these people, for Men and Women in health of able and active bodies and parts to have no particular *Callings*, or to quit their *Callings*, and betake themselves to I wot not what new forme of *Fasting* and *Prayer*, and \* a contemplative idle life, a lip-labour devotion, and a will-worship, *Ecd. 4. & 17.* which by the word of God is no better than a specious kind of idleness, as *St. Augustine* termes them to be but *splendida peccata*: as if diligence in our particular lawfull callings were no part of our service to God.

\* Pag.4.

And doubtlesse such a Monastick Innovation in a settled Church-government, is of dangerous consequence in many respects.

For

For their *night-watching* and *rising at 4. of the Clock in the morning* (which was much for the Matron of 80. yeares of age, and for her Grand-children) the Priestlike Prolocutor did not want a premeditated excusive 'Justification: But how neere it complieth with the superstitious *Nunneries* in Popish places beyond the Seas, I and others that have travelled and seene them may plainly perceive and notifie; especially considering hee could not but confesse there were every night two (*alternatim*) continued in their Devotions untill the rest rose.

For their divers *Crosses*, the <sup>1</sup> Prolocuter made me this answer; That they were not ashamed of the badge of Christian profession, which the first Propugnators of Faith bore in their Banners, and which are in our *Church Discipline* retained unto this day.

How confused and absurd this Crosse Answer was, let every Christian man judge.

On the Chimney-peice where wee sate, there was a Manuscript Tableture with this Inscription following, whereof I desired, and had a Coppy transcribed.

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<sup>1</sup> Sic.

» Pag. 5.



|                                                                                                                                                              |     |                                                                                                                                           |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| He that by reproof of<br>our errors or remem-<br>brance of that which is<br>more perfect seekes to<br>make us better is wel-<br>come and an Angel of<br>God. | And | Hee that by a cheere-<br>ful participation of that<br>which is good confirms<br>us in the same, is wel-<br>come as a Christian<br>Friend. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

But

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| He that any way goes a-<br>bout to divert or disturb<br>us in that which is and<br>ought to bee amongst<br>Christians though it be<br>not usuall with the<br>World, is a burthen<br>whiles he stayes and<br>shall beare his judge-<br>ment whosoever he be. | And | Hee that faults us in ab-<br>sence for that which in<br>presence hee made shew<br>to approve of, shall by<br>a double guilt of flattery<br>and slander violate the<br>bonds of Friendship and<br>Christianity. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

MARY FERRAR *Widdow, Mother and Matron  
of this Familie; aged about 80. yeares, that  
bids adue to all feares and hopes of this world,  
and desires to serve God.*

The Letters of the top of which Inscription  
are the proper Character of the Jesuites in eve-

ry



## TO HIS PREFACE.

CXXXIII

ry *Booke* and *Exhibite* of theirs. And the lines of the Inscription, how full of nonsense, justification and ostentation of superstitious devotion, besides their Creation of *Angels of God*; Let every understanding Christian Reader or hearer hereof judge.

The Prolocutor in justification of the Jesuiticall *forme* of Letters which I excepted against: he said it was the auspicious name worthy to be the *Alpha* and *Omega* of all our Actions, and wee are commanded to write such things upon the posts of our Houses, and upon our Gates: Whereas indeed the Text which hee aimed at is in the Old Testament and not in the New, where there is no \* mention of *Jesus* \* Pag. 6. but *Jehovah*: And the words are most plainly, *Moses* Precept of the Law of God, and not of the Name, &c. *Deut. 6. &c.*

Therefore this his Apologeticall answer was nothing but ignorant Eloquence, or eloquent Ignorance; most grossly and absurdly applyed.

This Prolocutor confessed himselfe to bee about 42. yeares old, was a fellow in a House in *Cambridge* (he named not what *House*) and that he had taken Orders of a Deacon (but he said nothing of his having beene at *Rome*, as it is well knowne he hath beene.)

Now I was invited by this Deacon to goe with him into the Chappell to their devotion,

at the entrance whereof this Priestlike deſt Deacon made a low obeysance, a few paces farther lower, and comming to the half-pace which is at the Eaſt end where the *altered Table* ſtood, hee bowed and proſtrated himſelfe to the ground; then he went up into a faire large reading place (having placed mee above with a faire large Window Cushion of green Velvet before me :) The *Mother Matron* with all her *Traine*, which were her *Daughters* and *Daughters Daughters*, who with foure *Sonnes* kneeled all the while on the bodie of the halfe pace, all being in black gownes, and as they came to Church in round Monmouth Capps, all I ſay in blacke, ſave one of the *Daughters* who was in a Friers grey gowne.

We being all placed before the Deacon (for now ſo we muſt call him) with a very loud and ſhrill voyce began and trolled out the *Letanie*, and read divers other Prayers and Collects in the *Book of Common Prayer* and *Athanasius* his Creed; and concluded with the forme of words, of, *The Peace of God*, &c.

\* Pag. 7. Their Service ended, the *Mother* with all her Company attending my comming downe; but I durſt not come very neere leſt I might happily have light upon one of the Virgins lippes, not knowing whether they would have taken a ſecond kiſſe in good part or no, with  
their

their civill salutations towards mee, which I returned them a far off, they departed from the Chappell home.

Now the Deacon and I left, I observed the Chappell in generall to bee fairely and speciously adorned with herbes and flowers naturall and artificiall, and upon every pillar along on both sides the Chappell (such as are in Cathedrall Churches,) *Tapers*; I meane, great Virgin-waxe-Candles on every Pillar: The *halfe-pace* at the upper end (for there was no other division betwixt the body of the Chappell and the East end) was all covered with Tapestry and upon that halfe-pace stood the *Altar-like Table*, with a rich Carpet hanging very large on the halfe-pace, and some Plate, as a Challice, and Candlesticks with waxe Candles in them: By the preaching-place stood the Font, a Leglaver and cover all of Brasse cut and carved with Imagery worke, the Laver of the bignesse of a Barbers Basón, and the Cover had a Crosse erected on it. And this is all I had leisure to observe in the Chappell.

Then I made bold in temperate termes to aske the Deacon what use they made of so many *Tapers* on the Table, and in the Chappell; he answered (forsooth) to give them light, when they could not see without them. And having formerly as I said before obtained leave

to say what I listed, I asked him to whom he made all these Courtesies, bowings and prostrations, he said to God; I told him the Papists make no other answer for their bowing to Images and Crucifixes, yet we account them Idolaters for so doing, as justly wee may: Hee

\* Pag. 8. said wee \* have no such warrant for the one; but for the other we had a precept (forsooth) *to doe all things with decencie and order*, as he tooke this to be. I demanded then why hee used not the same solemnitie in his house, and whether he thought the Chappell more holy then his *Honse*, he said no, but that God was more immediately present in the *Chappell* then in the *House*, whilst we were worshipping him, I replied that God was as present at *Paules Crosse*, as in *Paules Church*, at the *Preaching-place* at *White hall* and the *Spittle-Sermons*, as in other Churches and Chappels. For *wheresoever two or three*, &c. and in those fore-named places, no not in the bodie of any Churches, though there be Sermons and Prayers there, we do not use this threefold reverence, or bowing, or prostrating, no nor the Papists themselves, unless in the Chancell towards the East, wherein an Altar or some Crucifix is; He answered me somewhat confusedly, for this their *trinary number* of bowing which I did not well understand, nor well conceive what he meant.

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It seemes moreover that at their monthly receiving the Sacrament (which this defendant Deacon performeth and consecrateth the *bread* and *wine*) their servants when they received, were attended by their Master and Mistris, and not suffered to lay or take away their owne trenchers as it is reported.

They also take upon them to be Phisitians and Chirurgions in ministring Physicke and Chirurgery for the sick and sore, and pretend to be very charitable to the poore; but as it is verily thought in a meritorious way.

They also take upon them to be Catechisers and to task many poore people with Catechisticall questions; Which when they come and can make answeere thereunto, they are rewarded with money and their dinners, \* and \* Pag. 9. so they pretend they feed the poores bodies and soules, But their Catechisme or Catechisticall questions (some say) are strange ones and <sup>1</sup> for different from our Orthodox Catechismes. <sup>2</sup> Your may take notice that since the observation of the premisses, th' old Matron of the place is dead.

And now beloved and Christian Reader, you have had an ingenuous Relation of this late erected *religious House* for the service of God (as the Founders would have it termed and

held.) But certes we may wonder at nothing more ' that in a settled Church-government our Bishops who are accounted *Governours of the Church* will permit any such erection or Foundation, so neerly complying with *Poperie*, and that by a fond and fantastickall *Family of Farrars*, the principall Priest a *poly-pragmaticall Fellow*, having been at *Rome*, and there (as it is credibly reported) he was conformable to all the abominable *Ceremonies and Services of the Church of Rome*. Now forsooth, in outward shew, hee would pretend that hee and the rest disclaime the *Pope* and *Poperie*, but by and by you shall see him and his Companions crouching, cringing, and prostrating to the ground to the Altar-like poore *Communion-Table*, or the rich gilded candlesticks, and waxe Tapers and other knacks thereon standing; And for another shew that they would not bee accounted Popish, they have gotten the *Booke of Martyrs* in the *Chappell*; but few or none are suffered to read therein, but onely it is there (I say) kept for a shew; and besides their lip-labour of trolling out the *Lecanie* foure times a day, they have promiscuous private Prayers all the night long by nightly turnes, just like as the English *Nunnes* at Saint Omers and other Popish places: which private Prayers are (as it

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<sup>1</sup> Sic.

seemes) taken out of *John Cozens* his *Cozning Devotions*, (as they are rightly discovered to be \* Pag. 10. by Orthodox men) and extracted out of divers Popish *Prayer-Bookes*. This *Fryer-like Familie* and as they are not unfitly termed *Arminian Nunnery* have divers other Commick and Mim-mick actions of will-worship to the great dishonour of Almighty God, who will be served in spirit and truth, and he will once say unto them as hee did by the Prophet *Isaiah*, to the superstitious and ceremonious Jewes, *Who hath required this at your hands? &c.*

Surely we may marvell that the present *Pri- w. Cant.*  
*mate of all England and Metropolitane* being the principal Governour of the Church, under his sacred *Majestie*, and as hee professeth such an *Anti-Papist* and enemy to superstition and *Idolatry*, should permit this *Innovation*, and connive at such *canting* betwixt the barke and the tree in matter of *Religion*: But by what hath beene related of these Peoples practises, we see that position made good, That *Arminianisme* is a bridge to *Poperie*, the bridge was 'not not onely made (a great part of the Clergie of this Land being downright *Arminians*) but some have past over it; witnesse Preist *Shelford*, Preist *Cozens*, and this Familie in this Booke treated on with divers others, and had not God of his

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\* Sic.

great mercy undermin'd the chiefe Arches of that bridge, causing them to fall in the River of confusion, wee have cause to think that the greater part of this Land would also have followed the rest; but now God hath hindred it, not only by breaking the bridge in the just downfall of many of the chiefe of the *Arminian Faction*, but also by setting up that strong, high, and thick wall of the late Parliamentary nationall Protestation; for which (as also for all his mercies at all times, especially for this years wonders) his name be for ever praised (say I) and let all Protestants say, *Amen*.

FINIS.

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Num. XI. Vide Præf. §. XII.

*Dr. Wallis's Account of some Passages of his own Life. E Coll. Smithianis penes Editorem, Vol. 22. p. 38.*

For the Reverend and Learned, Thomas Smith, Dr. in Divinity, late Fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford".

Sr,

In compliance with what you have oft desired of me, I send you these Memorials of my Life.

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This Superscription is writ. his amanuensis, only here and  
 sen by Dr. Wallis's own hand; there Dr. Wallis hath corrected  
 but the Letter is of the hand of it himself.

My



My Father was *John Wallis*; a grave and Reverend Divine: Son of *Robert* and *Ellen Wallis*, of *Thingdon* (or, as it is usually pronounced, *Fyenden*) in the County of *Northampton*: Born in *January* 1567, and there baptised the 18<sup>th</sup> of that Month. He was educated in *Trinity College* in *Cambridge*: where he took the Degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts: and (about the same time) entred into Holy Orders; in the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*.

Toward the end of *Qu. Elizabeth's* Reign; he was made Minister of *Ashford*; a great Market-Town in *Kent*. Where he continued the remainder of his Life, in great esteem and reputation, not only in that Town and Parish, but with the Clergy, Gentry and Nobility round about.

He was a Pious, Prudent, Learned and Orthodox Divine; an Eminent and Diligent Preacher; and with his prudent carriage, kept that great Town in very good Order; and promoted Piety to a great Degree.

Beside his constant preaching twice on the Lord's-day, and other occasional Sermons, and his Catechising and otherwise Instructing the younger sort; he did (with some of the most eminent Neighbour-Ministers) maintain a Week-day Lecture, on Saturday, their Market-day. Which was much frequented (beside a nume-

rous

rous auditory of others) by very many of the Neighbour-Ministers, the Justices of the Peace, and others of the Gentry. Who (after Sermon) did use to dine at an Ordinary, and there confer (as there was occasion) about such affairs as might concern the welfare and good Government of that town and the parts adjacent, wherein they were respectively concerned.

He died at *Ashford*, *Novemb.* 30. and was there buried *Decemb.* 3. 1622. much lamented; and left behind him a good memory, which is not yet extinguished.

My Mother was *Joanna*, Daughter of *Henry* and *Sarah Chapman*, then of *Godmersham* in the County of *Kent*; who afterward removed to *Ashford*; and lived (both of them) with my father and mother, during my father's life; and with my mother, afterwards, to a great age and with great esteem, which *Sarah* was Daughter and Heiress of *Drew Sanders*, an eminent Merchant in *London*.

My Mother was born in *March*, and baptised *March* 15. 1581. She was married to my Father (after the death of his former Wife) *March* 12. 1612. By whom he had (beside myself) two Daughters (*Sarah* and *Ellen*) who were elder than I; and two Sons (*Henry* and *William*) who were younger than I.

I was born at *Ashford* (as I find among other of my Father's Memorials) *Novemb. 23. 1616.* and baptised *Decemb. 1.* then following.

My Father dying while I was a child; I was beholden to the Piety, Care and Kindness of my Mother for my Education. Who, after my Father's death, continued a Widdow, for the good of her Children, (tho' otherwise, she had fair opportunities of marrying well, if she had been so disposed:) she continued for the most part, (after my Father's death) to live in *Ashford*, in a house which she there purchased after my Father's death: but sometimes with one or other of her two daughters then married, and, at last, with my brother *Henry*, who was then a Linnen-Draper in *Ashford*; where she died, *Sept. 26. 1643.* Leaving her children all surviving and in good circumstances, and the youngest of us about 21 years of age.

In the year 1625 (the first year of K. Charles the first) there happened a great Plague at *London*, and many other places of the Kingdome, and (particularly) at *Ashford*, which caused many of the Inhabitants to remove thence to Neighbour Parishes for safety.

I had, til then, been educated at *Ashford*; in learning *English* and somewhat of *Latin*. But, upon this occasion, was sent to School to *Tenterden* (another great Market-Town in *Kent*;) where,

where, at a place called *Ley-green* (within that Parish) lived *Mr. Finch*, a worthy Gentleman, of a good Estate; who having divers children of his own, entertained a School-Master in his Family, *Mr. James Movat*, a Scotchman, who was a very good School-Master, and kept a private School for the Instruction of all the Children of that Gentleman, and of divers others who lodged in the Neighbor-hood.

His Scholar I continued for divers years; and was by him well grounded in the Technical part of Grammar; so as to understand the Rules, and the grounds and reasons of such Rules; with the use of them in such Authors as are usually read in Grammar Schools. For it was always my affectation even from a child, in all pieces of Learning or Knowledge, not merely to learn by rote, which is soon forgotten, but to know the grounds or reasons of what I learn; to inform my Judgement, as well as furnish my Memory; and thereby, make a better Impression on both.

In the year 1630, that Gentleman's eldest Son being designed for the University (and the others, otherwise) that School broke up. I might then perhaps have gone to the University, as well as some who did; (being not inferior to them in Learning) but I was thought too young.

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My School-Master (who had a great kindness for me) soon after travailed, as Tutor to another Gentleman; and would have had me travailed with him, (into *France, Italy*, and other places;) but my Mother was loth to send me abroad.

At *Christmass* 1630, I was sent to School to *Mr. Martin Holbech*, at *Felsted* in *Essex*; who was reputed (as indeed he was) a very good School-Master. He there taught a Free School, of the Foundation of the Earl of *Warwick*, whose Seat at *Leez* was within that Parish. At this School, though in a Countrey Village, he had at that time above an hundred or six score Scholars; most of them Strangers, sent thither from other places, upon reputation of the School; from whence many good Scholars were sent yearly to the University.

*Mr. Holbech* was very kind to me; and used to say, I came to him the best grounded of any Scholar that he received from another School.

I continued his Scholar for two years; and was by that time pretty well acquainted with the *Latin* and *Greek* tongues, having read divers Authors therein (such as at Schools are wont to be read) and was pretty accurate in the *Grammars* of both; and in such other Learning as is commonly taught in such Schools; and

as well qualified for the University as most that come thither. I had been used in both the Schools, to speak *Latin*; which made that Language pretty familiar to me; which I found to be of great advantage afterward.

I learn'd there somewhat of *Hebrew* also. So much at least, as to be able (with my Grammar and Dictionary) to proceed further without a Teacher: which I did afterwards prosecute to a good Degree of accuracy, as to the *Grammar* of it; (for this I was wont to be very careful of, in all Languages that I meddled with;) and in a few years, had read over all the *Hebrew Bible*, and much of it more than once.

And I was there taught somewhat of *Logick*; as a preparation to a further study of it in the University.

While I continued a Scholar there, at Christmas 1631, (a season of the year when Boys use to have a vacancy from School,) I was, for about a fortnight, at home with my Mother at *Ashford*. I there found that a younger Brother of mine (in Order to a Trade) had, for about 3 Months, been learning (as they call'd it) to *Write and Cipher*, or *Cast account*, (and he was a good proficient for that time,) When I had been there a few days; I was inquisitive to know what it was, they so called. And (to satisfy my curiosity) my Brother did (during the

the Remainder of my stay there before I return'd to School) shew me what he had been Learning in those 3 Months. Which was (besides the writing a fair hand) the *Practical* part of *Common Arithmetick* in Numeration, Addition, Substraction, Multiplication, Division, The Rule of Three (*Direct and Inverse,*) the Rule of Fellowship (*with and without, Time*) the Rule of False-Position, Rules of Practise and Reduction of Coins, and some other little things. Which when he had shewed me by steps, in the same method that he had learned them; and I had wrought over all the *Examples* which he before had done in his book; I found no difficulty to understand it, and I was very well pleased with it; and thought it ten days or a fortnight well spent. This was my first insight to *Mathematicks*; and all the Teaching I had.

This suiting my humor so well; I did thenceforth prosecute it, (at School and in the University, not as a formal Study, but as a pleasing Diversion, at spare hours; as books of *Arithmetick*, or others *Mathematical* fell occasionally in my way. For I had none to direct me, what books to read, or what to seek, or in what Method to proceed. For *Mathematicks*, (at that time, with us) were scarce looked upon as *Academical* Studies, but rather *Mechanical*; as the business of *Traders, Merchants,*

*Seamen, Carpenters, Surveyors of Lands, or the like; and perhaps some Almanack-makers in London.* And amongst more than Two hundred Students (at that time) in our College, I do not know of any Two (perhaps not any) who had more of *Mathematicks* than I, (if so much) which was then but little; And but very few, in that whole University. For the Study of *Mathematicks* was at that time more cultivated in *London* than in the Universities. At this time also I learned the rudiments of Musick and of the French Tongue.

About *Christmas 1632*. I was sent to the University of *Cambridge*; and was there admitted in *Emanuel College*, under the Tuition of *Mr. Anthony Burgess*; a pious, learned and able Scholar, a good Disputant, a good Tutor, an eminent Preacher, a sound and orthodox Divine; and (after he had left the College) I was under the Tuition of *Mr. Thomas Horton*, and lastly of *Mr. Benjamin Whichcot*; all able Scholars, and Eminent Divines. *Mr. Burgess* was afterwards Minister of *Sutton-Coldfield* in *Warwickshire*; *Dr. Horton* was afterwards Master of *Quecn's College* in *Cambrige*, and *Dr. Whichcott*, Provost of *King's College* there; and all of them in their time, eminent Preachers in *London*.

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## TO HIS PREFACE.

CXLIX

When I was come to the University; I found it was no disadvantage to have stay'd a year or more at School longer perhaps than I need-ed to have done. I found that, beside the improvement of what skill I had in *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew* Languages (which I pursued with diligence) and other *Philologick* studies, my first business was to be the study of *Logick*.

In this, I soon became Master of a *Syllogism*, as to it's true structure, and the Reason of it's Consequences, however Cryptically proposed: so as not easily to be imposed on by Fallacies or false Syllogisms, when I was to Answer or Defend: and to manage an Argument with good Advantage, when I was to Argue or Oppose; and to Distinguish ambiguous Words or Sentences, as there was occasion; and was able to hold pace with those who were some years my Seniors; and had obtain'd the reputation of a good Disputant. And indeed I had the good hap all along (both at School and in the University) to be reputed (if not equal) not much inferior, to those of the best of my rank.

From *Logick*, I proceeded to *Ethicks*, *Physicks* and *Metaphysicks*, (consulting the School-men on such points) according to the Methods of *Philosophy*, then in fashion in that University.

And I took into it the Speculative part of *Physick and Anatomy*; as parts of *Natural Philosophy*; And as *Dr. Glisson*, (then *Publick Professor of Physick* in that University) hath since told me, I was the first of his Sons, who (in a publick Disputation) maintain'd the Circulation of the Bloud, (which was then a new Doctrine,) tho' I had no Design of Practising *Physick*. And I had then imbib'd the Principles of what they now call the *New Philosophy*.

For I made no Scruple in diverting (from the common road of Studies then in fashion) to any part of useful Learning. Presuming, that Knowledge is no Burthen; and, if of any part thereof I should afterwards have no occasion to make use, it would at least do me no hurt; And, what of it I might or might not have occasion for, I could not then foresee.

On the same account, I diverted also to *Astronomy and Geography* (as parts of *Natural Philosophy*) and to other parts of *Mathematicks*; though, at that time, they were scarce looked upon, with us, as Academical Studies then in fashion.

As to Divinity, (on which I had an eye from the first,) I had the happiness of a strict and Religious Education, all along from a Child. Whereby I was not only preserved from vicious Courses, and acquainted with Religious Exercises;

cises; but was early instructed in the Principles of Religion, and '*Cataphetical* Divinity, and the frequent Reading of *Scripture*, and other good Books, and diligent attendance on Sermons. (And whatever other Studies I followed, I was careful not to neglect this.) And became timely acquainted with *Systematick and Polemick Theology*. And I had the repute of a good Proficient therein.

Soon after my admittance into *Emanuel College*, I was chosen into the *Foundation*, as *Scholar* of the House. And so continued during my stay in that College. But I was not in capacity of being *Fellow* there, by reason of a *Proviso* in the *College Statutes*; not permitting more than one *Fellow*, of one and the same County, at the same time. So that, there being already a *Fellow of the County of Kent*, (*Mr. Wellar*) who continued there, 'til long after I had left the College, there was no room for me (being of the same County) to be *Fellow* there. Otherwise I was well esteem'd, and well beloved in the College, and had certainly been chosen *Fellow* if I had been in a capacity for it; and loth they were that I should go away.

And, (as I afterwards understood) *Dr. Oldsworth* then Master of the College (who had a kindness for me) had been consulting with them

about founding a *new Fellowship* on my account rather than I should leave them. But, the times becoming troublesome, left no room for such thoughts. I was afterwards Fellow of *Queen's College in Cambridge* for a short time, but soon quitted it upon my Marriage, on March 4. 1644, 5.

In *Hilary Term* 1636, 7. I took the Degree of *Batchelor of Arts*; and in 1640, the Degree of *Master of Arts*, and then left *Emanuel College*; and the same year I entred into *Holy Orders*, ordained by *Bishop Curle*, then *Bishop of Winchester*.

I then lived a *Chaplain* for about a year, in the house of *Sr. Richard Darley*, (an antient worthy Knight,) at *Buttercramb in Yorkshire*; and then, for two years more, with the *Lady Vere*, (the Widdow of the Lord *Horatio Vere*,) partly in *London*, and partly at *Castle-Heddingham in Essex*, the antient seat of the *Earls of Oxford*.

In the year 1644, I was one of the Secretaries to the *Assembly of Divines at Westminster*. Not from the first sitting of that *Assembly*; but some time after, and thenceforth during their sitting. Wherein I do own my self to have received much advantage by the Conversation and the learned Debates of so many Grave, Reverend and Learned Divines, on all points of  
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Divinity, while they were compiling the *Confession of Faith*, and the *Larger and lesser Catechism*.

The Occasion of that *Assembly*, was this; The Parliament which then was, (or the prevailing part of them,) were engaged in a War with the King: Occasioned, *Partly*, from divers innovations in *Ceremonies* and *Super-Conformity*, introduced and strictly urged within ten or twelve years then last past, tending (as was apprehended) to a nearer compliance with Popery; of which, divers of the Bishops then in power were presumed the Authors and Fomentors; Together with the imposing of Bishops (there long disused) and the *Common-Prayer Book* on the *Scots*, which much enraged that Nation. *Partly* by several *Incroachments on Liberty and Property* (as was apprehended) by several Methods practised for *raising of Money on the Subject*, without the consent of *Parliament*, with other *Grievances*, of which there were great Complaints, and the long intermission of *Parliaments*. *Partly*, by divers Severities of the *Star-Chamber* and *High-Commission Court*, (against persons otherwise Conformable) for not complying therein. The Issue of which War, proved very different from what was said to be at first intended. As is usual in such cases; the power of the sword frequently passing from hand to hand, and those

who begin a War, not being able to foresee where it will end.

The Parliament thus engaged, had (amongst other things) a great displeasure against the *Order of Bishops*; (or rather, not so much against the *Order*, as the *Men*, and against the *Order* for their sakes,) and had resolved upon the *Abolition of Episcopacy* as it then stood; before they were agreed what to put instead of it. And did then convene this *Assembly*, to consult of some other *Form* to be suggested to the *Parliament*, to be by them set up, if they liked it; or, so far as they should like it.

The *Divines* of this *Assembly* were, for the Generality of them, *Conformable, Episcopal Men*; and had generally the reputation of *Pious, Orthodox and Religious Protestants*; and (excepting the seaven *Independents*, or, as they were called, *Dissenting Bretheren*,) I do not know of any *Non-Conformist* among them (as to the *legal Conformity then required*,) many of them were professedly *Episcopal*; and (I think) all of them so far *Episcopal* as to account a well-regulated *Episcopacy* to be at least allowable, if not desirable, and advisable; yet so as they thought the present Constitution capable of *Reformation* for the better.

When I name the *Divines* of this *Assembly*, I do not include the *Scotch Commissioners*; who  
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tho' they were permitted to be present there, and did interpose in the *Debates* as they saw occasion; yet were no *Members* of that Assembly, nor did Vote with them; but acted 'separatly, in the behalf of the *Church of Scotland*, and were zealous enough for the *Scotch Presbytery*; but could never prevail with the *Assembly* to declare for it.

On the other hand, the ' *Independants* were against all *united Church Government* of more than one single Congregation; holding that each single *Congregation*, voluntarily agreeing to make themselves a *Church*, and chuse their own Officers, were of themselves ' *Independant*, and not accountable to any other *Ecclesiastical Government*; but only to the Civil Magistrate, as to the Publick Peace. Admitting indeed, that Messengers from several Churches might meet to consult in Common, as there might be occasion; but without any Authoritative Jurisdiction.

Against these, the rest of the *Assembly* was Unanimous (and the *Scotch Commissioners* with them,) That it was lawful by the word of God, for divers particular *Congregations* (besides the inspection of their own *Pastor* and other Officers) to be united under the same *Common Government*. And such *Communities* to be further sub-

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' Sic.    ' Sic.    ' Sic.

ordinate to *Provincial and National Assemblies*, (which is equally consistent with *Episcopal and Presbyterian Principles*.) But, whether with or without a Bishop or standing President over such Assemblies, was not determined or debated by them.

When any such Point chanced to be suggested, the Common Answer was; That this Point was not before them; but was precluded by the *Ordinance* by which they sat; which did first *Declare* the Abolition of Episcopacy (not refer it to their Deliberation;) and they only to suggest to the Parliament, somewhat in the room of that so Abolished.

And this is a true Account of that *Assembly* as to this Point. (And when as they were called *Presbyterians*; it was not in the sense of *Anti-Episcopal*, but ' *Anti-Independants*.) which I have the more largely insisted on, because there are not many now living, who can give a better account of that *Assembly* than I can.

To this may be objected, Their agreement to the *Covenant*, (which was before I was amongst them.) But this, if rightly understood, makes nothing against what I have said.

The *Covenant* as it came from *Scotland*, and was sent from the *Parliament* to the *Assembly*, seem'd directly against all *Episcopacy*, and for



setting up the *Scotch Presbytery* just as among them. But the *Assembly* could not be brought to assent to it in those terms. Being so worded as, *To Preserve* the Government of the Church of Scotland; and, *to Reform* that of England; and so *to Reduce* it to the nearest Uniformity. But, before the *Assembly* could agree to it; it was thus mollified, *To Preserve* that of Scotland (not absolutely, but) *against the common Enemy*; And *to Reform* that of England (not, so as it is in Scotland, but) *according to the word of God, and the example of the best reformed Churches*; And *to endeavor the nearest Uniformity*) which might be as well by Reforming that of Scotland, as that of England, or of both.)

And whereas the *Covenant*, as first brought to them, was against *Popery, Prelacie, Heresie, Schism, Prophaness, &c.* They would by no means be persuaded to admit the word *Prelacy*, as thus standing absolute. For though they thought the *English Episcopacy*, as it then stood, capable of *Reformation*, for the better in divers things; yet to Engage indefinitely against all *Prelacy*, they would not agree.

After many days debate on this Point (as I understood from those who were then present) some of the Parliament (who then pressed it) suggested this Expedient; that by *Prelacy*, they did not understand all manner of Episcopacy

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or Superiority, but only the present Episcopacy, as it now stood in *England*, consisting of Arch-Bishops, Bishops and their several Courts, and subordinate Officers, &c. And that if any considerable alteration were made in any part of this whole frame, it was an Abolition of the present Prelacy, and as much as was here intended in these words; and that no more was intended but a Reformation of the present Episcopacy in England. And in pursuance of this, it was agreed to be Expressed with this Interpretation, *Prelacy; that is, Church Government by Arch-Bishops, Bishops, their Chancellors and Commissaries, Deans, Deans and Chapters, Arch-Deacons, and all other Ecclesiastical Officers depending on that Hierarchy.* And with this Interpretation at length it passed. And the *Scotch Commissioners*, in behalf of their Church, agreed to those *Amendments*.

I know some have been apt to put another sense upon that Interpretation; but this was the true intendment of the *Assembly*, and upon this occasion.

During my attendance on the *Assembly*; I was a Minister in *London*; first in *Fan-church street*; and afterwards in *Iron-monger Lane*; where I so continued till my Remove to *Oxford*.

About the beginning of our Civil Wars, in the year 1642. a Chaplain of *Sr. Will. Waller's*,

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(one evening as we were sitting down to Supper at the *Lady Vere's* in *London*, with whom I then dwelt,) shewed me an intercepted Letter written in *Cipher*. He shewed it me as a Curiosity (and it was indeed the first thing I had ever seen written in *Cipher*.) And asked me between jeast and earnest, whether I could make any thing of it. And he was surprised when I said (upon the first view) perhaps I might, if it proved no more but a new Alphabet.

It was about ten a clock when we rose from Supper. I then withdrew to my chamber to consider of it. And by the number of different Characters therein, (not above 22 or 23:) I judged that it could not be more than a new Alphabet, and in about 2 hours time (before I went to bed) I had deciphered it; and I sent a Copy of it (so deciphered) the next morning to him from whom I had it. And this was my first attempt at *Deciphering*.

This unexpected success, on an easy Cipher, was then looked upon as a great matter; and I was some while after pressed to attempt one of another Nature; which was a Letter of *Mr. Secretary Windebank*, then in *France*, to his Son in *England*, in a Cipher hard enough, and not unbecoming a Secretary of State. It was in Numeral Figures, extending in number to above seven hundred, with many other Characters  
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intermixed. But not so hard as many that I have since met with. I was backward at first to attempt it, and after I had spent some time upon it, threw it by as desperate: But, after some months, resumed it again, and had the good hap to master it.

Being encouraged by this success, beyond expectation; I afterwards ventured on many others (some of more, some of less difficulty) and scarce missed of any, that I undertook, for many years, during our civil Wars, and afterwards. But of late years, *the French Methods of Cipher* are grown so intricate beyond what it was wont to be, that I have failed of many; tho' I have master'd divers of them. Of such deciphered Letters, there be copies of divers remaining in *the Archives of the Bodleyan Library in Oxford*; and many more in my own Custody, and with the Secretaries of State.

On March 4. 1644, 5. I married *Susanna* daughter of *John and Rachel Glyde* of *Northjam* in *Sussex*; born there about the end of *January* 1621, 2. and baptised *Feb.* 3. following. By whom I have (beside other children who died young) a Son and two Daughters now surviving; *John* born *Dec.* 26. 1650. *Anne* born *June* 4. 1656. and *Elizabeth* born *Sept.* 23. 1658.

My Son *John*, sometime of *Trinity College* in *Oxford*, afterwards of the *Inner Temple London*,

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXI

*don*, Barrister at Law, *Feb.* 1. 1681, 2. married *Elizabeth* daughter of *John* and *Mary Harris* of *Soundels* by *Nettlebed* in the County of *Oxford*; and afterwards Heiress to her Brother *Taverner Harris*, to a fair estate, at *Soundels*. She died *Aug.* 8. 1693, leaving three children now surviving, *John*, *Mary* and *Elizabeth*.

My Daughter *Anne* married *Dec.* 23. 1675, to *John Blencow*, son of *Thomas* and *Mary Blencow* of an ancient family at *Marston St. Laurence*, in *Northamptonshire*, then Barrister at Law, now one of the Barons of the Exchequer, by whom she hath seaven children, all now surviving, *John*, *Mary*, *Anne*, *Thomas*, *William*, *Elizabeth*, and *Susanna*.

My Daughter *Elizabeth*, married *Feb.* 21. 1681, 2. to *William Benson* son of *George* and *Mary Benson* of *Towcester* in *Northamptonshire*; and is now a Widdow. He died *Nov.* 5. 1698. leaving no child surviving.

My Wife died at *Oxford* *Mar.* 17, 1686, 7, after we had been married more than 42 years.

About the year 1645, while I lived in *London* (at a time, when, by our Civil Wars, Academical Studies were much interrupted in both our Universities:) besides the Conversation of divers eminent Divines, as to matters Theological; I had the opportunity of being acquainted with divers worthy Persons, inquisitive into

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Natural Philosophy, and other parts of Humane Learning; And particularly of what hath been called the *New Philosophy* or *Experimental Philosophy*.

We did by agreement, divers of us, meet weekly in *London* on a certain day, to treat and discourse of such affairs. Of which number were *Dr. John Wilkins* (afterwards *Bp. of Chester*) *Dr. Jonathan Goddard*, *Dr. George Ent*, *Dr. Glisson*, *Dr. Merret*, (*Drs. in Physick*,) *Mr. Samuel Foster* then Professor of Astronomy at *Gresham College*, *Mr. Theodore Hank* (a German of the *Palatinate*, and then Resident in *London*, who, I think, gave the first occasion, and first suggested those meetings) and many others.

These meetings we held sometimes at *Dr. Goddard's* lodgings in *Woodstreet* (or some convenient place near) on occasion of his keeping an Operator in his house, for grinding Glasses for Telescopes and Microscopes; and sometime at a convenient place in *Cheap-side*; sometime at *Gresham College* or some place near adjoining.

Our business was (precluding matters of Theology and State Affairs) to discourse and consider of *Philosophical Enquiries*, and such as related thereunto; as *Physick*, *Anatomy*, *Geometry*, *Astronomy*, *Navigation*, *Statics*, *Magnetics*, *Chymicks*, *Mechanicks*, and *Natural Experiments*; with the state of these Studies, as then cul-

cultivated, at home and abroad. We therè discoursed of the *Circulation of the Bloud*, the *Valves in the Veins*, the *Venæ Lactææ*, the *Lymphatick Vessels*, the *Copernican Hypothesis*, the *Nature of Comets*, and *New stars*, the *Satellites of Jupiter*, the *Oval Shape* (as it then appeared) of *Saturn*, the *spots in the Sun*, and it's *Turning on it's own Axis*, the *Inequalities and Selenography of the Moon*, the *several Phases of Venus and Mercury*, the *Improvement of Telescopes*, and *grinding of Glâsses for that purpose*, the *Weight of Air*, the *Possibility or Impossibility of Vacuities*, and *Nature's Abhorrence thereof*, the *Torricellian Experiment in Quicksilver*, the *Descent of heavy Bodies*, and the *degrees of Acceleration therein*; and divers other things of like nature. Some of which were then but *New Discoveries*, and others not so generally known and imbraced, as now they are, with other things appertaining to what hath been called *The New Philosophy*; which, from the times of *Galileo at Florence*, and *Sr. Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) in England*, hath been much cultivated in *Italy*, *France*, *Germany*, and other *Parts abroad*, as well as with us in *England*.

About the year 1648, 1649, some of our company being removed to *Oxford* (first *Dr. Wilkins*, then *I*, and soon after *Dr. Goddard*) our company divided. Those in *London* continued to meet there as before (and we with them, when

we had occasion to be there;) and those of us at *Oxford*; with *Dr. Ward* (since *Bp. of Salisbury*) *Dr. Ralph Bathurst* (now *President of Trinity College in Oxford*) *Dr. Petty*, (since *Sr. William Petty*) *Dr. Willis* (then an eminent Physician in *Oxford*) and divers others, continued such meetings in *Oxford*; and brought those Studies into fashion there; meeting first at *Dr. Pettie's* Lodgings, (in an Apothecarie's house) because of the convenience of inspecting Drugs, and the like, as there was occasion; And after his remove to *Ireland*, (tho' not so constantly) at the Lodgings of *Dr. Wilkins*, then Warden of *Wadham Coll.* And after his removal to *Trinity College in Cambridge*, at the Lodgings of the Honorable *Mr. Robert Boyle*, then resident for divers years in *Oxford*.

Those meetings in *London* continued, and (after the King's Return in 1660) were increased with the accession of divers worthy and Honorable Persons; and were afterwards incorporated by the name of the *Royal Society*, &c. and so continue to this day.

In the year 1649 I removed to *Oxford*, being then *Publick Professor of Geometry*, of the Foundation of *Sr. Henry Savile*. And *Mathematicks* which had before been a pleasing Diversion, was now to be my serious Study. And (herein as in other Studies) I made it my business to

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## TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXV

examine things to the bottom ; and reduce effects to their first principles and original causes. Thereby the better to understand the true ground of what hath been delivered to us from the Antients, and to make further improvements of it. What proficiency I made therein, I leave to the Judgment of those who have thought it worth their while to peruse what I have published therein from time to time ; and the favourable opinion of those skilled therein, at home and abroad.

In the year 1653 I was persuaded to publish a Grammar of the *English Tongue* ; chiefly to gratify strangers, who were willing to learn it (because of many desirable things published in our Language) but complained of it's difficulty for want of a Grammar, suited to the propriety and true Genius of the Language.

To this I prefixed a Treatise of Speech (*de loquela*) wherein I have Philosophically considered the Formation of all Sounds used in Articulate Speech, (as well of our own, as of any other Language that I know ;) By what Organs, and in what Position each sound was formed ; with the nice distinctions of each, (which in some letters of the same Organ, is very subtil :) so that, by such Organs, in such Position, the Breath issuing from the Lungs, will form such Sounds, whether the Person do

or do not hear himself speak. Which was, I think, a new attempt, not before undertaken by any (that I know of) before that time. For tho' it were observed, that some letters were Labials, some Dentals, some Palatines, and some Gutturals; and some Grammarians have in some few shewed a different Formation <sup>1</sup> in some few<sup>u</sup> of the same Organ; yet it is but of very few they have so done; and very imperfectly; None (that I know of) had before attempted it, as to all; whatever may have been done since in pursuance of what I had then taught.

In pursuance of this, I thought it very possible to teach a Deaf person to speak, by directing him, so to apply the Organs of Speech, as the sound of each letter required, (which children learn by imitation and manifold attempts, rather than by art :) And in the year 1660 being importuned by some friends of his, I undertook so to teach *Mr. Daniel Whalley* of *Northampton*, who had been Deaf and Dumb from a Child. I began the work in 1661, and in little more than a year's time, I had taught him to pronounce distinctly any words, so as I directed him, (even the most difficult of the *Polish Language*, which a *Polish Lord* then in *Oxford* could propose to him, by way of trial, of those five or six select hard words, which

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<sup>1</sup> F. delend.

they use to propose to others, as not to be pronounced by any but themselves:) and in good measure to understand a Language and express his own mind in writing; And he had in that time read over to me distinctly (the whole or greatest part of) the English Bible; and did pretty well understand (at least) the Historical part of it.

In the year 1662, I did the like for *Mr. Alexander Popham* (son of the *Lady Wharton*, by her former husband *Admiral Popham*;) with like success. On whom *Dr. William Holder* had before attempted it, but gave it over.

I know that both of these (who I think are yet living) were apt to forget (after their parting from me) much of that nicety (which before they had) in the distinct pronouncing some Letters, (which they would recover, when I had occasionally been with them to set them right;) wanting the help of their Ear to direct their speaking, as that of the Eye directs the hand in writing. For which reason a man who writes a good hand, would soon forget so to do, if grown blind. And therefore, one who thus learns to speak, will (for the continuance and improvement of it) need somebody continually with him, who may prompt him, when he mistakes.

CLXVIII THE PUBLISHER'S APPENDIX

I have, since that time (upon the same account) taught divers Persons (and some of them very considerable) to speak plain and distinctly, who did before hesitate and stutter very much; and others, to pronounce such words or letters, as before they thought impossible for them to do: by teaching them how to rectify such mistakes in the formation, as by some natural impediment, or acquired Custome, they had been subject to.

About February 1657, 8. (upon the death of *Dr. Gerard Langbain, Provost of Queen's College in Oxford*, a very worthy person) I was chosen *Custos Archivorum* in this University; to keep and to inspect their Records, Charters, and other Muniments. And was thereby engaged in the Study of our Charters, Rights and Privileges: which I did with great diligence. And in pursuance thereof, I was concerned from time to time in defending their just Rights and Privileges, in such Law-Suits, as did arise, of the *University with the City of Oxford*, the *Stationers of London*, and others. Wherein I found that some little knowledge, which I had before acquired, by occasional inspection (amongst other Studies) into our Books of Law, was of great use unto me; and of which I was hereby ingaged into a further Study, especially as to those Cases, wherein the University was

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXIX

concerned. And I think it will be acknowledged, that I have therein done the University considerable services. I am sure it hath been my endeavour so to do, when I have been employed by them.

It hath been my Lot to live in a time, wherein have been many and great Changes and Alterations. It hath been my endeavour all along, to act by moderate Principles, between the Extremities on either hand, in a moderate compliance with the Powers in being, in those places, where it hath been my Lot to live, without the fierce and violent animosities usual in such Cases, against all, that did not act just as I did, knowing that there were many worthy Persons engaged on either side. And willing whatever side was upmost, to promote (as I was able) any good design for the true Interest of Religion, of Learning, and the publick good; and ready so to do good Offices, as there was Opportunity; And, if things could not be just, as I could wish, to make the best of what is: And hereby, (thro' God's gracious Providence) have been able to live easy, and useful, though not Great.

Thus in Compliance with your repeated desires, I have given you a short account of divers passages of my life, 'till I have now come to more than fourscore years of age. How well

I have acquitted my self in each, is for others  
rather to say, than for

Your friend and servant

Oxford January  
29. 1696,7.

John Wallis.

Num. XII. Vide Præf. §. xii.

*An Extract of a Letter from Dr. John Wallis to Dr.  
John Fell, then Lord Bishop of Oxford, dated  
April 8, 1685. concerning the Report spread about  
of Dr. Wallis's deciphering King Charles the 1<sup>st</sup>'s.  
Letters. E. Coll. MSS. Smithianis penes Editorem,  
Vol. 22. p. 54.*

My Lord,

I understand there have of late been complaints made of mee, that I deciphered the late King's letters, meaning those taken in the late King's cabinet at Nase-by fight, and after printed. As to this without saying any thing, whether it bee now proper to repeat what was done above forty yeares ago; the thing is quite otherwise. Of those letters and papers, (whatever they were) I never saw any one of them, but in print: nor did those papers, as I have been told, need any deciphering at all, either  
by

by mee, or any body else : being taken in words at length, just as they were printed : save that some of them were, I know not by whom, translated out of French into English. 'Tis true, that afterwards some other letters of other persons, which had been occasionally intercepted, were brought to my hands : some of which I did decipher, and some of them I did not think fit to do, to the displeasing of some, who were then great men. And I managed my selfe in that whole busines by such measures, as your Lordship, I think, would not bee displeased with. I did his Majesty, who then was, (K. Charles the first) and his friends many good offices, as I had opportunity, both before and after the King's death : and ventured farther to do them service, than perhaps some of those, who now complaine of mee, would have had the courage to do, had they been in my circumstances. And I did to his late Majesty, K. Charles the second, many good services, both before and since his restauration : which himselfe has been pleased divers times to profess to me with great kindnes. And if either my Lord Chancellour Clarendon, or Mr. Secretary Nicolas, or his late Majesty, were now alive, they would give mee a very different character from what, it seems, some others have done. And I thinke his Majesty, that  
now

now is, knowes somewhat of it, and some other persons of honour yet alive. &c.

I am,

My Lord,

Your very humble servant

John Wallis.

*Transcribed (saith Dr. Smith) from the copy, which Dr. Wallis lent mee at Oxford 6 August 1698.*

*Tho. Smith.*

*In the Oxford Catalogue of MSS. (saith Dr. Smith also) in hyperoo Bodleiano, it is said there pag. [170. num. 3524.34.] that Dr. Wallis decyphered several of King Charles I. Letters, and that they are in the book of Cyphers, which he gave to the Vniversity Library, (in the year 1653.) which is a great and scandalous slander.*

Num. XIII. Vide Præf. §. XIII.

*Inscriptiones singulares hactenus ineditæ, HADRIANO BEVERLANDO collectore. Ad fidem Codicis MS. viri magne apud omnes litteratos auctoritatis HENRICI ALDRICHII, non ita pridem Ædis Christi Decani. Mecum vero (de more suo) perquam humaniter communicavit vir pereruditus (sodalis noster è paucis jucundissimus, nam mihi cum eo amicitia conjunctissima fuit) CARO-*



TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXXIII

ROLVS BRENT, A.M. & *Ædis Christi*  
*Alumnus, funere immaturo (id quod viris littera-*  
*tis, quibuscum habuit consuetudinem, maximæ fuit*  
*acerbitati) nuper præreptus. E Coll. nostris MSS.*  
*Vol. 75. p. 1.*

In via Tiburtina.

CHIAE TI CLAU-

DIVS BITHUS

b. m. TRIBVIT

Hoc MERVERAT.

C. MUSIO QVIR.

ASCLAE H. B. M. F.

LOCVS SACER

AD PERPETUAM

AURELII

MEMORIAM

INSTAURATUS.

---

OLLAE QVI

ETI MYRTALE

SABINAE ET

POMPONIAE

FESTAE UXORIB

S. TARQVITIUS

ASPER

ET

---

ET TARQVITIAE FILIAE  
 INNOCENTISS. VIX. AN. IIII  
 M. X. D. IX. FECIT PATER  
 INFELIX ET SIBI NEMO NOS  
 INQVIETET. HAVE ET VALE  
 QVISQVIS ES.

---

D. M.  
 CVI PLACET PLA  
 CEAT NOBIS NON  
 CVM HIC COMMODI  
 TAS NULLA SIT  
 HABITANDI

---

Salonae.  
 METRIVS PIVS  
 DIVES JAM HEBES  
 DECREPITUS ET MEN  
 DICANS LVCE CARENS  
 ATRIBVS LIBERTIS ET DVA  
 BUS LIBERTABVS EXPVLSVS  
 SITI PERI.

---

SACRVM MIHIMET CONSTI-  
 TUI HIC HUMATUS SVM.  
 CINERA ET OSSA RENUO.  
 IN HOC UT QVIESCAM NOLO  
 SOBOLEM NEGO PRIVO  
 POSTEROS OMNES.

TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXXV

---

ME LEGITO ET SE : : : :  
VIX AN. CXXV. M: III  
ET NEMINI  
POSTERI.

---

AURELIO HERA  
CLIDÆ AGITATORI  
FACTIONIS VENETÆ  
ET L. DOCTORI FAC  
TIONIS SS PRASINÆ  
FECIT VLPIUS APO  
LAUSTIANUS TATULÆ  
B. M.

---

TYRO APOL  
LONIO INSTAU  
RATORI MOENIUM  
NOSTRORVM ET  
TARSIAE SANCTISS.  
VIRGINI EJUS FILIÆ  
UNIVERSUS POPVLVS  
MITILENORVM  
AB NIMIO AMORE  
ÆTERNUM DECVS  
AD MEMORIAM.

DIS MAN  
PONTIUS  
MAXIMUS  
ETC. PONT.  
PAULINUS

DIS MAN  
ETC. PONT  
PONTIANUS  
FIERI IUSS.

CORNELIO  
SYLLAE  
IMPERATORI  
FORTUNATO

MARTI  
SANCTO  
SACRVM.

SUM CASTÆ CINERVM  
LAPIS PVELLÆ CVSTOS  
ME RELEGENS PIVS  
VIATOR HVIVS SI  
TIBI FVISSET VIRTVS  
COGNITA LACRIMU  
LIS RIGARES EYΩ DI  
AE CIPARAE

TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXXVII

L. DAPIINUS  
RYODAN FECIT SIBI  
ET CHRISOGONI  
PIISSIMO FRATRI  
ET SPVRIAE VERNAE  
DULCISSIMAE  
FOEMINAE.

---

DIS OMNIB. COL  
Q. GRISIDIO Q. F.  
SABINIANO FISTULA  
RIO CANTORI IMAGINA  
RIO AGRIMESTR  
VIX AN XLIII M. X.  
D. III.  
CUJUS INGENII NEMO  
C TIPHERNIUS  
C. F  
SACERDOS

---

LICINIO  
PRISCO  
FL. AMYNTAE  
QUÆ EX FIDE  
EADEM MENS VITA  
ET TUMULVS FVIT.

---

CLXXVIII THE PUBLISHER'S APPENDIX

M. ANTONII  
TRIB MILIT LEG  
II ADIUT TRIB  
PIÆ FIDEL XVIR  
STITIT JUD . . . .  
SIBI ET SUEIS.

---

DI MANI  
QVISQVIS ES  
SALVUS SIS. MA  
CEDO. SVM TIRIUS  
MACEDO DICITO .  
MEIS ME MORTUUM  
ESSE.

---

DI MANIB  
HIC SITA SVM VARIOS AVIUM  
PERFRINGERE CANTUS  
DOCTA AVIS E SICVLO PRÆ  
DA PETITA SINU  
NUPER HERVM STUDIIS  
FESSVM CVRISQ LEVABAM  
NUNC MANES BLANDIS  
MULCEO RAPTA SONIS.

---

TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXXIX

D . M.  
L. CATORIUS P. F.  
FAB. HIC SEPULTUS EST

HIC LOCVS PATET  
INFRA P. XX.  
ET MEDIA A FOSINERO  
VERSVS XXV.

HUNC LOCVM MONIMEN  
TUMQVE DO LEGO.

---

L. CORNELIVS  
HERMES SIBI  
ET SUIS LIBER  
TIS LIBERTABVS  
QVE <sup>1</sup> LORVM

---

M. AURELIUS  
AUG. LIB. SALVIUS  
ET POSTUMIA  
MARINA UXOR  
SIBI VIVO  
FECERE.

---

<sup>1</sup> L. EORVM.

D M

M. MARCELLVS

ET M ALEXIS

UTERQ ALTER

HOC SARCOPHAGO

SITI SVNT.

---

PARVULUS HIC SITUS EST

VIXIT TRES USQ PER ANNOS

INQVE NOVEM MENSES INVALI

DOSQVE DIES

NOMINE GRVSOLOSVS

AMABILIS UTQVE ERAT INFANS

FLEBILIS ET MISERE RAPTUS

AD INFERAS

SATVRNINUS

FILIO VETIA

LATEMA DELI

CATO SVO P.

---



## TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXXXI

D M

L. PISANDER L. F. AGRORVM PO  
TENS PARENTIBVS CLODIO ET MAJESTAE  
QUI INIMICORVM MANU ULLO PACTO PERIERE NON  
POTERANT CAPTO CONSILIO SVO ET LANIPPE  
MERETRICIS. VENENO VULVÆ LANIPPÆ IMPOSITO  
IN CONCVBITUS PRIMORDIO PERIERVNT. NAM RA  
BIEM LIVOR DEVOVIT.

---

D M  
A QVINTILIA  
NO DISPENSA  
TORI EGREGIO  
ARISTIDES QVINTI  
LIANO PATRONO  
SVO EX MERITO.

---

D. M.  
MAVORTIO VICTORI S.  
ET DIIS OMNIB.  
OB P. R. DEVOTIONEM  
SINGULIS ANNIS RENOVANDAM  
IN PARTHICAM EXPEDITIONEM

---

SI QVIS HANC ARAM LÆSERIT  
NUMINA OMNIUM DIVORVM  
ET GENIUM P. R. IRATUM HABEAT

**CLXXXII THE PUBLISHER'S APPENDIX**

A CAVLIO SILVANO  
A CALVIUS RESTITUTUS  
FILIO PISSIMO  
VIX ANN X MENS VI  
DIS  
Manib.  
S.

---

DIIS  
MANIBVS  
M. POSTUM ET.  
HELIOD. VIVUS  
POSUIT SIBI ET  
TORANIAE SPEI  
CONIUGI SANCTIS  
SIMÆ

---

D. O. M.  
CALPURNIUS  
DEUM MATRI  
SACERDOS FAMILIÆ  
SUÆ POSTREMUS.

---

TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXXXIII

D. M.

L. CORNELIUS

HERMES SIBI

ET SUIS LIBERTIS

LIBERTABVSQVE

EURVM.

---

DIS MAN

LOCVS L M CATTIORV

SEX F. ET TERENTIAE MF.

SERAE ET TITIAE L. F.

POSTHUMAE ET M. CATT.

L. F.

IN FRONT. P. XXXXV

IN AGR. P. XXXV.

---

D M



P. JULIO

P. F. FESTO

P. JULIVS FESTUS

DAT DONUM LIBENS AGRVM

ET PVTEUM MACERIA CLVSVM

NEPOTI CARISS

EX TESTAMENTO

CLXXXIV THE PUBLISHER'S APPENDIX

De Sarcophago turpibus figuris ornato.

Turpia tot tumulto defixit crimina Balbus

Post Superos spurco Tartara more premens.

Pro facinus! finita nihil modo vita retraxit

Luxuriam ad manes mœcha sepulchra gerunt.

---

Romae in columna.

LYMPHAE MATRIS.

SI HUMANO INGENIO PERPETUO

VIATORIBVS PARARI VINA POTUISSENT

NON AMOENUM QUEM CERNIS AQVARVM

FONTEM C. LEPIDUS

MAGNA IMPENSA

ADDUXISSET

POTA FELIX.

---

IMP. L. SEPTIMIUS SEVERVS

PERTINAX AUG PONT. MAX.

COS. VII. D. O. M. SALVTARI

ID. APR.

JUNONIQ REGINÆ

COLVMNAM

EREXIT

---

TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXXXV

HELPEſ dicta FVI SICVLAE REGIONIS  
ALVMNA  
QUAM PROCUL A PATRIA CONJUGIS  
EGIT AMOR  
PORTICIBUS SACRIS JAM NUNC PEREGRI  
NA QUIESCO  
JUDICIS AETERNI TESTIFICATA  
THRONUM  
NE QVA MANUS BVSTVM VIOLET: NISI  
FORTE JUGALIS  
HÆC ITERVM CVPIAT JUNGERE MEMBRA SUIS  
LUX MEA NON CLAUſA EST TALI: NAM MORTE  
REVELER  
ET SOCIOS VITAE NECTET UTERQVE CINIS.

---

Dubiæ fidei.

Romæ prope templum D. Andrae.

TERTIAE AEMILIAE  
DIV. MAG. SCIPIONIS AFR.  
CONLIBERTÆ ET UXORIS GRATISS.  
QVÆ VIXIT ANN  
XLIII. M. II. D. XVII.

---

**CLXXXVI THE PUBLISHER'S APPENDIX**

**Extra Portam Portuensem.**

ASAPHAT IUDAEUS TARS  
ORIUNDUS OB GRANDEM NUMMUM  
E PATRIA PULSVS ROMAE QVIESCO.  
POSTEROS VETO NE QVIS SEPVLCHRVM  
INGREDIATUR QVOVSQVE RESVRGAM.

*fidei suspectæ.*

---

**Dubiæ fidei.**

PRIAPO INDULGENTISS  
CRESCENTIA  
BENEMERENTI

---

**Viterbii.**

COLLATINUS TARQVINIUS  
DULCISSIMÆ ET INCOMPARABILI CONIUGI  
LVCRETIAE  
PVDICTIÆ DECORI ET MULIERVM  
GLORIÆ QVÆ VIX ANN. XXII.  
M. V. D. XVI PROH DOLOR  
QVANTUM FVIT CARISSIMA.

*adulterinum.*

---

"

TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXXXVII

VALERIA . . . .

HIC SITA . . . VIX

AN. XIX VIRGINITAS . .

EVIT GRAVIS: SIT NUNC

EI TERRA LEVIS

& hoc fictitium.

---

DIS MAN  
TU QUICUNQUE  
TITULVM NOSTRVM  
RELEGES ROGO  
PER SVPEROS SI  
AD INERNAS  
PARTES RECEPTA  
RIS NE VELIS  
TRIBVS SEPVLCHRIS  
MOLESTARI.

---

IACET HIC PICUS

MIRANDULA

Cætera NOSCUNT ET TAGES

ET GANGES FORSAN ET

ANTIPODES

---

# CLXXXVIII THE PUBLISHER'S APPENDIX

HAI RIANUS. BEVERLANDUS.

HIC. SVM. UBI. TU. QVI.

HAEC. LEGIS. ESSE. NOLLES.

RIDES.

NON. RIDEBIS. CREDE. MIHI.

EADEM. DECRETA. SVBITURUS.

Sibi vivo.

P.

Num. XIV. Vide Præf. §. xiv.

*Robert of Brunne's account of the raising of Stonehenge, from the French of Master Wace, who followed Geffry of Monmouth.*

*Reparavit  
[Ambrosius]  
Londoniam.*

¶ Fro þiþen [York] to London he [Aurelius Ambrosius]  
went,

þe toun he found paired & schent,

Kirkes, houses beten doun.

To þe kýng þei ment þam of þe toun,

þat many of þe best burgeis,

Were fled & ilk man gede his weis.

He bigged it eft þat are was playn,

Clerkes burgeis did com agaýn,

& gaf ilkon agaýn þer estre.

Siþen he turned to Wynchestre,

Bigged kirkes & houses þere,

Als he had don els where.

*Venit ad  
Wyntoniam.*

¶ Siþen



# TO HIS PREFACE.

CLXXXIX

¶ Siþen he ʒede to Salebiri,  
 & to þe abbey of Ambisbiri,  
 & to þat stede he toke his way,  
 þer Hengist did þe Bretons deie.  
 þare biriels he þouht to honoure  
 With som þing þat aȝ mȝht doure,  
 & frithe þat stede þer þei laȝ,  
 þat mȝht last tille domesdaȝ.  
 He did masons deuȝse & cast,  
 What werk mot longest last.  
 With þe kȝng a clerke was þore,  
 His name was Sir Tremore,  
 Was archbisshop of Kerlioun.  
 He did þe kȝng in reson,  
 “ If he wild mak a werk of ȝyne,  
 “ Send gour sond to seke Merlȝne,  
 “ Mak þis werk maȝ no man,  
 “ Gif suilk conseile as he can.  
 “ He can zow telle what salle betide,  
 “ After him I rede zour werk abide.  
 “ þe kȝng said it salle so be,  
 “ Mȝkille I desire Merlȝn to se.  
 “ Of his wisdom wild I here,  
 “ He sais selcounthes manȝ manere.  
 At a welle fer in Wales,  
 Baȝnes it hight bi olde tales,  
 þe messenger þer Merlȝn fond,  
 Come speke with king he sent þis sond.

*Locus ubi  
 magnates  
 fuerunt occi-  
 cisi.*

*Consilium  
 Tremortii  
 episcopi.*

*Rex misit  
 pro Morli-  
 no.*

*Responsio  
Mertini ad  
regem.*

¶ Whan he come be fore þe kȳng,  
 Joȳe he made for his comȳng,  
 & honourd him for he was wyse,  
 & cherisid ouer alle oþer of prise.  
 He praid him with fulle louand speche,  
 What suld be tide he wild him teche.  
 “ Sir kȳng”, said Merlyn, “ certis naȳ,  
 “ To opȳn mȳ mouthe I dar ne may.  
 “ Bot if it be a behouelȳ þing at nede,  
 “ þat were warnȳng or tokȳn of dred.  
 “ & ȝit with grete lounes of hert,  
 “ þat pride tourn noght ouer theurt,  
 “ For if I spake þrow prȳde or bost,  
 “ Or for scorn a gayn my gost :  
 “ þat ilk gos: that in me wons,  
 “ þat alle me kennys, & alle me mons,  
 “ Owt of mȳ mouthe it wild him draw,  
 “ Off my conȳng reue me my saw,  
 “ þat no more myght I speke with mouthe,  
 “ þan a noþer þat noght ne couthe.  
 “ þerfor of suilk priuete  
 “ þink not þer on, lat it be.  
 “ þink on þat whi þou me souhtes,  
 “ Bring þat tille end whi þou me brouhtes,  
 “ If þou wille mak a werk stedfast,  
 “ þat faire wille euermore to last,  
 “ Send for þe stones þer þei stand,  
 “ þat þe Geantz brouht tille Ireland.

“ Rounde

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CXCI

“ Rounde about ere þei set,  
 “ Out of Aufrik were þei fet.  
 “ Ilkon on oþer is set vpright,  
 “ No man in erth has now þat mýght,  
 “ For to tak doun o stone,  
 “ Ne set þam eft es þer none.  
 þan said þe kýng, & on him lough,  
 “ It were þan grete ferly how,  
 “ þat þo stones þat þou of sais,  
 “ Ere so heuý and of suilk pais,  
 “ þat non has force ne fosoun,  
 “ To remoue þam vp ne doun,  
 “ & ere so fer ouer þe see ;  
 “ Who mýght þam þan bring to me ?  
 \*\*\*\*\* an said Merlȳn to þe kýng,  
 \* þ \* “ Quayntise ouercomes alle þing.  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 “ Strength is gode vnto trauaile,  
 “ þer no strength may sleght wille vaile.  
 “ Sleght & conýng dos maný a char,  
 “ Begynnes þing þat strength ne dar.  
 “ With sleght may þou þe stones wyne,  
 “ & in Bretaýn set þam in,  
 “ þer þou ne salle with strength  
 “ Remoue þam a stone length.  
 “ In Aufrik were þei compast & wrouht,  
 “ Geantz tille Ireland fro þiþen þam brouht,  
 “ & set þam one a hille fulle hii  
 “ With engýns fulle quayntly.

*Prudencia  
 superat omne  
 ne robur.*

“ First

*Ecce de  
Ston-  
henges, &  
virtute eo-  
rum.*

“ First whan þei were compast newe,  
 “ þei did grete gode to þo þam knewe.  
 “ þo þat were seke & lauh̄t scathes,  
 “ Wesch þe stones did it in bathes.  
 “ þat felt þam greued of grete þinges,  
 “ Bathed þam of þe self wassh̄nges,  
 “ & heled wele of þer p̄yne,  
 “ Had þei non oþer medic̄yne,  
 ¶ Whan þe k̄yng herd of þer vertu,  
 þat þei mot falle þe folk to pru,  
 He had lonḡyng for þam to go.  
 & of þat wille were oþer mo,  
 þe stones to Bretāyn forto bring,  
 þat Merl̄yn mad of sermon̄yng.  
 þei ches Uter þe k̄ynges broþer,  
 þe k̄yng offred him self þe toþer.  
 Of folk þei led listen þousand,  
 Agāyn þe Iris forto stand.  
 With þam went danz Merl̄yn,  
 For þe stones to mak enḡyn.  
 ¶ Whan Uter with his folk was gare,  
 þei went to schip ouer þe se to fare,  
 & ar̄yued vp bi þat coste,  
 þe Iris k̄yng gadred his oste.  
 Agāyn þe Bretons þei <sup>1</sup> tom zerne,  
 þe lond if þei m̄yght þam werne.  
 þis Irisch k̄yng þat regned þare,  
 His name wass sir Guillomare.

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CXCIII

Whan he wist whi þei kam,  
 So fer viage for þe stones nam,  
 Ouer þe see tille an oþer lond,  
 For þei ne stones hender fond,  
 & said þo stones þei salle haf here,  
 þei salle bie þam first fulle dere.  
 If we may salle not spede,  
 þo stones out of our lond to lede.  
 He scorned & said, it salle be nouht,  
 þei salle faile þat þei haf souht.  
 So long he manaced & þrette,  
 At þe last togider þei mette.  
 At þer meȳng was no lite,  
 þat þei gon togidere smȳte.  
 Fulle wele fauht boþe parties,  
 Bot þe Bretons wan þe pris.  
 þe Iris couth not so wele seiht,  
 Ne of armore had þei no sleiht,  
 Ne were þer of so wele bone,  
 þerfor the Iris fled fulle sone.  
 Fro stede to stede þei fled to skulk,  
 One hij hilles to hide & hulk.  
 Whan þe Bretons had don þat chace,  
 & rested þam a long space,  
 Merlȳn had þam alle at ones  
 To þe hille to se þe stones.  
 Kállomare hight þat hille,  
 þore þe geantz brouht þam tille.

*Qualiter  
 Britones  
 per Merli-  
 num aspor-  
 tauerunt  
 lapides de  
 Iberniam ad  
 Britanniam.*

¶ þis Bretons reinged about þe feld,  
 þe karole of the stones beheld,  
 Manȳ tȳme gede þam about,  
 Biheld within biheld without.  
 Alle þei said so said þe kȳng,  
 þei sauh neuer so selcouth þing,  
 How þei were raised þei had wondere,  
 & how þei suld be brouht o' sondere.  
 With þat worde þei þam rescued,  
 þei ne wist how þei suld remued.  
 Merlȳn said, " Now makes assaȳ,  
 " To putte þis stones doun if ge maȳ.  
 " & with force fond þam to bere,  
 " þer force is mȳ kille þe lesse wille dȳre.  
 þe oste at ons to þe hille went,  
 & ilk man toke þat he mot hent,  
 Ropes to drawe, trees to put,  
 þei schoued, þei prist, þei stode o strut,  
 One ilka side behȳnd beforȳ,  
 & alle for nouht þer trauaile lorn.  
 Whan alle þe had put & prist,  
 & ilk man don þat him list,  
 & left þer puttȳng manȳon,  
 zit stired þei not þe lest ston.  
 Merlȳn wist it suld not vaile  
 Strength of bodȳ ne trauaile.  
 He bað þam alle draw þam o dreih,  
 þorgh strength ne com ge þam neigh.

## TO HIS PREFACE.

cxcv

A litille he stode, siþen him hi went,  
He spak, bot non wist what he ment.  
þei sauh his lippes stir vp & doun,  
Bot non herd his quirisoun.  
Whan he had gon alle aboute  
Within þe karole & withoute,  
& said his quirisons,  
Agayn he cald þe Bretons,  
& said, “ Now may ȝe lightly bere  
“ þise stones to schip, withouten dere.  
“ Go now alle & spedis ȝow,  
“ For ȝe salle welde þam wele inouh.  
Als Merlȳn þam tauht & said,  
Into schippes þam lightly laid.  
þan had þei won þei fer had souht,  
To þe playn of Salesbiri þam brouht;  
Of Amnesbiri beside þe abbaȳ,  
& was at þe Whitsonendaȳ,  
þe kȳng did mak somons  
Of bisshopes, erles & barons,  
& oþer folk of noble geste,  
& did him croune at þat feste.  
þre daies sat þe feste of fode,  
One þe ferth daȳ gaf he giftes gode,  
Kroces to clerkes of pris,  
To Saȳnt Sampson & Saȳnt Dubris.  
Seȳnt Dubris he gaf Kerlion,  
ȝork he gaf to Saȳnt Sampson.

þis gaf he at his crounment,  
 & maný mo bi comon assent.  
 Bi for þe lordes, þat com þider,  
 Merlyn set þe stones togider.  
 Als þei were ore in þat certayn,  
 Stand þei now vpon þe playn.  
 Within þe compas of þe stones  
 Er biried alle þe lordes bones,  
 þat Hengist at þe parlement slouh,  
 Here beforn ge herd wele how.

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Num. XV. Vide Præf. §. xvii.

*An Account of St. Wenefride, from an old MS. of  
 the Book call'd Fe itibal or Ffestial, in the hands  
 of Thomas Ward, of Longbridge near Warwick'  
 Esq;.*

*De Sancta Wenefreda virgine.*

**G**OOD men & women, suche a day ge schalle haue sent  
 Wenefredus day, þe whiche day is nott ordeynyd by holy  
 church to be halowed, but þerre as men han deuocyon to  
 þis holy madon. Wherefore ye þat han deuocion to þis  
 holy seant, cummythe þat day to church to worschip God,  
 & þis holy maydon & martir. þen how sche suffered martir-  
 dome ge schalle here. For þowg sum knowen hit, get sum  
 knowen hit nott, & also þowg a goode tale be twyus tolde,  
 hit is but þe better for to lorne and to vnderstoude. þerre  
 was in her tyme an holy armet was called Bennowe, þe  
 whiche com to a goode monnus huse, þat was called Thow-  
 nythe, and was sent Wenefredus fadur, & was a ryche  
 mon of londus & rentus, & prayd Thewnythe to gyff  
 hym a place of erse, vppon the whiche he mygthe hyld a  
 church,



church, to serue God in, and to preche Goddus worde to  
 þe pepulle. þen was þis Thewnythe glad of his askyng, &  
 ordeynyd hym a place nyg to his owne howse, þat he mygte  
 so cum to Goddus seruice. þus þe meyne tyme whille the  
 church was in byldyng, ofte he preched Goddus worde to  
 þe pepulle, and Wenefrede com þydur with her fader to here  
 hit. And when sche harde hym speke of þe grete mede & joy,  
 þat madones schuld haue in Heyuon, passyng oþer oorderes,  
 þen had sche so grett deuocyon in his sayinge, þat a non sche  
 made a woye, þat sche wolde neuer haue parte of mon, but a  
 byde euer in her madon hode, whille þat sche lyfled. þen on  
 a Sondag, when þis church was made and bylde, Thewnythe,  
 with alle his mene, gude to þe church, but Wenefrede bode  
 at home, for a seknus þat greuyd her þoo, þat sche mygte  
 nott goo with hem to church. þen as sche sott at home her  
 selfe, þer com a kyngus sonne, was called Cradoke, to haue  
 layen by þis madon. But when he spake to hur of doying  
 of þe synne, sche said, sche wolde go in to hur chambur,  
 & make her more honeste þen sche was, & cum a gayne  
 to hym a non, and when sche cum to her chawmbur by an  
 vtter durre, sche ran towarde church as faste as sche  
 mygte, hoppyng to haue socur þerre. but when Cradok syg  
 hur ren towarde church, he ron aftur, and ouer toke her,  
 & sayde, but sche wolde assent to his wylle, he wolde a non  
 smyte of hur hed. þen kneled Wenefrede downe & saide,  
 "I haue leuer þat þou do me to dethe, þen defowle my  
 body, þat I haue made a woo to kepe in maydon hede,  
 whille þat I lyue, to my lorde Jhesu Criste." þen Cra-  
 dok owte with his swerde, and at on stroke he smotte of  
 her hed, & for hit was downe the hylle to þe church, þe  
 hed stynte neuer tumbullyng, tyll hit com þydur in to þe  
 sygte of alle þat were þerre. Wherfore men weren so a frygte,  
 þat þey madon suche a nowse, þat Bennowe had grett mer-  
 wayle what hit mygte be, & com to hem to wytte what was  
 þe cause of þat noyse. þen when he syg the hed, he toke hit  
 vppe, and cussed hit ofte tymes sore wepyng, and bare hit  
 vp to the body, byholldyng on Cradoke how he wyped his  
 swerd on þe gras, þat was alle bloody of the stroke. þen  
 said Bennow to hym, "þou wykked mon & an selý, aske  
 o 2 "mercy

“mercy of God for his orribulle dede, and gett God wulle  
 “haue mercy on þe; & yf þow wylt nott, I pray God þat  
 “he send vegance on þe”. & a non rygte in sygte of þis  
 alle pepulle, and for he wolde not crye mercy in sygte of  
 alle pepulle, a non he felle downe to þe erþe, & þer with  
 the erþe oponyd & suowlowyd hym down, body and sowle  
 in to Helle. þen toke Bennow þe hed, and sett hit agayne  
 to þe body, & helled hit with her mantelle, & gude to his  
 masse, and when he had songon and preched þe pepulle, &  
 tolde myche of þis madon, he sayde, God wold nott that sche  
 schulde so be ded gett. For he had ordeynyd myche pe-  
 pulle to be holpon by hur. Wherefore he bad yche mon pray  
 to God, to reyse hur a gayne to lyue, and so God dyd; &  
 when þey commyn to hur, sche satt vppe, and with her  
 honde sche wpyd of her face þe doste þat was þer on, &  
 spake to hem as holle and sownde as sche was by fore. þen  
 God schewned þerre þree grett myraculis. On was when  
 þe erþe swoloyd hym bodily, þat had slayne hur. A no-  
 þer was, for þer as þe hed a bod, a non spronge a fayre  
 welle þerre as non seen be fore. þe þride was, when sche þat  
 was slayne sche rose a gayne to lyue. þe III<sup>rith</sup> was, þat euer  
 astur while sche lyffed, þer was a white circle a bowte her  
 nekke þer as þe stroke was lyke a white þrede. Wherefore  
 þer as sche was called be fore Brewa, fro þat day forthe  
 men called hur Wenefrede, þat is in Englysche, a white  
 þrede. þen syz Wenefrede þe grett myraculle þat God  
 wrowgte in hur, and toke hit hygly to herte, and gaff hur  
 euer astur to holy lyfynge, and nygte and day was besy to  
 serue God, as Bennow thawgte hur. þen when sche was  
 perfytt in alle doynge, Bennow gude to a noþer place þer  
 as weron inne mony holy virgynnus, and when he com þy-  
 dur schee lyffyd so perfetly in alle þynge, þat alle tokon en-  
 sampulle of hur, & for þat ylke white cerue was an enydent  
 tokon of her martirdome, þerfore alle men and <sup>1</sup> womon  
 haddon grett deuocion in her wordus, and in alle her do-  
 ynge, so þat mony laston þe worldis ocupacion, and weron  
 fayne to comme and dwelle in her companye. So when  
 sche had lyffyd þerre mony eyrus, sche was warned by God,

<sup>1</sup> Sic.



þat her dethe day was nyzte. Wherefore sche made hur redy, & when sche had þe sacramentis of holy churche, þen, in syzte of halle her systeren, scho gaf vpp þe goste to Jhesu Criste, þat sche louyd with alle her herte, and byrried in the churche gorde þer mony oþer seyntis weron byrried in by fore. Now how the holy sent com in to þe abbey of Schrowysbury, 3e schalle here. When þey abbey of Scrowysbury was newe made, þe monkus of þe place madon ofte gret mone, for þey haddon no sent with hem to be her patrone, and beyrer of her preyers to God, as oþer abbeus of þe cuntrye hoddon. Wherefor þe abbot of þat howse, for he had herde by fore of sent Wenefrede, he made his prior to go in to Waylys, and seche were þat sche was byrried. So wente þis prior forthe, and, by the grace of God and reuelacion of þe holy madon, he com to þe place where sche laye, and so with strenþe of lordschip, and oþer helpe þat he hadde, he browzte her bownus in to sent Gylus churche at Scrowesbury townus ende, and þerre abode to a certen day, in þe whiche sche schulde be translated, & with honour and worschip he browzte in to þe abbey. þen when þis day com, gret multitude of pepulle com hyder in party for a gret miraculle, þat was done in that churche, of a chelde þat was heyled of grett sekenes, and also to do worschip to þat holy madon, and so þen the abbot of þe place and þe conuent, with mony oþer men of holy churche, browztan hur in to þe abbey, and setton her þere as sche is now, where God in schorte tyme aftur wrowzte þrytty grett myraculs þat byn wrytton, with owte oþer mony þat byn not writton, bothe of þose þat sche dyd in her lyue, and oþer mo mony þat byn wrowzte at her walle. þen to sterre yowre deuocyon þe more to þis sent, now I wulle telle yow a myraculle þat was done to a mon of Erkalle towne, þat was called Adam. þis mon was greuesly payned with þe fallyng euelle, and bothe his hondus weron turned ageynward, and layen flatt to his armes, so þat þe armys weron stompus and noe armes. He had also suche a greuance in his on legge, þat he mygte nott goo but with myche peynance. So þis Adam, with þese grett greuus, with myche penance he comme to þe schryue of sent Wenefrede, & was þerre in his prayers alle a nyzte. But an þe morowe, what for wach-

ched, what for wery, he felle on slepe, and when he woke he feld hym selfe hoole in alle his lymmys, & syz his hondus streygte euon owte, and stirryd his syngurs alle at his lykynge, and sayed whedur he mygzte goo, and gude forthe wythe owton grene, and felde welle þat he was hoole of þe fallyng euelle. Wherefore with hyz voyce he þonked God & þis holy madon, and was fayne of his heyle, þat he made a woo, þat he wolde neuer goo from hur, but by a seruand in þat church alle his lyue aftur, and so he was. þus, gode men & women, ze han ensampulle to do worschip to þis holy maydon and martir, and þawz ze by now hooly in body fülle helt, mony of yow byn seke in sowle; wherefore ye han þe more nede to seche hur to haue heyle in sowle þen in body. For ofte tymes God sendus sekenes in body so hele to þe sowle, but sekenes of sowle ys here dethe, but seche he þe soner heyld. Wherefore praych too hur to gete yow hele bothe in body and in sowle, so þat ye cum to hym þat is heyle to alle sowlus, þat is, Jhesu Criste God son of heyoun. *Aliud miraculum.* In the towne of Schrowysbury setan III<sup>e</sup> men to godur, and as þey seton talkyng, an atturcoppe cum owte of þe wowz, and bote hem by the nek-kus alle þre, & þowz hit greuyd hem at þat tyme but lytulle, sone aftur it ronco<sup>rd</sup> & so swalle her þrotus, & forset her breythe, þat II. of hem weron deed, and þe þrydde was so nyz deed, þat he made his testament, & made hym redy in alle wyse, for he hoped nowzte but only dethe. þen as he lay in his turment, he þowzt on sent Wenefrede and of her myraculus, & so as he mygte he had his modur go þyder, & offur a candulle to þe schryne, & brynge hym of þe water þat her bones were wasschon yn, and so sche dyd. & when he had þis water, he made whasseche his sore þer with, & when he had done so, he felde þat he amended, & þen he made a woode to sente Wenefrede, þat giff he mygte haue lyffe & hele, he wolde make an ymage of syluer & offur to her. þus he mended yche day aftur oþer, tyll he was alle hoole, & þen he made an ymage of syluer as he be hette, & gude þyder, & offeryd hit to þe schryne, & be cum her seruant euer while he lifyd aftur. *Aliud miraculum.* Also to a day of her translation þer cum owte of Wayles knyztus, & mony men with hem, to se the solempnite & þe maner þer of,

&amp;



## TO HIS PREFACE.

CCI

& so in her company com̄ a gret mon, þat was downbe, & mygte no þynge speke, but alle by signes. So when þey common in to þe churche, sodenly þis downbe mon felle doune to þe grownde, & felle on slepe. þen as he lay sent Wenefrede com to hym, and bad hym drynke watur þat her bonus were wasschon yn, & he schuld be hoole of his speche, & of oþereuel þat he had. þen a non he woke, and bad gif hym holy watur. þen haddon his felowus gret wondur, þat þey hardon hym speke, & asked hym what watur he wolde haue. þen sayd he, þe watur þat sent Wenefredus bonus weron waschon yn; & when he had dronkon of þat water, he was hoole as any fysche, & a non he gude in to þe quere, & by þe couent he tolde oponly þat he com̄ þydur for no oþer þyng, but only to se þe doying of þe solempnite. but now for sche hathe, of her gret curtesy, gessen me my speche, and heled me in my body also, þerfore I wulle be her pylgryme while þat I lyue, & so he was euer aftur.

### Num. XVI. Vide Præf. §. XIX.

*Extract of a Letter, written to the Publisher from Winchester July 4th. 1724. by the Reverend Mr. Richard Furney, relating to the Election of an Abbess of Rumsey Nunnery in Hampshire Anno D. 1333. which confirms what is asserted in this Chronicle, that the said Nunnery was founded by K. Edgar for an hundred Nuns.*

Dear Sir,

Upon receiving your's, I look'd into the Register of John Stratford, some time Bishop of Wiuton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and therein, fol. 82. found the following particulars, which relate to what you mention-

ed, viz. That Sibil Carbonel the Abbess dying on June 1. 1333. Joane Icche was elected June 25. following, there being at the time of the Election Agnes de Stanlegh Priorissa, Johanna Gervays Sub-Priorissa, Alicia de Roppeleigh Sacrista, Johanna Icche Celerariar. (the same that was elected Abbess,) Oliva Beaufou Præcentrix, Agnes de Bromore, Cecilia de Blontesdone, Ela Croupes, Elena Baa, Alicia de Roucestr, Agatha de Wynton, Katerina de Grymstede, Beatrix Beaufou, Amicia Bluet, Marg. per me, Agnes Beaufou, Alicia de Waltham, Sarra Okly, Alicia Brembelsshete, Margar. de Tydeleshide, Lucia Gower, Matild de Grimstede, Margir. Deneys, Margar. Poyntz, Amicia Malure, Johanna de Farlington, Amicia de Forstebury, Johanna de Compton, Alicia Levynton, Katerina Joevene, Johanna Poyntz, Johanna Beaufou, Agatha Bekks, Johanna Payn, Beatrix Neyvill, Isabel de Hameldone, Marger. filia Warini, Amicia de Wynhale, Eugenia Chartes, Marg. Cracy, Margar. Warblynton, Alicia de Groveneye, Katerina de Aysshelonde, Margar de Buctesthorn, Isolda Roches, Matild. Trenchard, Agnes de Wynton, Johanna de Roppelye, Agnes Waram, Hawysia Luffegrave, Dionisia Golaffre, Alic. de Wynton, Isabella de Staunford, Maria de Roppelye, Alicia de Thuddene, Marg. Forest, Elizabeth

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CCIII

zabeth Syfrewast, Johanna de Sparkeford,  
 Marg. Pauncefot, Marg. Atte Rye, Johanna  
 Boyton, Johanna Purie, Isabella Fraunceys, Ju-  
 liana de Romeseye, Cristna Okham, Eva Doi-  
 gnel, Matild de Roppelye, Eliz. Silvayn, Cri-  
 stina Brikevill, Muriele Cotel, Katerina de  
 Donton, Margar. de Weston, Elianora Rude,  
 Cristina Bromham, Katerina Warham, Johan-  
 na de Tottelford, Johanna Carbonel, Alicia  
 Carbonel, Joanna de Enedford, Editha Ey-  
 mer, Alic. de Aune, Constancia Wauncy, Jo-  
 hanna de Tystede, Johanna de Winterbourne,  
 Katerina Warham, Alic. de Cicestr. Petronilla  
 de Wendlesworth, Margar. Fokeram, Isabell  
 Walraund, sorores: Mag. Ricardus de Chadd  
 Canonicus & Præbendar. Eccles. Cenventual.  
 Mag. Robertus de Stratford Canonicus & Præ-  
 bendar. Eccles. Conventual. de Romsey per  
 Procurator. elegunt Abbatissam. \* \*

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Num. XVII. Vide Praef. §. XIX.

*Extract of another Letter, written to the Publisher  
 from Winchester Aug. 15. 1724. by the said Mr.  
 Fur-*

*Furney, relating to the Number of the Nuns at Rumsey some time before the Dissolution, and to a Note, about our old Historians, in a MS. of Tri-vet at Winchester.*

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Concerning Rumsey I learn, that the number of the Nuns was very much decreased before the dissolution. For Elizabeth Ryprose being elected Abbess 16 Dec. 1523. but 23 Nuns are mentioned. The same Eliz. Ryprose was Abbess in 1534. when the true yearly value of the Nunnery is said to be 395l. 12s. 1d.

The following particulars, tho' they tell no more than what you know already, yet as they are taken out of a valuable MS. of Nich. Tri-vet's Chronicle, wrote on paper, now remaining in the library of the Dean and Chapter of Winchester, I thought, you would give them the reading.

“ Historiam de origine & gestis Britonum  
 “ primus ex Gwallico sermone in Latinum tra-  
 “ duxit Galfridus Monothmotensis, desinens in  
 “ Athelstanum.

“ Res Gwallicas excepit ab eo Galfrido Mo-  
 “ nomethensi Karadocus Lancarvensis.

“ An-



“ Anglorum res gestas ab eorum primo ad-  
“ ventu in Britanniam Beda scripsit ad sua  
“ usq; tempora.

“ Willielmus Malmisburiensis Bedam exci-  
“ piens & succincte colligens usq; ad regem  
“ Egbritum, qui, varia sorte profligatis regu-  
“ lis, insulæ pæne totius nactus est monarchi-  
“ am. Inde pleno cursu tempora lucide des-  
“ cribit usq; ad finem Henrici primi.

“ Nicolaus Trivettus, Malmisburiensem ex-  
“ cipiens, incipit à Stephano, & desinit in mor-  
“ tem Edwardi primi.

“ Ab hoc qui filum Historiæ recto tramite  
“ deinceps deducere, non sunt reperti, sed  
“ pleriq; suo quisq; studio particularia dele-  
“ git sibi persequenda, principium finemq; pro  
“ arbitrio statuens.

“ Edmerus sobria sermonis festivitàte à Re-  
“ ge Edgardo usq; ad Willielmum primum ra-  
“ ptim tempora perstrinxit, & inde licentius  
“ evagatus usq; ad obitum Radulphi Archie-  
“ piscopi diffusam & necessariam historiam stu-  
“ diosus exhibuit.

“ Ita prætermisissis à tempore Bedæ ducentis  
“ & viginti tribus annis, temporum cursus clau-  
“ dicavit.

“ Henricus Hontendonensis archidiaconus.

“ Galterus Oxnefordensis.

“ Alfridus Beverlaccensis thesaurarius.

“ Wil-

“ Willielmus Rivalensis.  
 “ Giraldus Cambrensis Res Hiberniæ.  
 “ Joannes Sarisburiensis.  
 “ Florentius Wigornensis Monachus.  
 “ Thomas Walsyngham ab irruptione Nor-  
 mannorum usq; ad principium regni Henrici  
 6<sup>ti</sup>. cui opus dedicavit.  
 “ Secuti sunt qui omnium ante se scribentium  
 “ particulas in unum corpus conflarent, ut sunt  
 “ hi:

“ Ranulphus Cestrensis scripsit varii generis  
 “ variarumq; gentium historiam, orsus à mun-  
 “ di origine, eam texens usq; ad Henricum  
 “ quartum, quam *Polichronica* voluit appellari.

No other particulars are mentioned in this  
 note, which seems to have been written at the  
 same time, that the Index to the MS. was,  
 much later than the MS. which seems to have  
 been written about the time of the Authour.

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Num. XVIII. Vid Præf. §. xx.

*A Copy of Dr. Richardson's and Mr. Thoresby's Let-  
 ters about the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen near  
 Bawtre.*

For Mr. Thomas Hearne in Edmund-Hall  
 Oxford.

Dear

Dear Sir,

I received your second letter, which I communicated to a neighbouring gentleman, who immediatly wrote to a friend at Bawtree, to make inquiry after St. Mary's Hospitall. I received an answer, but no satisfactory one. I alsoe at the same time wrote to Mr. Thoresby. He sent me word, that he hoped shortly to give me some satisfaction about it, through the mediation of a new Curate, that was come to Lcedes and born at Bawtree. The inclosed I received yesterday, which I beleive wil, in a great measure, answer what you desire. I can not get the least information about the Earth-Horns. If in this or any other respect I can be serviceable to you, freely command

Your friend and servant

Ric: Richardson.

North Bierley  
Feb. 8th. 1724.

For Dr. Richardson at North Bierley near  
Bradford

These.

Honoured Sir,

Just now I receiv'd this Account from the  
Vicar concerning the Hosp. of St. Ma. Mag.  
near Bautre. That the Chappel, Hospital and  
Alms

Alms House are all in good repair, that the annual pensions are 12l. 6s. 8d. The present Master of the Hospital is Mr. Benjamin Day, Vicar of Mattersey, who succeeded Dr. Samuel Crowbrow Arch-Deacon of Nottingham; whose Predecessor was John Lake, D.D. Vicar of Leedes, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester. This Reverend Prelat's Predecessor was one Walter Barnard, who enjoy'd it during the Usurpation of O. Cromwell, and preach'd a Lecture on the first Thursday in the Month, in stead of the Morning Prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, which had before, and have since been duely used. His Predecessor was John Slack, mentioned in the Letter of Mr. Hearne, to whom pray present my service, I not being able to write to him my self, who am his and

Your humble servant

Ralph Thoresby.

Leedes Feb. 2

1724.

Num. XIX. See the Glossary to this Work,  
voc. bone.

Ex MS. Dugd.) in Muséo Ashmoliano) E 2.  
sub finem.

*A Transcript of a certain Narrative, written by the  
late Bp. of Ely (Dr. Matthew Wren) with his own  
Hand,*

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CCIX

*Hand, of that remarkable Conference, which, after his Return from Spain with Prince Charles (Anno 1623.) he had with Dr. Neale, then Bp. of Durham, Dr. Andrews Bp. of Winchester, and Dr. Laud Bp. of St. David's, touching the said Prince : whereat something Prophetical was then said by that Reverend Bp. of Winchester.*

After our Return from Spain, My Lord of Winchester (among other great expressions of his Respects to me) made me promise to him, that, upon all occasions of my coming to London, (for I abode still at Cambridge) I would lodge with him. To which end, he caused three Rooms near the Garden to be fitted and reserved for me: And twice or thrice I had lodged there.

And at another time coming suddenly to London and late, I lodged at my Sister's in Friday-Street, and the next Day (being Friday) I went to Winchester-House to Dinner, and craved his Lordship's pardon, that I lodged not there; because that my businesse was to treat with some Countrey Gentlemen, who lay in Holburne, whom I should not meet with but in the Evening and Morning, when it would not be safe for me to pass the Bridge or the Thames: And so after Dinner I took my Leave of him. hoping to return for Cambridge on Munday.

But

But on Saturday going to do my Duty to My Lords of Durham and St. Davids, and telling them of my sudden Return, they would needs over-rule me, and made me promise them, tho' I had taken leave of My Lord of Winchester, yet to meet them next Day at White-Hall at My Lord's Chamber at Dinner: I did so, and there we sat after Dinner above an Hour. And then I shewing them, that on the morrow my Business would be dispatched, and I would be gone on Tuesday, I took leave again of them all. But on Munday morne by break of the Day (before they used to be Stirring in Friday-Street) there was a great knocking at the Door where I lay; And at last an Apprentice (who lay in the Shop) came up to my Bed-Side, and told me, there was a Messenger from Winchester-House to speak with me: The Businesse was to let me know, that My Lord, when he came from Court last Night, had given his Steward charge to order it so, that I might be spoken with, and be required as from him without faile, to dine with him on Munday; but to be at Winchester-House by Ten of the Clock, which I wondered the more at; his Lp. not using to come from his Study till near Twelve. My business would hardly permit this; yet because of his Lordship's importunity, I got up presently, and into Holburne

burne I went, and there made such Dispatch, that soon after Ten of the Clock I took a Boat, and went to Winchester House, where I found the Steward at the Water-gate waiting to let me in the nearest way, who telling me, that my Lord had called twice to know if I were come; I asked where his Lordship was? He answered, In his great Gallery, (a place where I knew his Lp. scarce came once in a Year.) And thither I going, the Door was lockt: but upon my lifting the Latch, My Lord of St. David's opened the Door, and letting me in, lock'd it again.

There I found none, but those three Lords, who causing me to sit down by them, My Lord of Durham began to me. " Doctor, Your Lord here will have it so, I that am the unfittest Person, must be the Speaker: But thus it is: After you left us Yesterday at White-Hall, we entring into farther Discourse of those things, which we foresee and conceive will 'ere long come to pass, resolved again to speak to you before you went hence.

" We must know of you, what your Thoughts are concerning your Master the Prince. You have now been his Servant above two Years, and you were with him in Spain; We know he respects you well; and we know you are no Fool, but can observe how things are like to go. What things my Lord?" (quoth I.)

“ In brief,” sayd he, “ how the Prince’s Heart  
“ stands to the Church of England, that when  
“ God brings him to the Crowne, we may know  
“ what to hope for.

My Reply was to this effect; That however  
I was the most unfit of any to give my Opinion  
herein, attending but Two Months in the Year,  
and then at a great Distance, only in the Clo-  
set, and at Meals; yet seeing they so pressed  
me, I would speak my Mind freely: So I sayd,  
“ I know My Master’s Learning is not equal to  
“ his Father’s; Yet I know his Judgment to  
“ be very right: And as for his Affections in  
“ these particulars, which Your Lordships have  
“ pointed at, for upholding the Doctrine and  
“ Discipline, and the right Estate of the Church,  
“ I have more confidence of him, than of his  
“ Father, in whom they say (better than I can)  
“ is so much inconstancy in some particular  
“ cases.

Hereupon My Lords of Durham and St. Da-  
vid’s began to argue it with me, and required  
me to let them know, upon what ground I came  
to think thus of the Prince: I gave them my  
reasons at large, and after many replyings  
(above an Hour together) then My Lord of  
Winchester (who had said nothing all the while)  
bespake me in these Words;

“ Well



“ Well Doctor, God send you may be a  
 “ true Prophet concerning your Master’s Inclinations in these particulars, which we are  
 “ glad to hear from you : I am sure I shall be  
 “ a true Prophet ; I shall be in my Grave and  
 “ so shall you, My Lord of Durham, but My  
 “ Lord of St. David’s, and you, Doctor, will  
 “ live to see that Day that your Master will be  
 “ put to it, upon his Head and his Crown, without he will forsake the Support of the Church.

Of this Prediction made by that Holy Father, I have now no Witness, but mine own Conscience, and the Eternal God, who knows I lie not ; no body else being present when this was spoken, but those three Lords.

Num. XX. See the Glossary to this Work,  
 voc. *Kampdene*.

*Extract of a Letter to the Publisher from Mr. Graves of Mickleton in Gloucestershire, concerning Campden in that County. With a remarkable Passage upon that occasion, out of an old anonymous MS. Author (stiled John Bever by Dr. Powell) in Trinity College Library Oxon.*

\* \* \* \* \*

As to the Etymology and Scituation of Campden, as you relate it from Dr. *Skinner's Etymologicon*; I very readily agree with him, but never saw the Book; and consulting with Ant. à Wood, and finding a good Character of the Author, I think to gett it.

I have formerly observ'd, that John Bever, or Castorius, call's it *Campodunum*; which Termination made me believe it to be a Roman Town; for we meet in Antoninus's Itinerary with those of *Cambodunum*, *Margidunum*, *Camulodunum*, *Muridunum*, *Sorviodunum*, and *Mari-dunum*; in all which Dr. Gale make's the Termination, *dunum*, to answer to, *collis*, in the Latine; and so likewise the Scituation of those Towns he observe's to be on Hills; and indeed our Campden is ever reckon'd among the Towns on the Cotswold Hills, but at the same time is scituated in a deep Valley, or Den, on those Hills.

For, as you come to it on the North side, on the Road from Warwick, and Stratford, through Mickleton; you goe up hill almost all the way for the 2. last Miles, that is, from Mickleton; and yet you see little or nothing of the Town, but the Church, and some Remains of the Great House, till you come within a Land's length of the Town; and then you fall down, as it were, unexpectedly into it: But,

## TO HIS PREFACE.

CCXV

as you approach it on the South side, on the Road from London and Oxford, you come down a Hill for above a Mile to it, and have a full view of the whole Town, which lye's in length East and West, all along the Bottom; but in breadth North and South, on a declining Bank; and the Church, and these Remains of the Great House, stand on a rising ground above the rest.

Lying in this Valley it is encompassed on 3. sides, that is, North, West, and South, by the Cotswold Hills; but lye's open on the East side to the Morning Sun, which make's the Scituation both pleasant and healthfull; and overlook's a pleasant Vale, lying considerably below it; which run's through some Parts of Worcestershire, Warwickshire, and Oxfordshire, to the Borders of Northamptonshire.

Dr. Powel, in his Notes on the History of Wales, pag. 11, 12. ha's translated the whole Passage out of Bever, and it seem's by his Account, that the Place was then (above a Thousand years agoe) of considerable Note, and large Extent; for, upon a threatning Message from the Britains, the great King Ina of the West Saxons summoned all the other Saxon Kings to repair thither; where old King Sibert of the East Saxons making a Speech to them, and, among other things, recommending to

them the choosing a Head to lead them, they made Choice of King Ina ; who received Homage of them there, and advancing his Standard, marched forward against the Britains.

Probably it might be then the chief Residence of the West Saxon Kings, at least of this Ina ; however it must be necessarily furnished with stately Houses, fitt to give Reception to the Persons of all the Saxon Kings of the Heptarchy, with their Courtiers and Attendants, which must be very numerous ; besides, there seemed to have been a great Army along with them, which waited the Result of their Consultations.

I know not, what should induce the Dr. to call the Place *Mount Campeden* ; unless there was some word in the original Latine, besides that of *Campodunum*, that answer'd to that of, *Mount* ; for, if it was barely that and no more, I think it should have been rendered, according to Dr. Gale, *the Camp on the Mount, or Hill*. But I want very much to see the original Latine, and accordingly, when I was at London last year, went to the Cotton Library to peruse that Copy of *Bever*, which is said to be there, Vitell. E. XVII. 4. I saw the MS. indeed, but there is not the least mention of that Passage in the Book ; which Mr. Casley and I, both of us, thoroughly examined ; that I concluded, it was  
not

not Bever's Chronicle, but some other Anonymous Writer.

The printed Catalogue of MSS. mention's one Copy of this Authour in Trinity Colledge Library Oxon, and another in Sr. Simonds D'Ewes Library, which are all I meet with.

I don't find any Authour ha's follow'd Bever, in calling it *Campodunum*, but Langhorn in his *Chron. Reg. Angl.* who both in the Epistle Dedicatory, pag. 5. and also the Book it self, pag. 250. write's it *Campodunum*: But all Authours and Records, that I have seen, generally spell it with a (p.) which agree's with Dr. Skinner's Etymology:

I have not mett with any mention of the Place, after that Account of Bever's, 'till the Time of William the Conquerour, when in Domesday-book it is written *Campedene*, fol. 166. b. In the next King's Reign, *A.D.* 1093. in the Charter of Will. Rufus, confirming the Grant of Hugh Earl of Chester, (to whom the Conquerour had given Campden,) of the Titles of that Manor, (among others,) to the Church of St. Werburge's in Chester, it is called *Campe-dena*; Mon. Angl. vol. I. pag. 201. a. lin. 45. And so, through all the King's Reigns, quite down to this present time, it ha's constantly been written with a (p.) but differently spell'd, as *Campedena*, *Caumpedena*, *Compedena*, and some-

CCXVIII THE PUBLISHER'S APPENDIX

times, *Campdena* ; as particularly in a Charter of Hugh de Gundeville, who lived in the Reign of K. Henr. 2. to the Abbey of Evesham ; which is in a Register of Charters of that Abbey in the Cotton Library, Vespas. B. 24. fol. 44, a. which, because it make's much for the Antiquity of the Markett here, I have added at length, viz.

“ Notum sit presentibus, et futuris, quòd  
 “ ego Hugo de Gundevilla concessi omnibus  
 “ hominibus Abbatis de Eveshām liberam  
 “ potestatem et quietam eundi, et emendi,  
 “ et vendendi, in foro meo de Campdena ;  
 “ et prohibeo, ne aliquis Balivorum meo-  
 “ rum petat ab aliquo suorum Telonium,  
 “ vel aliam consuetudinem ; vel aliquam ve-  
 “ xationem eis faciat in foro meo, vel in  
 “ via ; nec aliam consuetudinem ab eis exi-  
 “ gat, quam mei faciunt in foro Abbatis.  
 “ Testibus, (inter alios,) Osmundo de Cam-  
 “ pendena, Everardo de Campdena.”

And in another Charter in the same Register, fol. 42. a.

“ Sciant, &c. quòd ego Rogerus Dei gratia  
 “ Abbas de Evesham, et ejusdem loci Con-  
 “ ventus, concessimus, &c. Johanni Grene,  
 “ et Alitie uxori ejus, filie Everardi de Cam-  
 “ pendena, &c. Testibus, (inter alios,) Willō  
 “ filio

“ filio Everardi de Campendena, Everardo  
 “ et Augustino fratribus ejus, &c.

Dr. Gale in his Commentaries on Antoninus's Itinerary, on the word *Cambodunum*, saie's, *Antonini codices aliquot MSS. legunt Campodunum, quemadmodum & Beda; alii Campodonum et Campadunum*: So that there seem's to have been a Place of the same Name with that of Bever's, in the time of the Romans, in the North of England; and I think our Campden likely enough to have born the same Name, (*Campodunum*,) as long agoe, in the South of England.

Verstegan, (Antw. 1605. 4<sup>to</sup>.) pag. 287. agree's with Dr. Skinner in his deriving it from the A. S. *Lamp*, and *Den*; but fancie's it to have been some Place appointed for Champions, Combat-fighters, or men of Arms, to encounter each other, &c.

I don't know, whether you have Sr. Rob. Atkins; but he saies, pag. 309. a. That it is so called from a Camp, near that Place, where a Battle had been formerly fought; and pag. 322. a. That a great Battle was fought between the Mercians, and West-Saxons, in the Hamlett of Barrington, about a Mile from the Town of Campden: The Camp of the Mercians was at Willersey, the camp of the West-Saxons on  
 Meen-

Meen-Hill, in the Parish of Quintone, and Mickleton. (&c.) A Bridge in Barrington retain's the name of Battle-Bridge. Barrington, antiently Burington, is likewise so called from being the Burying place of the Slain.

I could never meet with an Account of this Battle in any Authour. What Authority Sr. Robert had for it, I know not: but, no doubt, such a Battle was fought there, both from the constant Tradition of the Inhabitants, and the Place still retaining the Name of Battle-Bridge; though at present there is scarce left one Stone upon another, and it is only a shallow Ford through a little Brook.

There are two such Camps, as he mention's, on Willersey-Hill, (about a Mile from Campden,) and Meen-Hill, but I should rather think, that of the West-Saxons to have been on Willersey-Hill, and the Mercians on Meen-Hill; for the former lye's in the South West, and the latter in the North East, in respect of each other; they are both of a square form, and large extent, with deep double Trenches.

I never saw it written, or called, *Barrington*, but always *Berrington*; and in Antient Records it is, *Berintone*, *Beritone*, *Buritone*, &c. It is contiguous to the rest of the Town, and the very Church it self stands in that, which is called *Berrington*, which confirm's its being the  
Bu-



## TO HIS PREFACE.

ccxxi

Burying-place of the Slain; Battle-Bridge is indeed in the District of Berrington, but above half a Mile from the Town.

There is another Tradition, very current among the Country People, that it was formerly, A Camp of the Danes; and so took it's Name from *Camp*, and *Dane*; but I take the Name to be antienter, then the Time of the Danes being here: However, I find, some in print have mention'd it; particularly Ogilby in his Survey of the Roads of England, Edition in 8<sup>vo</sup>. pag. 159, who saie's, The Town is of great Antiquity, the Danes being supposed to have their Camp near it, and thence it's Name seem's to be deriv'd; but I don't know, whether there be any more Grounds for this, then that, of it's being formerly called, Little London, which is also very common in the Mouths of the People.

I am sure, I have now sufficiently tired you; but the great Love I have for the Place, where I had a good Part of my Education, make's me dwell the longer upon the Subject; and have nothing more to add, but my most kind Love and Respects, from,

Dear Sir,

Mickleton, Easter  
Munday, 29<sup>th</sup>. of March,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

A. D. 1725.

Richard Graves.

*Upon*

*Vpon occasion of this Letter from Mr. Graves, I desired a worthy Friend to consult the Harleyan MS. of Bever, which accordingly he very readily did, (by the Favour of the R<sup>t</sup>. Hon<sup>ble</sup>. the Earl of Oxford,) and from his Answer I understand, that the Passage, referr'd to by Dr. Powell, is also wanting there; but then I find, that 'tis in the MS. of Trinity-College Library in this Vniversity (the same that I have cited in my Glossary<sup>1</sup>) from which I shall here publish it at large, as 'tis inserted in my MSS. Collections<sup>2</sup>, at the same time advertising, that this Trinity-College MS. is a Collection by an anonymous Writer (whom, however, Dr. Powell, to whom it belong'd, ventures to stile Bever) and that 'tis not the true genuine Bever, such as may be met with (as far as I can, at present, understand) in the Cottonian and Harleyan MSS.*

Quoniam ex scriptura commendabili felicis Bedæ presbiteri modernorum traditur memoria, per quot regna, quibus, quotq; regibus olim Britannia subjacebat, id in hoc opusculo redigere non decuit, quod tantus pater suo carmine singulis patefecit. Verum quia felix Beda prælibatus anno nati Salvatoris ex virgine DCCXXXII. ex hac vita transisse fertur, ex tunc regum gesta regniq; fortuita futurorum tradere memoriis studentem ratio suadebat. Inspectis

<sup>1</sup> Pag. 599.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. 107. p. 82.

igitur cronicarum collectis, ac de gestis Anglorum libellis, actus veritati concordēs Auctor hujus operis tenore præsēntis paginæ copulavit. Ut itaq; ex certo principio præsens narratio finem debitum per ordinem sorciatur, prodesse creditur ab ejus incipere progenie, qui Britonum rex ultimus reliquit Britanniam alienis. Anno siquidem graciæ dccxxv. ante decessum Bedæ septimo, Iuorius & Henyhinus, filii filiæ regis quondam Cadwalladri, de Hibernia venientes, duobus Walliæ regibus opem præstantibus, totam Cestriæ provinciam vastaverunt. Venientes quoq; in rure Danorum, quod ex eo Anglice nomen accepit Campedene, Latine campus Danorum, regibus Anglorum mandarunt legatos, ut Britanniam sibi restituerent, a qua suos patres & parentes injustis incursibus expulerunt. Addentes mandando, quod nisi infra quindenam regionem redderent, ulterius vitæ spaciū non haberent. Inclitus ergo Westsexiæ Ine rex, filius Kenredi regis, omnibus Anglorum regibus hoc mandatum innotuit, qui mox armata manu in monte de Campedene venerunt, quibus rex eciam Estsexiæ Sibertus ait. “ Animadvertamus, karissimi, quales sumus, & “ quales qui contra nos veniunt. Vere Britones “ sunt, quorum patres & parentes, patres nostri à suis hereditariis expulerunt. Nunc siquidem veniunt de jure, pugnando calumpniare “ quod

“ quod à suis nostri iuribus abstulere. Faciamus  
 “ ergo sicut ceteræ faciunt regiones. Eligamus  
 “ nobis capud, qui nos ducat, dirigat & guber-  
 “ net; cui nos omnes, tanquam membra, sicut  
 “ domino, tam pacis quam guerræ temporibus,  
 “ inclinemus, quoniam sine capite non speratur  
 “ victoria reputari. Nonne anno secundo post  
 “ Britonum dispersionem, Saxonicum super po-  
 “ pulum, multo nunc nobis forciolem, infra  
 “ septennium quindecies applicuerunt, regna  
 “ regum spoliarunt, populum trucidarunt, & re-  
 “ vertentes nostros vix vivos laceratos vulneri-  
 “ bus reliquerunt ?” Reges siquidem Anglorum  
 omnes, hoc contenti consilio, strenuissimum  
 militem Ine, Westsexiæ regem, in caput & do-  
 minum regum Anglorum unanimiter eligerunt,  
 anno Domini DCLXXXIX. Qui regum acceptis  
 homagiis, vexillum regni erexit, ac exercitum  
 Iuorii & Henyhini ita debactavit, quod in Wal-  
 liam, relictis tentoriis, fugierunt. Optenta itaq;  
 victoria, rex Ine, cum Anglorum regibus, (præ-  
 ter Sibertum regem Estsexiæ, qui, causa sene-  
 ctutis & impotenciæ, ad suam <sup>1</sup> rediens regio-  
 nem) apud Southampton se divertit, ubi suus  
 cognatus Adelardus occurrens nunciavit, quod  
 Iuorius & Henyhinus exercitum novum con-  
 gregarunt, ut Anglorum populum iterum <sup>2</sup> de-

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<sup>1</sup> F. rediit.    <sup>2</sup> F. debellarent.

bellarunt. Rex namq; Ine, miles validissimus, illuc progredi non tardavit, Snaudonem obsedit, Hibernes & Britones ad naves fugere compulit, & totam sibi Walliam subjugavit. Festum vero Sancti David rex Ine tenere volens, cum suis regibus & Walliæ magnatibus apud Bangor accessit, ubi die septimo post festum proclamare fecit, quod omnes reges ad suas redire[nt] regiones, moraturi donec mandatum haberent, ut iterum convenirent. Regibus itaque repatriatis, Rex Ine cum Adelardo suo cognato, & tota Regia familia, suam civitatem Manecestriam petivit, Ethelburgam suam reginam, suumq; filium Adellum ibidem invenit, cum quibus vix tribus mensibus repausavit. Adellus quoq;, filius regis unicus, præsentem vitam terminavit eo tempore, dolorem patri non modicum propinando. Adelardus interea, Walliam cupiens circuire, tres exploratores obviam habuit, quibus captis & scrutatis, concepit, quod Iuorius & Henyhinus venturi sunt Angliam cum tanta populi multitudine, quod omnes Anglorum reges eorum viribus resistere non valebant. Adelardus igitur ad regem Anglorum Ine rediens, eidem retulit quod audivit. Rex autem Ine, suis statim regibus expressa causa, mandavit, quod indilate venirent Cestriæ, in equis & armis parati contra suos hostes, suas defendere regiones. Reges namq; mandatum hujusmodi pari-

pariter acceptantes, Cestriæ convenerunt, vexillum regium sectantes, percussoq; bello cum Britonibus, in fugam converterunt adversarios, qui infra sequens biennium Angliam sepcies invadebant, civitates & villas spoliabant, & cum spoliis repedabant. Interea rex Ine optenta victoria remeavit, & annis triginta sex super regno Westsexiæ peractis, Adelardo cognato suo regnum suum legavit.





# PETER LANGTOFT'S CHRONICLE.



ON Saynt Bede bokes writen er stories olde.

Sex hundreth & four score & nien zere mo er  
tolde

Sen þat Jhesu Criste of Mary was born,  
& þe kȳng Cadwaladre þis lond had alle lorn.

For Englis & Sessons he went to lesse Bretayn,  
To speke with his cosȳne, his name was kȳng Alayn.  
& fro þien he went vnto þe courte of Rome,  
For to tak his penance & of his synnes dome.  
Whan he was asoȳled of þe pape Sergie,  
He died & was biried in Rome solemplie.  
In þe zere after nouþer lesse ne more  
Kom his & his kosȳn Ini & Inore,  
In schip out of Ireland, in Wales gan þei vprȳue,  
þorgh out Chestreschire werre gan þei drȳue.  
Had þei no stȳntȳng, bot þorgh alle þei ran,  
Unto Wȳnchestre, alle þe loud þei wan.

De Rege de  
Westsexe.

**I**N Westsex was þan a kýng, ' his was Sir Ine.

Whan he wist of þe Bretons, of werre ne wild he fine.

Messengers he sent þorghout Ingland

Unto þe Inglis kýnges, þat had it in þer hond,

& teld how þe Bretons, men of mýkelle mýght,

þe lond wild wýnne ageýn þorh force & fyght.

Hastisly ilkone þe kýnges com fulle suýthe,

Bolde men & stoute, þer hardinesse to kiþe.

In a grete Dancis felde þer þei samned alle,

þat euer siþen hiderward Kampedene men kalle.

Of all þo Inglis kýnges, þat þan comen wore,

Sigbert, kýng of Estsex, in elde was he more.

He bigan to speke tille alle þe chiualrie :

“ We be comen alle of kýnde of Germanie,

“ þat chased has þe Bretons here of þer kýthe.

“ Now ere þei comen to clayme it, & mýkelle force þam with.

“ Oiþer bihoues vs defend it, or gelde vp our <sup>2</sup> righ.

“ I rede we chese a hede, þat vs to werre kan dight,

“ & to þat ilk hede I rede we vs býnde.

“ For werre withouten hede is not wele, we fýnde.

þe barons gæde to conseile, & teld it siþen on hie,

Ine kýng <sup>3</sup> kýng” of Westsex was a knýght worpie,

Forto gýe vs alle, þat now er comen here.

Ine toke þe scaute, displayed his banere,

& went to þe bataile in a fulle faire grene,

þat is vnder Kampedene, a medew I wene.

Inor & Ini were disconfite þat day,

þe Iris & þe Wals with þam fled away.

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<sup>1</sup> *Pro*, his name was. <sup>2</sup> *L.* right. <sup>3</sup> *Redundat*.



Alle were þei nere slayn, & þo þat þer left  
 Fled vnto Wales vnto þer schippes eft.  
 Whan þise Bretons tuo were fled out of þis lond,  
 Ine toke his scaute of alle þat ' lond helde.  
 At the fistend day þei samned at Southamptone,  
 With joy alle at ons þei went tille Snawdone  
 On Iuor & Ini, þat tapised by þat side,  
 To purueie þam a skulkyng, on þe Englis eft to ride.  
 Bot Ine had þe Inglis cuerilkon at wille,  
 Bot Segbert of Estsex at home left stille.  
 He was of grete elde, & myght not trauaile,  
 Bot Iuor & Ini þe Englis gan þam assaile.  
 þe Englis were bolde, & drofe þam to þe sand.  
 þe fled out of Wales away tillel reland.

Iuor & Ini  
 fugiunt.

**T**HE Englis <sup>2</sup> kynges turned, þei mot do nomore,  
 Bot soioined þam a while in rest a Bangore,

<sup>1</sup> L. helde lond. <sup>2</sup> See pag. 12, 13. of a most rare Book, being Mr. Thomas Ellis's imperfect Edition (with great Improvements) of Dr. Powell's History, to which is prefix'd Sir John Prise's Description of Wales. Oxon. 1653. 4to. I call it imperfect, because it was never near compleated by Mr. Ellis, as will appear from the following Remark, which I have written at the beginning of my Copy that I happen'd to purchase in the Year 1722.  
 "The following Description of

"Wales was published by Mr. Thomas Ellis, A. M. and Fellow of Jesus Coll. Oxon. but 'tis much altered from the Edition which Dr. Powell set out, with the History of Cambria, now called Wales, at Lond. in 1584. 4to. The said Mr. Thomas Ellis was a learned Man, and a very great Antiquary. He began also to reprint the said History of Cambria, which was grown (and is now) very scarce. In order to which that great Antiquary,

*Ine Rex Westsex.*

þat ilk a kyng of reame suld mak him alle redie.  
 At þe Paske after þe kyng Ine <sup>1</sup> gart <sup>2</sup> tric,  
 Home forto.wend to childe & to wife,  
 To visitte þer londes, to solace þer life.  
 Ine kyng of Westsex for his <sup>3</sup> wife sent  
 Vnto <sup>4</sup> Malmcestre, þe quene tille him went.

"Rob. Vaughan of Hengwort  
 "in Merionethshire, Esq. (who  
 "was diverted by other Business  
 "from publishing this Work, as  
 "he otherwise designed) com-  
 "municated to him his Corre-  
 "tions and Additions. But Mr.  
 "Ellis finding, that a paul-  
 "try, illiterate Author, called  
 "Percie Enderbie, had been be-  
 "fore hand with him, and some  
 "way or other had got Mr.  
 "Vaughan's Notes also, and  
 "was so bold, as, without Mr.  
 "Vaughan's leave, to print them  
 "in his Book (which is but a  
 "poor thing) in Folio call'd,  
 "Cambria Triumphans: or, an-  
 "cient and modern British and  
 "Welsh Histories, he laid by his  
 "Design, and so no more was  
 "printed than 128. Pages, all  
 "which are here. After he had  
 "desisted (for which all curious  
 "and learned Men were very  
 "sorry, he being so very capa-  
 "ble of doing great Matters)  
 "the Copies, all but a very few,  
 "were sold for wast Paper.  
 "upon which account the Book is

"now a wonderfull Rarity, and  
 "highly valuable. Dr. Powell's  
 "Additions are marked thus  
 "✠. Mr. Vaughan's thus 2.  
 "This Book belong'd to the  
 "Rev'd. Mr. Josiah Pullen,  
 "M. A. and Vice-Principal of  
 "Magd. Hall Oxon." What I  
 "have here observ'd about Mr.  
 "Ellis & Percie Enderbie is con-  
 "firm'd by Mr. Wood, Ath. Oxon.  
 "Vol. II. col. 248, 249. But the  
 "chief reason of my referring here  
 "to Mr. Ellis's imperfect Ed. of  
 "Dr. Powell's Hist. of Cambria  
 "is upon account of a Passage that  
 "is there published, (as 'tis also in  
 "Dr. Powell's own genuine Ed.)  
 "out of John Castoreus or Bever,  
 "which will very much illustrate  
 "this Place of Langtoft.

<sup>1</sup> F. gan. Quod si gart reti-  
 neas, tum idem erit quod pre-  
 pared. <sup>2</sup> F. crie. <sup>3</sup> Ethel-  
 burga, <sup>4</sup> Id est, Manchester, in  
 agro Lancastrensi, quod Ma-  
 mceastre appellat Hovedenus,  
 Mamerceaster Florentius, Ma-  
 nize-ceaster Chron. Sax. Fu-  
 tilium autem eorum conjecturam

Ine þe kȳng had a sonne, his name Adellus.  
Dede him toke & he died, als it salle do vs.  
Sorow & site he made, þer was non oþer rede,  
For his sonne & heȳre, þat so sone was dede.

*esse arbitror, nec ulla confutatione egere, qui vocem Manige ceaptes (in Chronico Saxónico) non de unica duntaxat urbe, sed de multis civitatibus esse intelligendam putant. Sed en tibi ipsa verba è Chronico, sub anno dccccxiii. ubi de Edmundo Seniore agens, docuit, ipsum eodem illo anno, mox post astatem, ad Thælwæle [i. e. Thelwel, sive Thelwall, viculum ad ripam fluminis Mersey in agro Cestrensi, notante cl. Gibsono, p. 45. Explicat. Notum Locor. in Chr. Sax.] cum exercitu profectum, primum jussisse eam urbem construi, & firmari, præsidioque muniri; deinde jussisse etiam alium exercitum, dum ibi commoraretur, de Merciorum terra, adire Manigeceaster in Northymbria, ac eam resarcire, præsidioque munire. Hæc on þýrrum geape. for Eadpeapð cýnung mid fýrðe on ufan hæppet to Dælpæle. ⁊ het gefýpcan þa buph. ⁊ geſettan. ⁊ zemannian. And het oðre fýrð eac of Mýpcna þeode. þa hpile þe he þær ræt gefapan Manigeceaptes on Norð-hýmbpan.*

*⁊ hie gebetan ⁊ zemannian. Pro on ufan hæppet, autumnali tempore habet Florentius Wigorniensis. Sic enim ille sub A.D. 920. (quo anno, non, ut Chr. Sax. 923. rem gestam fuisse retulit.) Autumnali tempore rex invictissimus Eadwardus ad Tealweale profectus est, ibidemque urbem construxit, & ad ejus præsidium quosque fortissimos de exercitu suo reliquit. Misit etiam in Northimbriam Merciorum exercitum, ut urbem Mamerceastram restaurarent, & in ea fortes milites collocarent. Neque hac in re quid discrepat exemplar præstantissimum editionis Florentii Wigorniensis in 4to. Londini 1592. quod, doctissimi Langbainii notis quamplurimis MSS. (maxima ex parte è duobus Mariani Scoti, è quo pleraque; sua surripuit Florentius, sicut in Lelando nostro, Col. Fol. III. p. 277. monui, Codicibus eximis, calamo curatis, petitis) adornatum, è Musæo Arthuri Charletti, nuper defuncti, rede mi, idem nimirum illud exemplar, quod ad pag. 212. editionis nostræ vitæ Ælfredi Magni Spelmannianæ commemoravi.*

Ine was kȳng of Westsex sex & pritty gere,  
 Fulle wele he gemed þe lond fro wo & fro wehere.  
 Iuor & Ini ost did he þam chace.  
 In his tȳme to rise had þei neuer grace.  
 Tuentȳ grēte batailes Ine ouerkam,  
 þe quene withouten childe non heȳre of hir nam.  
 Ine went to Rome als in pilgremage,  
 Adelard his cosȳn he gaf his heritage.  
 The pape him asoȳled in treuth stedfast,  
 Whan he had don his penance, he ȝald to God þe gaste,

Ine per-  
 rexit Ro-  
 man, &  
 ibi sepultus  
 est.

**A**DELARD of Westsex was kȳng of þe enpire,  
 Of Noreis & Surreis, guȳour of ilk schire.  
 He ne suffred neuere wrath to be aboue  
 Bituex kȳng baron, þat ne he mad aȳ loue.  
 Alle þe Bretons he ouercome, þat wild him assaile,  
 & in his þirtende gere force gan him faile.  
 Tille Uttred his kosȳn, a stille knyght in stoure,  
 He gaf his kȳngdom, & died in langoure.  
 He ligges at Bathe, for þider was he born.  
 þe holy man Saynt Bede died a gere befor.

Ecce de  
 Henrico  
 Hunting-  
 tone.

¶ Henry of Huntȳngton sen þat day & þat gere  
 To write Inglis gestes fond he non his pere.  
 A bisshop of Lincolne, Alisandre he hight,  
 Praied him to write þe gestes þat were right,  
 þerfor þis Henry is cald a compiloure.

De Alex-  
 and o p-  
 scopu Brit-  
 colniæ.

He wrote þe Engliȳ gestes whilom of honoure.  
 ¶ þus wrote to þe bisshop Henry þe same,  
 He sais, þis lond hight Bretayn, þat now has oþer name.

Ingland now is cald, for Inglis men we fynd  
 þe folk þat is þerin, it is of diuers kýnd.  
 He sais þis lond has suffred so many tyme wo,  
 Fiue sorowes he writes withouten oþer mo.  
 þo ilk fiue sorowes he calles fiue woundes,  
 þat ere not git haled, ne salle be many stoundes.  
 Nopeles þe clerk Merlyn sais certeyn,  
 That Bretons at þe last salle haf þis lond agayn,  
 Whan Cadwaldre salle calle with him þe kýng Konan,  
 What tyme it salle falle, git wote no man.  
 Now of fiue sorowes, þat git not endid are,  
 Henry in his writýng telles what þei ware.

- T**HE first of þise fiue was þorgh Romeýns,  
 That wan it of Casbalan in to þer demeýns.  
 Grete treuage þei toke of þis lond here.  
 þre þousand pounde of gold to paye ilk a gere.  
 & four hundred gere lastid þat ilk wo,  
 þei mad þe lond fulle pouere, þe folk ded þei slo.
- ¶ þe toþer sorow of þis lond mykelle gan it greue,  
 þe Scottes & þe Peibtes togider gan þei cleue,  
 To waste alle Northumberland, þe goles away þei ledde,  
 þat men with þe bestes in feldes þei þam fedde.
- ¶ The þrid sorow of þis lond com þorgh þe Sessions,  
 þat ten sipes arýued vppon þe Bretons,  
 & siþen were chaced ageyn aw with maistrie,  
 & eft arýued on þam here þorgh quantise of spic,  
 At þe last þei chaced out þe Bretons so clene,  
 Away vnto Wales þer kýnd is I wene.

Quinque  
 plagarum  
 terræ pri-  
 ma plaga  
 fuit.

Secunda  
 plaga.

Tercia pla-  
 ga.

þe Inglis of þis lond þe lordschip þei toke,  
& haf it ȝit in þer hond, þe Bretons forsoke.

Quarta  
plaga.

¶ þe ferthe sorow of þis lond com þorgh þe Danes,  
þe folk of the North slouh, destroyed þer waues.  
Siþen wan þei alle þe South, maistrie þei schewed,  
& laid þer Dangilde on lered & lewed,  
& left þe Inglis þe lond on a forward dere,  
To pay ilk a hede a peny to þam bi ȝere.

Quinta  
plaga.

¶ The fift sorow þer after com, whan William conqueroure,  
þat aryued on þis lond, Harald he slouh in stoure,  
& barons oþer inouh, þat died in þe feld,  
þe lond lese þe armes, changed is þe scheld.  
Siþen he & his haf had þe lond in heritage,  
þat þe Inglis haf so lad, þat þei lȳue in seruage,  
He sette þe Inglis to be þralle, þat or was so fre.  
He þat bigan it alle in þe geste may ȝe se.

Henricus  
dicit.

**H**ENRY of Huntington testimons þis title.  
þe kȳngdom of Westsex, he sais, it was not litelle,  
Whan Adelard died þerfro, & Uttred þerto went.

Uttredus  
regnavit.

Uttred in his first ȝere messengers he sent  
For kȳnges & barons vntille his parlement,  
In stede þer he it sette, þei wist what it ment.  
Bot Eadbald it withsaid, kȳng of Lyndesay,  
He was of þe Bretons kynde, he stode of him non eye.  
Uttred wrathed him þerfore, & ran on him fulle tite,  
& tuȳs þorgh batale in felde was Eadbald disconfite.  
ȝit wild he not be war þer bi, so proude he was in herte,  
Tille he was wonded þe prid tȳme, & died also smerte.

Bixied

Biried he is at Repyndon, & in þe kirke he lis.  
 He þat wille not bowe in skille, I hold him vnwis.  
 Many tȳmes on Uttred Bretons bataile souht :  
 Uttred was so valiant, he gaf of þam right nouht.  
 He regned fiftene zere, & died alle to rathe.  
 He ligges biried als a kȳng in the toun of Bathe.

**A**FTER Uttred regned Sibriht, his kosȳn,  
 He luffed wele þe Bretons, þat com tille ille sȳn.  
 He bare him so tille his barons, þat noȳer zong ne olde  
 Wald vnto him bowe, ne bliþeli of him holde.  
 What did þe barons alle with þis fole Sibriht ?  
 Chaced him fro his reame, & chese a noȳer knȳght,  
 Kȳnewolf, of þe kȳnred of Adelarde's blode,  
 A while lufed þe Inglis, & wele with þam stode.  
 Sibriht þat schrew as a lordan gan lusk,  
 A suȳnlird smote he to dede vnder a thorn busk.

Sibriht  
regnavit.

Kȳnewolf  
cœpit ra-  
gnare.

**K**YNEWOLF toke þe kȳngdom (for better mot not falle) Rex Kȳnewolf.  
 & siȳen toke þe feaute of þe kȳnges alle,  
 As his ancestres had it befor hand,  
 Bot of Kent & Lyndesay & Northumberland.  
 Þise þre kȳnges geȳnsaid it hȳm,  
 & Kȳnewolf to þo þre bare him so brȳm,  
 So wis he was in dede, of body so valiant,  
 With dȳnt of suerd & drede he mad þam recreant.  
 Kȳng was Kȳnewolf sex & tuenty zere,  
 He was neuer wedded, to woman's daungere.

No childe had he neuer, his heritage mýght to wende,  
 Bot welth inou to welde, vntille his lyue's ende.  
 At Wýnchestre he lis, þider men him bare.  
 Full frely he lyued here, his soule with God it fare.

Rex Brit-  
 trik.

**W**HAN þe kýng Kýnwolf had don his endýng,  
<sup>1</sup> Brittrik his kosýn þei lift him to kýng.  
 Offa, kýng of Lýndsaý, a faire douhter had,  
 Brittrik hir wedded, & quene home hir lad.  
 Whan he had regned foure zere, one rýued vpon his right,  
 A duke of Danmark, Kebriht he hight.  
 Brittrik had a stiward, his name was Herman :  
 Kebriht he kept at Humber, & on him he ran.  
 Hard was þe bataile, als þei togider stýnt  
 Herman was þer slaýn, þe duke gaf þe dýnt.  
 Ageýn to Danmark Kebriht gan schake,  
 þat þe kýng <sup>2</sup> Kebriht ne mýght him ouertake.  
 He mot not venge Herman of Kebriht þat him slouh.  
 He did his ost turne agaýn, & had sorow inouh.  
 In his elleuent zere com folk, þat misleued,  
 Aryued on Brittrik, & sore þei him greued.  
 þore Brittrik bare him so in þat ilk bataile,  
 þe dede zede Danes to, þe Norcis gan him vaile.  
 Edburgh hight þe quene, þat I ore of ment,  
 Scho purueied a poýson to þe kýng sonne of Kent.  
 Hatred before was, S. Bede herd I saý,  
 Biten þe kýng of Kent, & þe kýng of Lýndsaý.

<sup>1</sup> L. Brittrik.

<sup>2</sup> F. Brittrik.



¶ Eilred of Lyndesay alle Kent he wasted.

þe kȳng after, I say, to hate often he tasted

þe was of Lyndesay, als I ore told.

Scho <sup>2</sup> purueid þat poȳson þorgh hated of old.

*Malim, Eilred (vel, at alii Cantii regem vocant, Alric) of Kent alle Lyndesay he wasted. <sup>2</sup> The Author hath here an eye upon the History of Eadburg, (or, as he just above writes her, Edburgh) King Brictrick's Queen, who was Daughter of Offa, K. of Mercia; but, as he hath represented it, it is very obscure and imperfect; and whereas he tells us, that Brictrick was buried at Tewksbury, others assure us, that it was at Warham, Whence the Saxon Annals. An. DCCCLXXXIV. Her Cȳneheard of-þloh Cȳnepulf cȳning. ¶ he þær pe-apð of-þlegen. ¶ LXXXIV. monna mid him. And þa on-þeng Bȳþhtic ƿert-Seaxna rice. ¶ he ƿicȳde xvi. gear. and hȳ ƿæðen-cȳn geð to Cepdice. The story of Eadburg is given at large by several Writers. She was a most beautifull Lady, and had gained the Affections of the King her Husband (a good natured mild Prince) so much, that he was governed and directed more by her, than was consistent with his Royal Dignity. She was of*

*a very haughty, proud temper, and could not brook, that the King should have any favourites, but such as she approved of. So that if she saw, or knew of, any, that, without her special consent and approbation, were countenanced, and particularly respected by him, she contrived methods to make such away. There happened to be a very delicate, fine young Gentleman (Son, it seems, as Lungeft informs us, to the King of Kent) that the King shew'd a more than ordinary kindness to, both upon account of his exquisite beauty, and the excellency of his understanding. The youth was perfectly innocent, and the King (notwithstanding an Usurper, as being not of the right line [See Dr. Brady's History of the Succession, p. 359.]) of too virtuous a nature to cause any just grounds of suspicion, that there was any immorality in the case. The Queen, however, thought otherwise. She look'd upon the youth as the King's minion, and her jealousy wrought her to such a pitch of madness, that she prepar'd a potion for him (an ordinary*

diary practise with her, when she had a mind to vent her spleen) that prov'd fatal not only to the lovely youth, but even to the King himself, who had the misfortune (tho' quite contrary to her design) to tast first of the cup. This raised the indignation of the King's Subjects to such a degree, that she was forced, for security, to fly beyond Sea, and the West-Saxons thereupon resolv'd, that, for the future, no Queen should sit on the throne with the King, nor be stil'd his Queen, but only the King's wife. But this custom being look'd upon as barbarous and very dishonourable, it was soon after broke by King Ethelwolf (father to Ælfred the Great) notwithstanding in the times of some of his successors there was often a respect had unto it, as I have shew'd in my Notes upon Sir John Spelman's *Life of K. Ælfred*, p. 24. to which place I shall refer the Reader, and, upon this occasion, will only beg leave to insert, what is said about King Brictrick in the prose additions to the MS. of Robert of Gloucester, that belongs to the Herald's Office. After him [Kyncwulfe] Brightrik regned. xvi. yere, more studios a bout pees thanne ; bataille. This toke to wyfe Edburge, kyng

Offes doughter of Merchene-riche. Whiche Edburge sturied her lorde a yenst gillese men, notwithstanding that him self was meoke and benynge. And yf she ne myght nat come to here purpose by counseille to ouercome thoo that here liked by werre, sheo dude hem be slayne by poyson. This was preued in a yonglyng of the kynges whiche he muche loued, which heo with her poysen sloughe. And after that the kyng deyde þorgh a dreuche, whiche vnwytýng the quene he dranke, of hure makýng. and whenne the týthinge here of was sprong oute, thulke wikked quene by the comminalte was driue oute of the countre, and a statute i made a mong the West-Saxones, that no quene afterwarde shulde sitte by the kynges atte mete, ne be clepud quene, for the malice of Edburge forsaiden. And sheo þen wendýng to kyng Charles the gret Charles of Fraunce, bi the grete. hadde on a tyme, as she was essheked of him, whether sheo hadde lyuer haue him, than his sone that stode ther by, into housbond, sheo chees his sone. Thenne Charles, of he answeare amended,

Brittrik hir lord, þat scho nouht wiste,  
 Unwarned drank þerof a drauht als him liste.  
 He lȳued bot a moneth, þer of gan he die.  
 At Teukesbiri in toumbe his bodȳ did lie.

meved, saide thus. Yf thou haddest chose me, thou shuldest haue hadde mȳ sone; but for thou castest me a way, and chese mȳ sone, nother him ne me shalt þow haue. And then he putte her in a abbey, where shē was worshipfulliche I founde. but after sheo was founde gȳltȳ in lecherie, wherefore she was putte oute ther of. Kȳng Brȳghtrȳc had take these to wȳue as for the mightȳest kynge's doughter of Englisshemen, that thourgh the affinite of hure he mȳghte haue his regne atte his wille, and putte of his Enmȳs the lightloker, and a gaste the rebelle to him. Bȳ the helpe of this kyng Offe he droff in to Fraunce Egbricht, of the kynge's kynrede alone a lȳf, and whiche he most dradde to be a ȳenst hȳm and contrarie to his profȳtes. For this Brightric, and other kynges

fram Ine to him, were oute of the right lyne of kynges, as of Certikes kȳn. Whanne Egbricht thus was exiled, to Brightric a newe greuance ȳut sprong. For a folke of hethen Danes, ȳ used to lȳue bȳ see robberȳ, prȳuȳlich in iii. shippes shende the pes of Westsex. Whiche shippes aspied the plenteuousnesse of the londe and the vertues of the men ther inne dwellȳng, and theȳ thenne wendȳng home a ȳc, brought more peple, and assaide to stroȳe the contre, so that theȳ toke the kȳngus toune that was neighe and robbed hit. but anon, for drede of the peple reuȳȳng thȳerto, theȳ flow to her shippus, lesȳng her prȳe. And whenne Brigheric [*sic*] was dede, as aboue is saide, bȳ poyson happeliche I dronke, atte Warham his bodȳ was take to buriels.

Eg briht  
Rex.

SIBRIHT, þat I of told, þat þe lond had lorn,  
 þat a suýnhird slouh vnder a busk of thorn,  
 Had a kosyn, hight Eg briht, whilom exiled was  
 þorh þe kýng Brihtrik, I ne wote for what trispas.  
 þis ilk Eg briht was norised at Paris  
 In Charlemaýn courte, sire of Saýnt Dinýs.  
 † Ailrik was his fader, a duke of faire fame,  
 Lord of Wicombe, of Redýnges, & of Tame.  
 His moder was Sibriht sister, þat was a sole kýng.  
 þat Brittrik was dede him com típing.  
 He toke leue at Charles, & com tille þis lond,  
 Among his riche kýnde gode frendes he fond.  
 What þorgh lowe of lond, & olde auncestrie,  
 Wan he þe regne of Westsex alle pleýnerlic.  
 Whan he pleýnere seýsýn in þat his eam had lorn,  
 þat his siue ancestres had holden beforþ,  
 þorghout þe South to þe North he had for grete nýth,  
 If aný Breton were fonden holdand lond or lýth,  
 þat he suld voide þe lond, if he his life wild sauc.  
 Many fled to Lýnday, socour forto hauc,  
 To þe kýng Bernewolf, þat was Breton,  
 & he withsaide his feaute, þat he suld haf don.  
 Bituex þise tuo kýnges a werre bigan,  
 Slaýn was Bernewolf, & with him maný man.  
 Under Elendoune þe bataile was smýten.  
 Men syng in þat cuntre (fele git it wíten)

De Berne-  
wolf rege.

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† Male. Nam pater Egberti fuit Alcmundus sive Ealmundus.  
 Vide Sax. Chron. p. 76.

“ Elendoune, Elendoune, þi lond is fulle rede  
 “ Of þe blode of Bernewolf, þer he toke his dede.  
 After þat bataile Eg briht, þus herd I say,  
 Seised Kent & Estsex, Southsex & Surraý,  
 & alle þe grete lond, fro Douer to Grýmsbý.  
 Wilaf, Bernewolf sonne, þerwith had envý.  
 He wild haf venged his fadere, if he had haued myght.  
 Bot he fond no force agayn þe kýng Eg briht.  
 If he wild oult haue, after ' after' his fader decesse,  
 Nedly him bihoued com tille Eg briht pes.  
 At þe last he com, & mad þe kýng homage,  
 Eg briht for his curteisie gaf him his heritage.

¶ Eg briht of alle þe lond had þe regante,  
 Fro Douere vnto Tuede, alle was his fee.  
 Wilaf with him he led, Wales forto se.  
 Bangore with force, þei toke þat cite.

De homa-  
gio Wallie.

The Walsch men it sauh, it mot no better be,  
 þei com befor Eg briht, & mad him feaute,  
 ¶ Sone after þe wýntere, whan þe somer bigan,  
 þe kýng & his meýne went to burgh Konan.  
 It was on Witsonday, in týme of slepyng,  
 Kom messengers of þe North, & teld Eg briht þe kýng,  
 þorgh Frithbald a lord of þe Northende,  
 & said, “ Sir Eg briht, our chese kýng to tille lende,  
 “ Suffre not Sir Frethebald long to lede þis pýne.  
 “ His folk beside Tuede es slayn & kast þer inc,  
 “ He is now in poýnt his regne forto týne.  
 “ þorgh þam of Danmark þis lond wille þei wýne,

Konýnges-  
burghe.

De Frethe-  
baldo.

Bellum apud Karham, & rex fugam cepit.

“ & if þei Sir Frethebald haf now ouer comen,  
 “ þe to þere remenant of þe North son salle þei nomen.  
 “ Sir, for þis hie feste, & for þe Trinite,  
 “ Suffre vs nouht to lese, for defeaute of þe.

**W**HAT did kýng Egbriht? Withouten any somons,  
 & withouten askýng of Erles or barons,  
 He hied him þider suýth, &, whan he com to Tuede,  
 He sauh suýlk oste of paiens, þat alle he was in drede.  
 Neuerþeles at Karham was the bataile gýuen,  
 þe kýng was narow holden, his folk alle to drýuen.  
 Tuo dukes & tuo bisshopes for euer toke þer leue,  
 þe kýng was alle affraied, þer dede gan him greuc.  
 þe kýnge's folk was litelle, it had no dure.  
 On the nýght he fled away, þat non suld him se.  
 Mýght he neuer noure fynd a restýng place.  
 Right vnto Donkastre þe Danes gan him chace.  
 Whan he wend haf passed þo þat gan him drýue,  
 þan were arýued in Humber þrittý schippes & fýue.  
 Ilkone with folk inouh, redý to bataile.  
 “ God wate,” said þe kýng, “ now comes me tranaile.

De Dardano filio regis Daciae.

¶ Dardan hight þe cheftayn of þat company,  
 Sadok sonne of Danmark kýng Danesry.  
 þer pauillons had þei sette beside þe water of Done,  
 Egbriht gadred partie, & zared him fulle sonc.  
 Listen now, how Jhesu Criste, for his mýkelle mercý,  
 Agayn þe fals paiens þe Cristen stode he bý.

SIBRIHT duke of Brailes, Egbricht sister sonne,  
 He com his cam to socour fro ser þer he gan wonne.  
 Sýward þe gode westreis, Edald þe vavasoure,  
 Wilaf kýng of Merce, he com to þat stoure.  
 Harald of Donsmore his lord þider led  
 Berald of þe Marche, of strength non he dred.  
 Haldáyn of Donkastre was chosen þat ilk day,  
 To bere þe kýnge's banere ageyn þe paien lay.  
 Bot Hakon, Hernebald sonne, of best he bare þe voice,  
 In stede of kýnge's banere he did him bere þe croice,  
 In wirschip of Jhesu, & of his passion,  
 þe paiens were so ferd, þei mýght haf no foyson.  
 þe ferþ day of Septembre, in þe <sup>1</sup> heuest tide,  
 At Donkastre mot men se manyon to batale ride.  
 þat to þe kýng Egbricht alle were þei gýnen,  
 For þer heritage þer to die or lýnen.  
 þei hewe on þe paiens, as men of wille gode.  
 þe paiens ageyn þam fulle stifely þei stode.  
 þei sauh alle þat day, ne lefþ þei not þe nýght,  
 Wilaf þe kýng of <sup>2</sup> Merte was sláyn in that fight,  
 & Berald of þe Marche, & þe duke Uttre  
 Lord of Cirencestre, þat nýght sláyn was he.  
 Alle þat nýght þe kýnge's folk fulle ille were þei led,  
 Many on was sláyn, & wondel hard bisted.  
 Right in þe mornýng in aldermost nede  
 Com þe kýnge's sonnes tuo, als Criste wild it rede,  
 Out of Germinie with folk inouh of mýght,  
 Adelwolf & Ethelbert, knýghtes boþe fulle wýght.

De militia  
 Anglorum,  
 & nominibus  
 eorum.

III<sup>e</sup>. die  
 Septembris  
 fact bellum  
 apud Don-  
 kastre inter  
 regem Eg-  
 briht &  
 Danos.

<sup>1</sup> Sic.    <sup>2</sup> Sic.    <sup>3</sup> L. Merce.

Was neuer in alle his lyue þer fadere ore so glad,  
 Als whan he sauh his sons tuo, þe paiens force to sprad.  
 Adelwolf his fader saued at þat ilk iorne,  
 & Ethelbert in the felde his fader lete he se,  
 How Dardan for his lance doun to þe erth went,  
 & smote his hede of, his fader to present.

¶ Harald of Donesmore vppon Done him mette  
 Vibrand, Dardane's broþer, with suerd so him grette,  
 þat þorghout his armes Wibrand alle to hewe.  
 Sone with þe Danes gamned þam no glewe.  
 þat perceyued Haldayn, þat bare þe croice on hie,  
 Sex & þrittý paiens enbussed priuelie.  
 He tok his suerd in hand, þe croyce lete he falle,  
 & medeled him in þe pres, among þe barons alle.  
 Before þe kyng & his sons he rinched þam þe way,  
 Maný wer þe paiens þat Haldayn did slouh þat day.  
 Bituex vnderon & noer: was þe feld alle wonnen.  
 For alle þat wild abide were ouer riden & ronnen.  
 þe kyng with þe maistrie went in to þe toun,  
 þe pris he had wonnen, in vertew of Criste's passioun.  
 ¶ Whan he had done þere alle þat he suld do,  
 He went vnto Wynchestre, his conseile gaf him so.  
 Unto þe somerestide þer gan he lende,  
 Fyue & þrittý batailes had he brouht tille ende.  
 He felt him heuy & ferly seke, his body wex alle seere,  
 His childre he wild auance, tille he o lyue were.  
 Tille Adelwolf gaf he Westsex, hede of alle þe thede,  
 Lordschip ouer alle þe londes bituex Douer & Tuede.

*Eccc de  
 prohibite  
 Haldayn,  
 qui porta-  
 vit crucem  
 pro vexillo.*



Ethelbert held Estsex, Southsex & Kent,  
For homage & feaute till Adelwolf it went.  
Whan Egbriht had fessed his sons in londes seere,  
Now in his last ende of fyue & þrittý gere,  
At Wýnchestre he died, & þer his bodý is laid:  
Was neuer þe lond so gemed, þe folk so þan said.  
Fýue childir he had, knýghtes douhtý of handes,  
& alle were þei kýnges in diuers landes.

**A**DELWOLF of Westsex, after his fadere dede,  
At Chestre sette his parlement, his tenantz þerto bede.  
He sent for alle þe kýnges, fro Berwik vnto Kent,  
& þei with fulle gode wille alle vnto him went,  
& mad till him feaute, withouten any chest,  
& cleymed him for þer chefe of West & of Est,  
Of North & of South in length & in brede,  
Fro Kent vntille Berwik, als lastes alle þat thede.

Adelwolf  
rex.

¶ He was first of Ingland, þat gaf God his tife,  
Of Isshue of bestes, of londes or of life.

Primus rex,  
qui dedit  
decimas ec-  
clesie in  
Anglia.

<sup>1</sup> He was also so great a Friend to the University of Oxford, that he had thoughts of rebuilding it, after it had been destroyed by barbarous Enemies. Whence, 'tis that some Historians say, that he was the Founder of that University, which, however, is more truly asserted of his Son K. Alfred, who certainly did raise it up again after the Destruction brought upon it by the Danes.

Among others that ascribe this Act to K. Ethelwolf is John Rastell, or Rastall, in his Chronicle, a wonderfull scarce printed Book, lent me by my very worthy Friend, the ingenious Mr. John Murray of London. ¶ Ethelwolphus (says Rastell) son to Egbert began his reyn ouer the westsaxons the yere of cryst. viii. c. xxxii. ] some say that this Ethelwold [i. Ethelwolf] foundyd furst

Siþen he went to Rome, as man of holy wille,  
 His sonne & he alle þat gere with þe pape duelled stille.  
 þe toþer gere next, after his duellýng,  
 He went home bi France, & spak with þe kýng.  
 þe kýng him his douhter, hir name was Juwet,  
 Fulle wele on Sir Adelwolf was þat maiden sett.  
 He brouht hir Ingland, & siþen lýned tuo gere.  
 He lies at Wýnchestre beside an autere.  
 þre þousand marke he gaf with testament fulle right  
 To Petir & Paule of Rome, to susteyn þer light.

Edbaldus  
 rex fatuus.

**A**FTER Adelwolf, his sonne hight Edbalde,  
 To gere & a half þe regne gan he balde.  
 Of him in holy kirke men said euelle sawe,  
 His stepmoder Juwet he weddid agayn þe lawe.  
 Of his body was no force, non for him wild murne.  
 Bot þus I fo in my bokè, he lies at Schirburne.

Anno Dñi.  
 1000. cccc. lxi°.

þe date of Criste to neuen þus fele were gon,  
 Auht hundreth euen, & sexti & on.

Ethelbertus  
 rex.

**A**FTER Edbalde com Ethelbert his eam,  
 Adelwolfe's broþer, of Egbrilte's team.  
 He did him coroune kýng, he was a noble man,  
 & in his first gere paiens on him ran

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the vnyuersyte of Oxonford.  
 Where the word furst is to be  
 understood of the first found-  
 ing it after it had been destroy-  
 ed, not that there had been

no University here before.  
 See my Preface to Thomas  
 Sprot's Chronicle, §. 15.  
 ' Repone, DCCC.LXI°.

Right

Right at Wýnchestre, ageyn þam gan he stand,  
 þe kýng þam bataile, & did þam fle þe land.  
 In werryng & in wo he regned fyue gere.  
 Men biried him at Schireburn, Edbald fulle nere.  
 þe date of Jhesu Criste was written in þis lyue,  
 Auht hundreth wýnter sexti & fyue.

Anno  
 Domini.  
 DCCC<sup>mo</sup>.  
 LX.ºº.

**A**FTER Ethelbert com Elfrith his broþer,  
 þat was Egbrihte's sonne, & zit þer was a noþer.  
 Elfride þorgh heritage toke him þe coroune,  
 & gaf Alfride his broþer Surraý to warisoune.  
 Tille Elfride oure kýng com tþinges starke,  
 þat fyue kýnges & fyue erles wer comen of Danmarke,  
 þat wild on him renne, & reue him þe coroune,  
 With alle þer grete folk, þei lay in Aluertoune.  
 þe kýng & his broþer, þat hight Alfrede,  
 Gadred folk togider, als men þat had nede,  
 & com to þe bataile with fulle egre herte.  
 þe Danes stode þam ageyn with bataile fulle smerte.  
 In þe passion tyme was þe first bataile,  
 Nene was þat ilk gere, grete was þer trauaile.  
 þe toþer gere, þe þrid day after Halwethurs tide,  
 þe Danes, þorgh Gode's grace, were on þe wers side.  
 For slayn were þei alle, erle & baron.  
 þe kýng did mak at gork a faire procession,  
 & þanked Jhesu Criste with herte fulle mýlde,  
 þat ageyn þe paicens his lond mýght schilde.

Elfridus  
 rex.

De Sancto  
Edmundo  
martire, &  
de morte  
ejus per to-  
tum.

**ELFRIDE** had a kosyn, þat kȳng was of schelde,  
Northfolk & Southfolk of Elfride he helde,  
þat was Saynt Edmunde, þe croune þat tȳme bare.

A duke of Danmark, his name was Inguare,  
Ubbe an erle of Huneis with þat Inguar kam,  
Uppon Saynt Edmunde Northfolk he nam.  
Edmunde sent his messengers, of pes þam bisouht.  
Inguar sent bode ageȳn, þat pes wild he nouht,  
Bot if he gald him þe lond, þan he suld haf pes.  
þat wild not Saynt Edmunde, þe bataile he ches.  
He atired him to bataile with folk þat he had.

Bot þis cursed Danes so grete oste aȳ lad,  
þat Edmunde was taken, and slayn at þe last.  
Fulle fer fro þe bodȳ laȳ was þe hede kast.  
þe bodȳ son þei fonde, þe hade was in doute.  
Up & doune in þe felde þei souht it aboute,

Ecce mira-  
culum de  
capite San-  
cti Edmun-  
di.

To haf knowȳng þerof, alle þei were in were,  
Tille þe hede him self said, *here, here, here.*

þer þei fond þe hede is now a faire chapelle,

Oxen hate þe toun, þer þe bodȳ felle.

þer where he was schotte a noþer chapelle standes,  
& somewhat of þat tre, þei bond vntille his handes.

þe tone is fro þe toþer moten a grete mȳle,

So fer bare a woulfe þe hede, & kept it a grete while,

Unto þe hede said, *here*, aȳ I befor said.

Fro þe woulf þei it toke, vnto þe bodȳ it laid.

Men sais, þer he ligges þe flesch samen gede,

Bot þe token of þe wonde als a rede threde.

Now

Now lies he in schryne in golde þat is rede.  
 Seuen gere was he kȳng þat tȳme þat he was dede.

**I**N þe gere after, right in þe tȳme of May,  
 Oseth, þe Danes kȳng, com Ingland to assray.  
 He aryued at Berwik, in þe water of Tuede.  
 Priue help of þe Scottes he had at his nele,  
 & com fast toward þe South, grete powere he led.  
 Elfride & his broþere out of zork fled.  
 þei praied God specially, þat he wild þam saue,  
 & ageȳn þe Danes help inouh to haue.  
 At þe poȳnt of þe bataile, displayed his banere,  
 þe kȳng gede to þe kirke, his messe forto here.  
 Bot Alfride his broþer gede to þe bataile.  
 He was ouer hardȳ, þe Danes he gan assaile.  
 Discomfite was Alfride within a litelle throwe.  
 þe kȳng herd þat telle, þat his siȳle gede lowe.  
 He dight him to þe bataile, his folk to socoure.  
 God did faire miracle for Elfride þat houre.  
 For non of þe Danes askaped with þe life.  
 Bot þe Scottes kyng, þat mayntend þat strife,  
 Opon Elfride ran, als traytoure inferd.  
 Elfride he wonded with dȳnt of a suerd.  
 Sex gere was he kȳng, with werre weldid þe scheld.  
 Fulle gode was his endȳng, he ligges at Driffeld.  
**I** þof alle þat he werred in wo & in strife,  
 þe foure & tuenty houres he spended in holy life.  
 þe first. viii. houres in praier alderbest,  
 þe toȳer. viii. houres in slepe & in rest.

Oseth, rex  
 Daciae, ar-  
 ripuit por-  
 tum in Ber-  
 wik super  
 regem El-  
 fridum

þe þrid. viii. houres he studied, how he myght  
 Mayntene þe lond with lawe, his folk hald to right.  
 Haluendele his godes he gaf to Gode's werkcs,  
 Sustened abbeis, norised pouer clerkes,  
 Did reise vp kirkes, þat were fallen doun,  
 & alle þat him serued he brouht to warisoun.  
 þe gere of Criste's birth was ault hundreth euen,  
 & þus many mo, sixty & ellenen.

Anno. D.  
 cccc.  
 lxxiº.

**ALFRIDE** his broþer, a gode clerk was he one,  
 Of body so douhty in Ingland was none.  
 He resceyued þe coroune, after his broþer dede,  
 Strong were þe batailes þe Danes on him bede.  
 Tuo & tuenty batailes he wanne þe first gere,  
 þe Danes so many tymes aryued on him here.

De Rollo  
 pagano ba-  
 ptizato, cui  
 nomen erat  
 Robertus,  
 & hic con-  
 quisivit to-  
 tam Nor-  
 manniam.

þat he so many slouh a duke had envie,  
 & eft aryued on þis lond with fulle grete nauie.  
 Rollo was his name, a knyght fulle douhty,  
 þat Alfride wend wele, haf lorn þe seignory.  
 Whan þei com to bataile, ilk oþer gan askie,  
 Alfride vnto Rollo sone gan him alie.  
 So many douhty dýntes was bituex þam tueye,  
 Wele þei did togidere, better may no man seye.  
 God, þorgh his grace, þat day so wele sped,  
 þat Rollo asked Cristendom at þe kyng Alfrid.  
 þorgh þat Cristendom, þo, þat were so wroþe,  
 At halý kirke's fayth alle on were boþe.  
 Rollo was kald Roberd, whan he was baptized,  
 þo gh þe kyng Alfride, als he had deuised.

Now

Now is Roberd Cristen, he dighes his nauie,  
 & ferde ouer þe see, & conquerd Normundie.  
 Duke þan was he cald, þorgh conquest of hond,  
 Alfrid he left stille here in Ingland.

¶ ȝit a noþer Danes kȳng in þe Norþ gan arȳue.

Alfrid it herd, þidere gan he drȳue.

Hanelok fader he was, Gunter was his name.

He brent citees & tounes, ouer alle did he schame.

Saynt Cutberte's clerkes þo Danes þei dred.

þe toke þe holy bones, about þei þam led.

Seuen gere þorgh þe land wer þei born aboute,

It comforted þe kȳng mȳkelle, whan he was in doute.

¶ Whan Alfrid & Gunter had werred long in ille,

þorgh þe grace of God, Gunter turned his wille.

Cristend wild he be, þe kȳng of fonte him list,

& þritty of his knyghtes turnes, þorgh Gode's gift.

þo þat first were foos, & com of paien laȳ,

Of Cristen men haf los, & so þei wend away.

¶ Bot I haf grete ferly, þat I fynd no man,

þat has writen in story, how Hanelok þis lond wan.

Noiþer Gildas, no Bede, no Henry of Hantȳnton,

No William of Malmesbiri, ne Pers of Bridlynton,

Writes not in þer bokes of no kȳng Athelwold,

Nè Goldeburgh his doubtere, ne Hanelok not of told,

Whilk tȳme þe were kȳnges, long or now late

þei mak no menȳng whan, no in what date.

Bot þat þise lowed men vpon English tellis,

Right story can me not ken, þe certeynte what spellis.

De Gun-  
tero patre  
Hanelok,  
sicut dicit  
Petrus.

De Hane-  
lok.

Men sais in Lyncoln castelle ligges zit a stone,  
 þat Hanelok kast wele forbi euer ilkone.  
 & zit þe chapelle standes, þer he weddid his wife,  
 Goldeburgh þe kȳnge's douhter, þat saw is zit rife.  
 & of Grȳme a fisshere, men redes zit in rȳme,  
 þat he bigged Grȳmesbȳ Grȳme þat ilk tȳme.  
 Of alle stories of honoure, þat I haf þorgh souht,  
 I fynd, þat no compiloure of him tellis ouht.  
 Sen I fynd non redȳ, þat tellis of Hanelok kȳnde,  
 Turne we to þat storȳ, þat we writen fynde.

*De comiti-  
bus Daciæ.*

**S**ON after com an erle, Alfden hight þat hunde,  
 Aryued vp with Inguar, þat slouh S. Edmund.  
 Upon þe kȳng Alfrid werre son began,  
 Bot þorgh þe gode Northeren slayn wer ilkaman.  
 Sex & fiftȳ batailes Alfrid ouercam,  
 After nyen & tuentȳ gere þe dede him hiþen nam,  
 & sex monethes mo, þus þe storȳ said.  
 At Wȳnchestre in tounbe in þe abbaȳ is he laid.  
 þe date þat certȳn es in boke writen here,  
 Nouþer more no lesse, þan nien hundreth gere.

*Edwardus  
rex.*

**A**FTER þis Alfride kom Edward þe olde,  
 Faire man he was & wis, stalworth & bolde.  
 At London, at Saynt Poule's, toke he þe croune,  
 & purueied his parlement of erle & baroun.  
 He seid vnto þam alle, þat purueied suld it be,  
 þat in alle þe lond suld be no kȳng bot he.



þe smale kýnges of þe lond all were þei comen,  
Of Scotland, of Wales, of Kombirlond, þei nomen  
Inglis & Dances, & þe gode Norreis,  
Duke, erle & baron, & oþer knýghles curteis,  
þei said in þat parlement, þorgh conseile of alle,  
þat Edward felle best be chiefe, oþer suld non falle.

**N**OW is Edward chosen kýng at þer parlement,  
& þe lordschip of þe lond alle tille him went.  
Fourtene childre he gate opon tuo wifes,  
Sex sonnes & ault douhtres, þo were faire lyues.  
Athelstan, Edwýn, Edgar, Edmond, Edred, Edwý :  
Hilde was his douhter, was kald Hilden lady,  
Ellsed & saynt Eadburgh þat lyued holý life,  
þe ferth Octouian Marý þat Emperoure's wife.  
þei passed of þis world, whan þei were right gonge,  
What þer names were I kan telle no tonge.

¶ In Edward's tend gere aryued vp in Kent  
þre kýnges & sex dukes, þat out of Danmark went.  
In to Lyndsay brouht þei him tiýng,  
& purueied oste & dight him als a douhtý kýng.  
At Teteford in Northfolk his baner was displaied,  
þe þre kýnges were slayn, þe toþer were affraied,  
þat þei went to þer schippes, so hard he sette his chace,  
Edward had þe maistri, & þanked God his grace.  
He com neuer to bataile, þat he ne had þe maistrie.  
Foure & tuenty gere was he kýng, & þorgh no folie  
Neuer in his lyue a fote of lond he les.  
Scotland & Cumberland & Wales he had in pes,

Cornwalle, Lyndsaj & Kent, Dorsette & Surrcie.  
 He ligges at Wýnchestre, þe soth it is to seie.  
 þe date of God nien hundreth, & four & tuenti mo,  
 Whan dede his lyfe sundred, þe folk for him was wo.

Adelsta-  
nus rex.

**A**FTER Edward þe olde regned Athelstan,  
 þat was hiȝ eldest sonne, & a noble man.  
 þe baronage & þe clergie were somond to Kýngeston,  
 þer wes his fest holden, & gýuen him þe crowne.  
 þe next zere þere after his coronment,  
 þe Walsh men, þat luf no pes, on him ran & brent.  
 Bot Athelstan þe maistrie wan, & did þam mercie crie,  
 & alle Northwales he set to treuage hie.  
 Tuenti pounde of gold be zere, þre hundreth of siluer clere,  
 & þer to fyue hundreth kie ilk zere to his lardere.  
 Siluer for Southwales not a ferþing noke

Isti sunt qui  
moverant  
guerram  
super A-  
thelstanum  
regem.

Oþer treuage he sette, a þousand kie he toke.  
 ¶ þe ferth zere of þe regne Owald a werreoure,  
 Constantýn of Scotland kýng was & traitoure,  
 Ouwer kýng of Wentland, þese þre with þer powere  
 Werred on Athelstan with ostę fulle austere.  
 Bot Athelstan, þorgh Gode's grace, so with þam fore,  
 þei were fayn to ask pes, & seaute þei him suore.  
 þe tend zere of his regne sen he was crowned kyng,  
 Of Edwýn his broþer bifelle suilk a þýng.  
 At London in his courte with wiknes men him sond,  
 Athelstan did him býnd both fote & hond,  
 & kast him in tille Temse, whan it was most brým,  
 To chastise alle oþer he tok vengeance on him.

At myn vnderstandyng he wild tak no mede  
þat was ateynt of wikkednes, his broþer to dede gede.

¶ Constantyn of Scotlond, þat I are of spak,  
Brak his feaute sone, of treson it is lak,  
& alle folk of Danmark with Constantyn held,  
& slouh our Inglish men, wasted toun & feld:  
Athelstan herd say, he went to Beuerlay,  
& praied to þe bisshop Jon in fertre þer he lay,  
þat he wild bedé his bone, vntille þe Trinite,  
& he suld gýue his kirke franchise & fe,  
To haf & to holde als he was kýng leale.  
Of him haf þei chartre seled with his seale.  
Sipen he went to Durham, & gaf Saynt Cuthbert  
Londes & liþes, with chartir aperte.  
þe bisshop of his gift holdes his fe,  
Sipen he went to bataile, Constantyn to fle.  
Constantyn he reymed, & did vnto stresse,  
& wan þe lond ilk dele, & wasted alle Cathenesse,  
& his son zolden vnto his ostage.  
Sipen he turned to London, & his baronage.  
Athelstan in Scotland a selcouth ded he one,  
He smote depe at Donbarge, an elne in þe stone.

De falsitate  
regis Sco-  
torum.

Misio rex  
Karolus re-  
gi Athel-  
stani pro  
sorore sua  
Hilda. lege  
per totum.

At þe feste of our lady þe Assumpcion,  
Went þe kýng fro London toward Abindon.  
þider out of France fro Charles kýng of fame  
Com þe of Boloyn, Adulphus was his name,

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|                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                        |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><sup>1</sup> <i>Princeps hujus legationis</i><br/>fuit Adulphus, filius Balde-<br/>wini Comitis Flandrie, ex</p> | <p><i>filii regis Edwardi Ethel-<br/>switha</i> Guil. Malmsh. de gestis<br/>regum Anglorum, p. 28.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

& þe duke of Burgoyn, Edmunde sonne, Rejnere:  
 þe brouht kýng Athelston present withouten pere,  
 Fro Charles kýng sanz faile thei brouht a gonfaynoun  
 þat Saynt Morice in bataile befor þe legioun,  
 & scharp lance þat thrilled Ihesu side;  
 & a suerd of gold, in þe hille did men hide  
 Tuo of þo nayles, þat war þorh Ihesu fete  
 Tached on þe croýce, þe blode þei out lete,  
 & som of þe thornes þat don were on his heued,  
 & a fair pece þat of þe croýce leued,  
 þat Saynt Heleýn sonne at þe bataile wan  
 Of þe Soudan of Askalone, his name was Madan.

¶ þan blewe þe trumpes fulle loud & fulle schille,  
 þe kýng com in to þe halle, þat hardý was of wille.  
 þan spak Reýner, Edmunde sonne, (for he was messengere)  
 “ Athelstan, mý lord þe gretes, Charles þat has no pere.  
 “ He sendes þe þis present, & sais, he wille him býnde  
 “ To þe þorh Ilde þi sistere, & tille alle þi kýnde.  
 Befor þe messengers was þe maiden brouht,  
 Of bodý so gentille was non in erth wrouht.  
 No non so faire of face, of spech so lufly,  
 Scho granted befor þam alle to Charles hir bodý,  
 & so did þe kýng, & alle þe baronage.  
 Mýkelle was þe richesce, þei purueied hir passage,  
 & led hir vnto France, spoused forto be,  
 Athelstan leues stille, & passed not þe se.  
 In þe zere after þat Ilde wdded was,  
 Constantýn of Scotlond did git more trispas.

Iterum de  
 perjura-  
 tione regis  
 Scottorum,  
 & de bello  
 Dacorum.

He brouht þe kȳng Aulaf arȳued vp in Humberē,  
Seuen hundreth schippes & sifene, so fele were þe numbere.  
Athelstan herd say of þer mȳkelle oste,  
He & Edmunde his broþer dight þam to þat coste.  
At Brunnesburgh on Humber þei gan þam assaile,  
Fro morn vnto enen lastell þat bataile.  
At þe last to þer schippes þe kȳng gan þam chace,  
Alle away þei fled, þat was of Gode's grace.  
Bot þe most partie algate was slayn,  
þat with life fled I trowe þei were fulle saȳn.  
¶ Whan þe kȳng Anlaf sauh his folk lorn,  
He fled vnto Danmark þer pere he was born.  
At þe Pask after he rȳued in þe South,  
At a haufen of Sandwich, in þe portis mouth.  
Whan he was arȳued, þe folk was affray,  
& com unto Wȳnchestre þer þe kȳng lay.  
He brouht with him a deuelle, a hogge Geant,  
Wele haf ȳe herd telle, he hight Colibrant.  
Anlaf sent messengers vnto Athelstan,  
& bad him ȳeld þe lond, or sȳnd a noþer man  
To fight with Colibrant, þat was his champion;  
Who felle to haf þe lond, on þam it suld be don.  
Athelstan tok a day, a parlement did make,  
If any aȳeȳn Colibrant þe bataile durst take.  
He fond no man þat durst, for non had mȳght,  
With Colibrant alone in bataile to fight.  
þan praied Athelstan to Criste & sore wepe,  
& God sent him tokenȳng on nȳght als he slepe,

þat

Ecce de .  
bello inter  
Guýdorem  
de Werwyk  
& Coli-  
brant.

þat he suld fynd a palmere orly at morn,  
At þe South gate, alone as he was born,  
& if he wild praie him, for Jhesu Criste's loue,  
He wild do þe bataile, & þei suld be aboue.

þat was Guý of Werwik, as þe boke sais.

þer he slouh Colibrant with hache Daneis.

Anlaf turned agayn, I trowe him was wo,

He & alle his to schippe gan þei'go.

God delyuerde Athelstan of many hard affaies,

Sextene gere was he kýng & seuentene daies,

Sipen at Gloucestre dede euelle him toke.

Bot quik he out went, so sais my boke.

Pers can not say where he lies,

Bot as I herd telle I say myn auys.

De fine  
Athelstani  
regis.

Men say he was fonden in þe North cuntre

At Hexham now late, I wene soth it be.

Anno  
Domini  
DCCC<sup>mo</sup>.  
XL<sup>o</sup>.

þe date whan he died of God men tellis by

Nien hundreth wynter & fulle fourty.

Edmundus  
Rex.

**A**FTER Athelstan þe kýng was Edmunde his broþer,

þe northren did him desceit, & ches þam a noþer.

One Anlaf þei ches, & crowned him for kýng.

Alle þe North ende was in his kepýng,

& alle þe South ende till Edmunde þei drouh.

Upon þe fals Norreis Edmunde wan inouh.

Fýue cites he wan, þat þei held for þers,

þat whilom was ancestres, fto heires vnto heires,

Lýcoln & Derby, & \* Southamptón,  
 Leycestre & Stamford, þise fyue wan Edmon,  
 & yit þe kýng Anlaf so hard gan he chace,  
 þat he asked Cristendom opon Gode's grace.  
 Boþe he & Reýnald was Guthefride's sonne,  
 He exilde þam out of þe North, þer þei wild wonne.  
 & gaf to Malcolme, kýng of Scotlande,  
 þat he suld be him leale, bi se & bi lande.

**T**HE fífte zere of his regne he went to Canterbiri,  
 þe feste of S. Austine, to hold it fulle mýri.  
 A thefe of his courte was outlawed late,  
 þe kýng knew him fulle wele, he mette him in þe gate.  
 Whilom he serued in his panteric,  
 & was outlawed for a felonie.  
 þe kýng tok þis pantelere, & strangled him right þore,  
 & he wonded þe kýng dedely fulle sore.  
 Seuen zere was he kýng, & seuen monethis mo.  
 At Gloucestre is he laid, þe pantelere did him slo.  
 þe date was nien hundreth fourþty & seuen:  
 þis was þe selcouthest cas, þat haf herd neþen.

Demirabili  
 morteregis.

Anno  
 Domini  
 MCCCLXX.  
 XLVII.

**E**DRED after Edmunde had þe coroune,  
 Vpon þe Pask day, at London tounne.  
 Siþen of all his barons he tok feaute,  
 Bot þe Northeren men held him no leaute.

Edredus  
 rex, frater  
 Edmuudi.

\* Snotingham (vel Notinge- | *quam & Chron. Saxon. Stafford*  
 ham) aliis. Neque aliter qui- | *pro Stamford habet Speedus,*  
 dem tan apud Florentium | *secus atque auctores velt.*

Eylrike of Daumark for kȳng þei him ches,  
 & forsoke Edrede, þer were þei les.  
 Edrede with powere vntille þe North went,  
 Alle þe toun of Ripon he wasted & brent.  
 Northumberland was in affray for Edred comȳng,  
 þei did doun Eylrik þe Danes kȳng,  
 & went out of þe lond with his rascaile,  
 Was he not so hardȳ at stand to bataile.  
 Alle þe Norreis, þat had bien so fikelle,  
 Pes forto haue þei glosed him fulle mȳkelle.  
 þer londes & þer rentes were at his wille,  
 He gaf S. Cutbert þerof, ȝit þei hold it stille.  
 Alle þe regne holȳ was þat tȳme in his hand,  
 & erles & barons þat wer in þe land,  
 So wele were þei chastised, alle com tille his grith,  
 þat þe pes of þe lond þe sikered him alle with.  
 Ault-ȝere was he kȳng, his daies alle filled.  
 At Wȳnchestre he lies, so himself willed.  
 þe date nien hundreth fifty & fyue,  
 Whan þat kȳng Edred passed of þis lyue.

Anno  
 Domini.  
 DCCC<sup>mo</sup>.  
 LV<sup>o</sup>.

**A**FTER Sir Edred was his broþer Edwȳ,  
 He resceȳued þe croune of þe seignory.  
 So foole a man of his life non was seene,  
 þe hie men of þe lond conseild þam bituene,  
 To do doun Edwȳ at a parlement,  
 & tille his broþer Edgare ȝyf þe tenement.

Edgarus  
 rex homo  
 sanctus, pa-  
 ter Sancti  
 Edwardi  
 martyris.



S. Donstan þe bisshōp was at his <sup>1</sup> coronment,  
 & of alle his ancestres was neuer better kȳng.  
 He was boþe gode & wȳs in alle his dedis,  
 & right vnderstandȳng, to help at alle nedis.  
 Mikille he wirschiped God, & serued our Lady,  
 þe abbey of Rumeȳe he fessed richely,  
 With rentes fulle gode & kirkes of pris,  
 He did þer in of Nunnes a hundreth ladies.  
 ¶ Edgare forto fle lichery of lyfe,  
 His barons gaf him conseile for to take a wȳfe  
 Elsted þe faire, þe duke's douhter Ormere.  
 He gate of hir S. Edward, þat is þe martere.  
 Dame Elsted died sone, ȳit wild he luf mare,  
 He tok bittere Estrild, duke's douhter Orgare.  
 Of hir lord Edgar had scho sonnes tueȳe,  
 Edmund, þat in his tende ȳere at Peterburgh gan deie.  
 Eylred was the zongest, & Estrild fulle dere.  
 Wo was in his tȳme, as ȳe may after here.  
 Edgar þer fader had alle Ingland,  
 He went to Kerlion, þe Walseh mon he band  
 With homage & feaute, in right & in lawe.  
 Kȳmak kȳng of Scotland, he com for fyne awe,  
 & Malcolme of Combirland was at his wille,  
 Maccum kȳng of þe Iles, Dufnald sitz Omere,  
 Sifreth & Huwalle, Jacob & Juthille,  
 He did þam mak feaute, als right was & skille.  
 Siþen he went aboute, kirkes vp to raise,  
 Abbayes forto help, were fallen in miseȳse.

Omnes isti  
 fecerunt  
 homagium  
 regi Ed-  
 gario.

<sup>1</sup> R. coronȳng.

*Edwardus Rex & martir.*

He gaf to Crouland, in þe Abbot tyme Gountere,  
 þre myle of seignorie, about his autere.  
 Auhten gere Edgar regned kyng & sire,  
 He lies in tombe in þe abbey of Glastenbire.

**OF** Edgar þe kyng þus sond I writen,  
 Pers telles þe same þing, at his boke may ge witen.

Sen four & tuenti gere, þat he in erth was laid,  
 An abbot of Glastebiri, Edward his name is said,  
 He did mak a tounge, Edgar in to lay,  
 Bot it was ouer litelle, in alle maner way.  
 þei brak in tuo his schankes, to mak þe tounge mete,  
 þe blode was boþe warme & fresh, þat of þe schankes lete.  
 þe abbot wex alle blynd, þat did his bones breke.  
 þe bisshop Oswald herd of þat miracle speke,  
 Renst at at þe tounge, he tok vp þe bones,  
 In a fertre þam laid a riche for þe nones.  
 þe date was nien hundreth sexti & þrittene,  
 He was a holy man þorgh miracle was sene.

Anno  
 DCCCCmo.  
 LXXIII<sup>o</sup>.

De Sancto  
 Edwardo  
 martire.

**AFTER** Edgare was Edward his sonne,  
 Regnand in alle þe lond, als his fader was wonne.  
 S. Dunstan corouned him bifor þe baronage  
 & oþer bisshopes inouh, fullt yonge he was of age.  
 A gode man he was, & stalworth knyght als stele.  
 In Ingland neuer before was kyng lufed so wele,  
 Ne of þe folk strange noht honourd so mykelle:  
 þe right lawes did he loke for fals men & sikelle.

Boþe riche & pouere he gemed in euenhede,  
 Non suld do oþer wrong for couetise no drede.  
 Estrild his stepmoder scho þouht on felonie.  
 Tille wikked men scho spak, Edward to aspie.  
 þei did als scho þam bad, & wrouht þam seluen wouh,  
 At Koruesgate þorgh desceit Edward kýng þei slouh.  
 þre gere was he kýng, þe story þus me said,  
 His body at Westmýnstere in fertre is it laid.  
 þe date was nien hundreth sexti & sextene,  
 þat was alle forwondred, for his dede com tene.

Ecce de  
 morte ejus  
 anno,  
 dccccmo  
 lxxvjo.

UNTO Kýngeston þe first wouke of May  
 Com S. Dunstan, opon a Sonenday,  
 & of alle þe lond erle & baroun,  
 To Eilred, Edgar sonne, bitauht him þe coroun.  
 S. Dunstane hette him welc, in sorow his life to lede,  
 In alle his life ilk dele, of suerd he mot him drede.  
 S. Dunstan tille him spak wrothfuller wordes of eye,  
 How þei of his mouth brak, listen, I saller gow seye.  
 “Eilred,” said Dunstan, “þi broþer Edward was slayn  
 “þorgh þi moder Estrild, þer of scho was fuller fayn.  
 “For slaughter of þi broþer has þou þe coroune,  
 “Wele weld it saller þou neuer, þou has it þorh tresoune.  
 “þof alle Edgar þe gate, Estrild þi moder ware,  
 “To þe reame has þou no right, bot þorgh slaughter care.  
 “For þe luf of þe þi broþer did scho slo;  
 “þerfor þou & þine saller weld it with wo.  
 “& sone after þi daies þe reame saller men se  
 “Gouerned þorgh aliens kýnde, & euermore fro þe.

Ecce ea  
 que Sanctus Dun-  
 stanus pro-  
 misit he-  
 gi Eilredo.

Eilredus  
 coronatus  
 est.

¶ Whan Dunstan had thus said, bifor alle þat were þore,  
 & taken had his leue of barons lesse & more,  
 Eilred þe gonge kȳng toward London gede,  
 A rede cloude in þe skie about Ingland gan sprede,  
 So mȳkelle blode it raȳned, þe erth wex alle rede,  
 þe folk was affaied, & alle heuȳ als lede.

Ecc<sup>a</sup> pri-  
 mum tor-  
 mentum.

¶ þe toþer gere next of his coronment,  
 þe Danes vp arȳued, Souhamptone þei brent,  
 & robbed Cornwaile, þe folk were alle anoyed,  
 þat with Norwais Kerlion was destroyed.  
 þei com to London, & brent þe cite.  
 Eilred & þe barons, þat were of his meȳne,  
 With þe erle of Herford held contek & fight,  
 þat þer heritage defend þei ne mȳght.

Ecc<sup>e</sup>secun-  
 dum tor-  
 mentum.

Als alle þis sorow & wo was in þe gȳnnȳng,  
 Died S. Dunstan, men herd þe angels sȳng.

**J**USTȳN & Godemunde, of Danmark dukes riche,  
 Arȳued in Southfolk & brent Ipsewiche,  
 Men & women slouh, & robbed þorgh þe lond,  
 Tille þei com to Mideweie, cuntre non þei fond.  
 With þe erle of Kent þei countred at Medeweie,  
 þe maistrie of him þei wan, þei did his folk alle deie.  
 þe lȳrid & þe lewid, þat wōnned in þe South,  
 Sauh werre oȳ ilk a side, þei wer in þe woulfe's mouth.  
 Ten pounde of gold bi gere for þe pes þei gaf  
 To Justȳ & Gudmund, þei tok alle riffe & raf.  
 To schip þei turned & went, & charged þam fulle wele,  
 Arȳued in Danmark with robberie ilk a dele.

**I**N to Wales þat coste went Eilred pitously,  
For to gadre him oste, if he mot haf maistrie.

*Tercium  
tormentum.*

In þat ilk tyme, as he to Wales went,  
Tuo outlandes kыnges on þis lond hauens hent.

Anlaf of Norway, of Danmark kыng Suane,  
Aryued in þis lond, to many wer þei bane.

þer ostes boþe at ons vnto London nam,  
þei toun was warned wele, & wist þat þei cam.

Folk inouh redy was gadred, to þe cite

þei went egrelы, & did þo kыnges fle.

Fro London þei were dryuen, & com to Southampton.

Man & beste þei slouh, destroyed þe cuntre doun.

Eilred myght nouht to stand þam ageyn,

For pes he þam bisouht, to gyf þam a certeyn.

*Summa.* ¶ Fyue þousand pound of siluer þe Dances kыng toke. *Quantum  
tormentum.*

þe went to þer schippes, & to Danmark schoke.

& many of þo Dances priuely were left,

& busked Westward, forto robbe eft.

Wilton had þei taken, Southampton also,

Cornwaile & Wales bouwed þam vnto.

þe cuntre of Dorseth, lond & tenement,

Alle had þei wasted, fro Seuerne vnto Kent.

Eilred on a stound þe told of þat wo,

*Summa.* Four & tuenti þousand ponde he gaf away to go,

To haf pes in his lyue, þe lond no more schende.

þe Dances tok þe siluer, to Danmark gan wende.

**F**OUR & tuenti wýnter lasted þis sorow,  
 If he had pes at euen, he had non at morow.  
 For so hette S. Dunstan, he suld alle his lyue  
 With werre his lond welde, & with his suerd strýue.  
 Now has Eilred nede of help & socoure,  
 For boldenes he wild him býnd to som berde in boure.  
 Full so frendes he had, & sele foos inowe,  
 Unto þe duke of Normundic he went for to wouwe.  
 He wedded þe duke's douhter, faire Emme þe blaunche,  
 þre bouwes of þam spronge, þe ton es holy braunche.  
 Edmunde Irenside was eldest of þo þre,  
 þe to high Edward, þe þrid Alfrid hight he.  
 ¶ <sup>1</sup> þorgh of Sir Richard, duke of Normundie,  
 Eilred gede þorgh his lond, priuely to spie  
 Euerilkon þe Danes, & smertlý bounde  
 Or smýte of þer hedes, aý as men þam founde.  
 þus had Eilred þe lond at his wille,  
 Bot þe duke died sone, & þat felle him fullle.  
 þan was Eilred socoure sone away went.  
 Tiping com to Danmark, þat he þe Danes schent.  
 Suane þe Danes kýng þerwith had enuý.  
 To arýue on Hinglánd he dight his nauý.  
 Whan he was arýued, he sent fullle baldely  
 Messengers to Eilred, als tille his enmý.  
 þis was his message, his Danes wild he venge  
 Ageýn him in bataile, to renne & to renge.  
 Eilred our kýng his helþ had he lorn  
 Of þe duke of Normundie, þat dede was beforne.

De filiis  
 Eilredi re-  
 gis.

<sup>1</sup> Id est, *through aid of.*

Suane, þe Danes kȳng, was of so grete strength,  
 þat he destroyed þis lond in brede & in length.  
 Fyue wynter holȳ lasted þat werre,  
 þat neuer Eilred our kȳng durst negh him nerre.  
 Noiþer bi Norþ no bi South com him neuer help.  
 Wo was alle his comforth, of sorow mot he zelþ.  
 þrittȳ þousand pounde vnto Suane he sent,  
 Pes to haf his lȳue, & þei to Danmark went.

**N**OW is kȳng Suane went tille his cuntre,  
 Eilred sent for Edrik to be his owen priue.  
 So fals a traytour in erth was non as he,  
 Of Lincolne he gaf him þat cuntre schire.  
 þe duke said vnto þe kȳng, " Sir, I salle ȝow say,  
 " For to saue ȝour lond wele, a fulle siker way.  
 " Do mak þre hundreth schippes opon þe sees koste,  
 " To kepe þam of Norweie & þe Danes oste.  
 " & if þe folk þerin be trewe vnto þe,  
 " Doute þe of non enmȳs, þat comes vp on þe.  
 ¶ þe sent to seke manȳ a schip wright  
 To þe toun of Sandwiche, þe nauie forto dight.  
 Whan Edrik it wist, þat þe schippes wer redȳ.  
 He sent to Norweie his lettres princȳ,  
 Unto þe kȳng Anlaf, tille Ingland to com.  
 Anlaf & Sir Thurkille aryued vp in þei nom.  
 Anlaf & Thurkille aryued vp in Kent,  
 Alle about þei robbed, & tok þat þei mot hent.  
 þe folk of þe cuntre to þis conseilþ þei ches,  
 To ȝyf þam four hundreth pounde, forto lȳue in pes.

þe Danes tok þat siluer, & turned eft ageyn,  
& voided þe cuntre, þe folk was fulle feyn.

¶ Bot in þe gere after, obowen Grimsby  
Eft þei gan aryue þorgh sonde priuely,  
þorgh fals Edrike, þat þam þider hasted.  
Lincolne & Lyndeseie þei stroied & wasted.  
Fals Edrike went, pes with þam to make.  
Fourti þousand ponde he did þam take,  
þat non in alle þe cuntre more suld be piled.  
Bot cuer was Eilred foully begiled.

¶ Whan þe kȳng wende, haf pes in his lyue,  
Suane of Danmark at Sandwȳche gan aryue,  
& brouht hider with him his sonne, þat hight Knoute.  
þe folk vntille Humber to Suane gan þei loute.  
Alle was þorgh Edrik, þat mȳkelle was to blame.  
He was þe kȳnge's conseiloure, & did him mȳkelle schame.

**A**NE erle in þe North, Uctred men kalde,  
He com vnto Gaynesburgh, of Suane forto halde,  
Forto lyue in pes, & werre forto fle,  
He com vnto Suane, & mad him feaute.  
Of the North Suane had a partie, þe South he desired,  
Ostes tille him his sonne fast þei atired.  
Knoute went to þe North, Suane in to þe South,  
þan was Eilred in þe wolfe's mouth.  
Suane toward Oxenford went fulle smertly,  
& in þat ilk toun did hȳ krie a krie,  
þat alle þat him serued, & of his meȳne ware,  
Man, woman & childe, suld þei alle forfare.



Kastels suld þei bete doun, kirkes suld þei brenne,  
 Boþe citez & tounes, þat þei mot se or ken.  
 Of þe toun of Wýnehestre feaute had he at wille,  
 Siben he went to London, þat hated he fulle ille.  
 þe bode com to þe kýng, þat sojorned þer in,  
 þat þe kýng Suane þe toun wild he wýn.  
 A Danes erle, \* with þe Kurkille he hight,  
 He halp our kýng defend þe toun at his myght.  
 Kýng Suane gaf assaut, þe walles to assaile,  
 Mýkelle folk he les, & týnt his trauaile.  
 Four & tuenti þousand in Temse alle at ones  
 Wer dronkled of Danes, þe Deuelle haf þer bones.

SUANE turned fro London, alle þorgh felonie,  
 & went to Wallýngford, to mak his maistrie.  
 Siben he gæde to Bathe, & sette þe toun on fire.  
 Achelmare tille him felle, an Erle of Deuenschirè.  
 Achelmare with feaute to Suane he him bonde,  
 Fro Wellis vnto London alle felle to his honde.  
 Suane toward Denmark sped him fulle fast,  
 & ostage of Londou he had at þe last.  
 Ilk cried on oþer, now is Suane kýng  
 Over alle Ingland, & Eilred has no þing.  
 ¶ Eilred is so reymed of his tresorie,  
 His wife & his childre he sent to Normundie.  
 þe bisshop of Londone he hight Sir Alphanie  
 Led Edward & Alfride, & Emme þat was ladie.

Eilredus  
 trausfreta-  
 vit versus  
 Norman-  
 nium.

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\* Vulgo vocant *Turkillum*.

**I**N þe wýnter after Eilred went ouer þe se  
 Unto <sup>1</sup> Nomundie, with his wife to be.  
 Whan þe duke herd say, þat Eilred þider cam,  
 With mýkelle nobley ageyn Eilred he nam.  
 Resceyued him curtasly, & said, “ lefe & dere,  
 “ Mý lond is at þi wille, tille þe socoure is here.”

Anno  
 Domini. mo.  
 xl.

þe date a þousand was, & mo bi fourty gere,  
 þat Eilred & his childre soiorned with duke Richere.

¶ Now comes Suane eft ageyn with Criste's malison,  
 þe lond leid to taliage so mýkelle on ilk a toun,  
 þat noiþer erle no baron of alle þer heritage  
 Mýght not lýue þer on, to gif þer taliage.  
 Treuage als he asked of S. Edmunde þing,  
 þe corsaynt & þe kirke he thrette for to brennyng,  
 & bot he had his askyng, þe lond he suld destroye.  
 To Gaynesburgh he kald þe barons forto noye.  
 He said befor þam alle, of S. Edmunde's lond  
 He wild haf treuage, or brenne alle þat he fond.

¶ Alle was wele, tille euen after þe soupere  
 He gede about, & plaied with þo þat were him nere.  
 He sauh out of þe firmament an armed knýght com down,  
 þat was S. Edmunde, cruelle als a leon,  
 Suerd girded & lance in hand, þan gan Suane to crie,  
 Non sauh bot he one, he said, “ now salle I die,  
 “ Help knýghtes, if ge may, I may no ferrer go.  
 “ I se Edmunde with me wroþe, I wote he wille me slo.  
 With þat word he felle'ðoun dede as any stone,  
 Life & saule to Helle, & flesh, blode & bone.

De morte  
 Suane,

<sup>1</sup> Sic.

Now

**NOW** is Suane dede, & wonnes with Sathanas,  
 þe Danes ches Knoute to kȳng of Danmark þat he was,  
 & Ingland he seised for his fader conquest,  
 Grete taliage laid he þeron bi Esten & bi West.

þe folk wild not suffre to be treuwageres,  
 Bot sent after Eilred bi certeyn messengeres,  
 & praied him to com home, þe croune zeme & take,  
 þe lordschip of Knoute kȳng wild þei alle forsake.

¶ Eilred sent tille Ingland Sir Edward his sonne  
 With his letter sealed, & þanke wild he þam conne,  
 & bliþely tille Ingland wild he com agaȳn,  
 If he myght on þam troste, þat þei were certayn.  
 Alle þe comons of þe lond with letter þam bond,  
 & ilkon sette his scale þerto with his own hond,  
 þat if he wild com ageȳn, þe lond forto were,  
 Neuer more to Danes kȳng faiþe suld þei bere.  
 Whan he wist þer wille, he hied hider suȳthe,  
 þei resceȳued him fulle faire, & were of him blythe.  
 With him alle, þei said, þei wild lȳue & deie  
 Alle holȳ þe lond, bot þei of Lyndscie  
 Eilred þer lege lord him þei alle forsake,  
 & þer hede kȳng Knout þei þan toke.

Eilredus  
 fugavit  
 Knoutum  
 regem, &  
 iterum re-  
 gnum cepit.

**NOW** rises Eilred, & gadres oste stark,  
 & chaces kȳng Knoute in tille Danmark.  
 Whan þe Danes were out, þat timbred him his tene,  
 Lyndescie he destroied quite alle bidene.  
 It was þam self to wite, þei lete of him so lite.  
 e wrong was alle þairs, þe kȳng did bot right.

¶ Whan

¶ Whan þe kȳng wende, þat pes suld forþe go,  
 þe fals Erle Edrik bigan eft a wo:  
 Tuo old gentille men Edrik did forfare,  
 þe ton hight Sigiferd, þe toþer Sir Morgare,  
 For couetise of þer londcs, & seignorie þat þei helde,  
 & for þei were a partie smȳten in te elde.  
 þe fals Edrik did lede Sigiferde's wife  
 Unto Malmcestre, hir name was Aldife.  
 Edmundc Irenside, Eilrede's sonne,  
 þat euer in þis lond stille wild he wonne,  
 Of þis ilk treson he herd oft speke,  
 & of fals Edrik sayn wild he him wreke.  
 He toke Sigiferde's wife, withouten his fader leue,  
 & wedded hir at þe kirke, Edrik forto greue.  
 Whan he had hir wedded, he went also quik,  
 & oute of alle þo londcs he kast þe erle Edrik,  
 Of alle þat tenement, þat boþe þe brethres ware,  
 þat longed to Sigiferd, & to Sir Morkare.

De Edmun-  
do Irenside.

**N**OW is Eilred our kȳng fallen in sekencs,  
 He lies at Euesham, his abbay it es.  
 His eldest sonne Edmundc knȳghtcs gode he sekcs,  
 Fro Douere vnto Wales þe folk tille him mekes.  
 & þe erle Edrik he gadred mȳkelle pride,  
 Knȳghtcs & serganz on Lyndesay side.  
 Forto slo Edmundc þorgh tricherie,  
 Bot Edmundc es wele warned of his felonie.  
 Edmundc bi messengers þe erle he diffies,  
 Edrik in tille Danmark to Knoute sent spics,

For to

For to com tille Ingland sone suld he assay,  
 Aryued þat he ware of zole þe tuelft day.  
 Knoute bi his sonde Edrik ageyn grette,  
 To aryue he suld fonde þe day þat he him sette.

**C**OMEN is Knoute to cuntre, to ride he him hastis,  
 Man & woman to slo, he robbes & wastis.  
 A gode erle of Warwik was don to þe suerd,  
 þorgh þat fals Edrik, als he did Sigiferd.  
 Eilred was led to London, & seke gan þer lic.  
 Edmunde praied him of help priuely bi spic.  
 Londreies inow com tille Edmunde,  
 & wastid alle & brent Leicestre alle down.  
 Bot þe fals Edrik did his quaintise,  
 þat Edmund with Knoute mette in non wyse.

¶ Knoute & Edrik þei seised þorgh tresone  
 Bokyngham & Bedford, þe toun of Huntýngtone,  
 Lincolne & Notýngham, þe toure of Northampton.  
 Siþen went to Donkastre & vntille Aluerton,  
 & alle Northumberland it was at þer wille.  
 Edmunde & þe erle Uctred þat tyme held þam stille.  
 To London vnto Eilred hasted þei þer weie,  
 For bodword men brouh, þe kýng suld sone deie.  
 Whan Edrik wist Edmond to London was gone,  
 His londes & his rentes he seised eft ilkone.  
 Eilred at London endid his life,  
 Auht & þrittý wynter he regned with strife.  
 þat tyme he died in peyn & in wo,  
 þe date was a þousand & sextene mo.

De tradi-  
 tione  
 Edrik.

Mortuus est  
 Eilredus  
 rex anno  
 Domini  
 millessimo.  
 xvi°.

Now

Knoutus  
rex Daciae  
factus est  
rex Angliae.

**N**OW is Eilred biried, þat mykelle wo bade.  
þe clergie & þe baronage samned at a reade,  
& com to Southampton, & corouned Sir Knoute.  
þe burgeis of London were wroþe & stoute,  
& said þei suld fond to felle Knoute's pride.

Edmundus  
Irenside coronatus apud London.

þei corouned for enuý Edmunde Irenside.  
þerof were þei paid alle þe North cuntre,  
þe com alle to London to mak him feaute.  
Knoute gadred him an oste, on Edmunde he ran,  
& Edmunde on him ageýn, as a doubty man,  
& trauailed sore Knoute, neuer he blanne,  
Whan wend haf lest, Edmunde biganne.  
Tuo gere þei werred with many trauailes,  
In þo tuo zeres were sex grete batailes.  
In the sex batailes was many a man slayn.  
At þe last þei acorded, þe lond was fulle fayn.  
Edmunde of þe lond had þe haluendele,  
He regned bot tuo gere, no more his tyme felle.

Mortuus est  
Edmundus  
Irenside  
Anno. M.  
xviiiº.

He lies at Glastenbire tumbed, as I wene,  
þe date of Criste a þousand & mo bi aultene.

**W**HAN God had don his wille of Edmunde Irenside,  
Knoute vnto London com with grete pride.  
He asked þe barons in þat parlement,  
If he schewed a þing, oþerwaies he ment :  
If Edmunde þe kýng, whan to acorde went,  
If he saued to his heýers, oþer lond or tenement.  
Ilkon said, þat Edmunde þe kýng  
Spak no word þer of, at þer sauhtillýng.

Whar-

Wharfor þe barons granted him ilkone,  
Knoute to be corouned, & haf it alone.

**W**HAN Knoute had resceyued boþe þe seignories,  
He parted þe lond in foure parties.

Alle þe West cuntre him seluen he held,  
Fals Edrik gaf he Lýndescie of Lýncolne þe scheld.

Vnto þe erle Thurkille he gaf Estangle,  
Northfolk & Southfolk, ficacie men langle.

To þe erle Uctred Northumberland he toke,  
þe pes to mayntene þe suore alle on þe boke.

¶ þan tok kýng Knoute alle his homages,  
þat cleýmed to hold of him þer heritages.

Edmunde had a sonne, & childre no mo.  
þorgh Edrike's conseile Knoute did him slo,  
& tok quene Emme & wedded hir to wife,  
þorgh Edrike's conseile, scho scorted his life.

¶ Knoute on a day bi his wife satte,

Of Edrike's treson scho warned him of þat.

“ Listen me, lord Knoute, if it be þi wille,

“ How he betraied my lord, & my sonne fulle ille.

“ Whilom Eilred my lord he him bitraist to gow,

“ & my sonne Edmunde þorgh treson he slouh,

“ & if he regne long he salle haf þe same,

“ He was neuer with no man, þat he ne did him schame.

¶ þe kýng one on þe morn went to London,

His gole forto hold was his encheson.

Knoute þouht on þat tale, þat his wife him told,

& siþen ateyned Edrik þorgh treson of old.

Knoutus  
regnauit  
per totum.

þe ser þe day of þe fest, no lenger it was,  
 Edrik was hanged on þe toure, for his trispas.  
 þan said þe quene, “ þat Edrik þe Giloure  
 “ Had not fully dome, þat felle to traytoure.  
 “ Traytours with runties suld men first drawe,  
 “ ʒa dame,” said þe kȳng, “ bot he salle haf þe law,  
 “ þat his bodȳ salle hang in colde & in hote,  
 “ Schame tille alle his kȳnd, þat it sees & wote.

Knoutus  
 divisit re-  
 gnum filiis  
 suis.

**K**NOUTE of his bodȳ gate sonnes þre,  
 Tuo bi tuo wives, þe prid in joliste.  
 Bi þe first had he Suane, he was eldest broþer.  
 Bi Emme, þe second wife, Hardeknoute anoþer.  
 Harald he had geten on his playeng,  
 Knoute lufed him best, he was his derlyng.  
 Olaf in Norweie regned fulle stoute,  
 & bare him ouer strange to þe kȳng Knoute.  
 Knoute com with his kȳthe, þat kant was & kene,  
 & chaced him out of Norweie quyte & clene.  
 þan was he kȳng of Danmark, Ingland & Norweie,  
 Danmark was his heritage, he conquered þe toþer tueie.  
 Malcolme, þe Scottis kȳng, þat tȳme died he,  
 Mathithade his broþer resceyued þe regante.  
 Knoute as for his chefe he tok his homage,  
 Of þe kȳngdom of Ingland he had þe heritage.  
 Knoute vnderstode wele, he mot not long lȳue,  
 His sonnes in his lȳue his londcs wild he gȳue.  
 Suane gaf he Norweie, (Olaf he chaced oute)  
 Danmark his heritage he gaf tille Hardeknoute.



He assigned Harald to Ingland, to had it in fee.  
 þus he gaf his londis tille his sonnes þre.  
 Seuentene gere was he kýng þorgh conquest & desceit,  
 At Westmýnstere he ligges in a toumbe purtreit.  
 A thousand was þe date & sex & þrittý,  
 Whan Knoute kýng died, so sais þe storý.

Anno. m.  
xxxvi°.

**H**ARALD was curteýs & strong, of bodý auenant,  
 To be þer kýng & hede þe lond was wele ogrant.  
 Hardknoute of Danmark payd not withalle,  
 þat he suld bere þe coroune, for he was born thralle,  
 He gadred of Danes folk right inouh,  
 & did him toward þe se, & tille þis lond drouh.  
 Whan he was arýued, he sent to Harald, '  
 & said, þat a bastard no kýngdom suld hald,  
 Bot if þat he it wan with suerd or with lance  
 Of tirant or of Sarazin, þorgh douhtýnes of chance.  
 & if he wille þe lond geld, & tó þe pes chese,  
 For he is mý broþer, he salle not alle lese;  
 & if he wille þorgh bataile, þer to wille I stand,  
 & bataile bituene vs wille not be semand. -  
 Harald was fulle, a lone day he toke,  
 To here what þe barons þam boþe wild loke.

Haraldus  
rex.

¶ Vnder Southamptone was þer assemble,  
 Of Harald & Hardknoute, what suld bituex þam be.  
 For þei were breþer, þe luf was more sene,  
 þe barons portiond þe lond euen þam bituene,  
 Harald tille his parte suld haf : le þe Northende,  
 & alle þe Southside tille Harknout suld wende.

Parliamen-  
tum suum  
est.

To þat ilk lokýng boþe þei consent,  
In luf þei departed, Hardknout home went.

**I**N þat týme, þat Harald & Hardknout held partie,  
Died þe duke Roberd, þat regned in Normundie.  
William was his heire, resceýued þe heritage,  
þat we kalle þe bastard, þat sette vs in seruage.  
Richard was Roberd fader, þe duke þat died beforþ,  
Emme þe quene his douhter, of þe whilk was born  
Alfred & Edward, Hardknoute þe þrid,  
þe tuo first of Eilred, of Knoute Hardknoute tid.  
Alfred & Edward, þam of Eilred kam,  
Wer with duke Roberd, now ere þei with William.  
þo childre tok to rede, to com vnto þis lond,  
To speke with þer moder, at Wýnchester þei hir fond.  
Alfrede was eldest, non mot his wille withhald,  
To London he wild alle gate, to speke with kýng Harald.

De obsecra-  
cione Al-  
fredi fra'tris  
Edwardi,  
& morte  
eius.

Godwýn, an erle of Kent, met with Alfred,  
Him & alle his feres vntille prison þam led.  
Of som smote of þer hedes, of som put out þer igene,  
Sex hundreth at Gildford did Godwýn slo & pyne.  
Alfred he was led to þe abbay of Elyng,  
Bifor Godwýn himseluen þei did his igene out þring.  
He lýued bot þre daies, & gald to God þe gaste,  
þe bode com to his moder, scho did Edward in haste.  
Wende to Normundie, for drede of Alfred pyne,  
To William, hir broþer sðlme, was Edward's kosýne  
Edward told William of Alfred alle þe case,  
& praied him of help, for he dred harder pase,

& if he myght conquere Ingland, þat was his speyre,  
Edward sikerd him wele, to mak William his heyre,  
& bond him with skrite, his scale hyngand þerbi,  
& William hette him wele, to help him sikerly.

De ingr  
tudine &  
malicia  
Haraldi.

**N**OW duelles Harald þe kȳng among his baronage,  
Tille Emme, Hardknoute's moder, he did a grete outrage,  
His broþer a foule despite, him self vileȳn skandre.  
He chaced hir out of þe lond, & scho went vnto Flandres.  
Unto þe erle Baldwȳn, for scho was of his kȳnde.  
He resceȳued hir fullre faire inouh, he did hir fȳnde  
To brige in to Danmark, þer Hardknout was kȳng.  
Of Ingland & of Flandres brouht men him tȳping,  
How kȳng Harald chaced his moder of lond.  
What skille he had & whi Herdknout zerned to fond.  
Now ' Hardwnout toward Flandres dightes him daȳ bi daȳ.  
þat tȳme at Westmȳnstir Harald sore seke laȳ,  
Died & was þer laid, als mȳ boke me told.  
Fȳue zere was he kȳng, & sex & fiftȳ old.  
þe date of Criste þan was a þousand & fourti,  
Harald for his trespas git felle a vilanȳ.

Mortuus est  
Haraldus.  
Harde-  
knoutus ob-  
tinuit re-  
gnum anno  
' M<sup>o</sup> L  
vi<sup>o</sup>.

**N**OW is kȳng Harald dede, þat whilom was so stoute,  
þe barons sent Flandres vnto Hardeknoute,  
& praied him com to lond, þe coroune if he wild take,  
If he wild vnderstond, non oþer kȳng wild þei make.

<sup>1</sup> Sic.      <sup>2</sup> L. M<sup>b</sup>. XL<sup>o</sup>.

*Hardeknoutus Rex.*

Whan he wist þer wille, he hasted him þider suiþe.  
 þei gaf him þe coroune, & were of him fulle bliþe.  
 He studied, how he myȝht venge his moder despite,  
 He did Harald body do drawe vp also tite,  
 & þorgh þe podels it drouh, þat soule were & deppest,  
 & siþen in to Temse his body did he kest.  
 þat fischid in Temse on þe nyȝht, whan þei þer nettes vp woude,  
 þe body of Harald in a nette þei fond.  
 þei durst it not forth schewe, for þe kȳng wer þei ferd.  
 Som frendes he had, þat biried it in kirke gerd.

**H**ARDEKNOUT did charge þe lond in suilk treuwage,  
 þat noiþer erle no barone myȝht lȳue for taliage.  
 So þat alle þe comonalte had him ageȳn herte,  
 þat were to him so fre, forþouht it sore & smerte.  
 Hardknoute wex fulle wroth toward Godwȳn of Kent  
 For his broþer Alfred, þat he slouh & schent,  
 & to þe bisshop Alfrik, þat was his conseilere.  
 þei dred þe kȳng folle sore, for he was fulle austere.  
 þe erle had frendes, to acorde þei gaf him þe weie.  
 þe erle was fulle quaynte, did mak a riche galeie  
 With fourscore armed knyȝhtes, in suilk apparaille dight,  
 þat so riche armes was neuer sene with sight.  
 & ilk knyȝht bare oȳn his arme, be redȳ acounte,  
 Also mykelle brent gold, as sextene vnce amounte.  
 Withouten alle þis a hundreth knyȝhtes he toke.  
 Befor þe kȳng & þe barons he suore oȳn þe boke,  
 þat neuer Alfred his broþer þorgh him was dede,  
 No blȳnfeld no slayn, bot þorgh Harald's rede.

þei

þei said he did inouh, þe erle alle vplift,  
 þe kȳng forgaf his wraþe, resceýued his gift.  
 ¶ In Saynt Edward's life it sais, he was forsuorn.  
 Bifor Edward himself he strangled & was lorn.  
 & I salle telle þat tale, or I ferrer go,  
 How falsnes brewes bale with him, and manȳ mo.  
 In S. Edward tȳme þe erle suld with him ete,  
 A scruitour þer was, þat serued at þe mete,  
 He stombled at a chance, & felle on his kne,  
 þorgh þe toþer schank he ros, & serued in his degre.  
 "A ha!" said þe erle, "had þat schank ne bien,  
 "þou had liggen þer stille, þe risen suld non haf sene.  
 "God wote, said þe king, so is it with me nouh,  
 "& I had mȳ broþer Alfred, þat þou slouh,  
 "þof I had stombled þorgh mȳn vnmaȳn,  
 "He suld haf bien mȳ schank, & reised me agaȳn.  
 "þan hopes þou," said þe erle, "þat for me was he dede.  
 "I praye God if it wer so I strangle of þis brede.  
 & putte a morselle in his mouth with þat ilk worde,  
 Bifor þe kȳng & þam alle he strangled at þe borde.  
 þe kȳng biheld him a stound, & sauþ no repentance,  
 He bad drawe away þat hound, God has taken vengeance.

Narratio  
 de vita  
 Sancti Ed-  
 wardi, de  
 comite God-  
 wino quali-  
 ter strangu-  
 latus fuit  
 propter fal-  
 sum jura-  
 mentum.

**W**HAN Harknout & þe erle wer at an assent,  
 þorgh alle his lond þe kȳng his sonde sent,  
 Forto reise þe treuage, þat on þe lond was sette,  
 Pader & Thurston to þat office were sette.  
 þe folk of Wircestre ageȳn þe treuage spak,  
 Bituex þam & þe messengers broþefulle wordes brak.

Pader & Thurston þer hedes þer þei leſt.  
 þe kýng <sup>1</sup> Burd ſend oþer to aſk treuage eft.  
 þe kýng ſone herd ſay, his meſſengers were ſlaýn,  
 Toward Wirceſtre he com with mýght & mayn,  
 & comanded all þo, þat euer luſed him wele,  
 Alle Wireceſtreſchire ſpare it neuer a dele,  
 Noiþer man no beſte, no manere no no toun.  
 þe cite of Wirceſtre þei brent euen down.  
 Alle þei waſted quitely, & ſlough þe folk ſulle gerne,  
 Bot þo þat fled with þer godes to þe <sup>2</sup> ilde of Senerne,  
 & þat wer in þe ilde duelled þer for drede,  
 Untille þe kýng turned, & his wrath ouer gede.  
 ¶ Right als Hardeknout had leſt alle þat folie,  
 Com Edward, Eilred ſonne, out of Normundie,  
 & Hardeknoute's broþer on his moder ſide,  
 Right heýre of þe lond, þorgh grace þat may betide.  
 Edward was welcom tilþe Hardeknoute þe kýng,  
 He bad his wille ſuld be, als his in alle þing.  
 Here now of Hardeknoute, how he endid his life.  
 Tille a duke of Danes he gaf his doughter to wiſe.  
 þe bridale was holden at þe maner of Lambithe.  
 After mete in þe haule þe kýng mad alle blithe.  
 In alle his joý makýng, among þam ilkone,  
 He felle dede down colde as any ſtone.  
 þei bare him to Wýncheſter, & biried him þore.  
 Tuo gere & a half he regned, & no more.

Hic venit  
 Edwardus  
 ad curiam  
 Har-  
 deknouti

<sup>1</sup> *Alii Thurum vocant. Vide Flor. Wig. pag. 403. ed. 4to.*  
<sup>2</sup> *Civium vero multitudo in quandam modicam insulam, in*

*medio Sabrinae fluminis sitam, quæ Beuerege nuncupatur, confugerant: &c. Flor. Wig.*

A þousand was þe date, & tuo & fourty.  
I trowe it was for vengeance, he died so sodenly.

**ALLE** þe baronage at Pask afterward,  
Com to Wýnchester to coroune kýng Edward,  
Als he þat had gode right vnto þe regalte,  
In Ingland was non so right heýre as he.  
Whan he had règned fyue, & wele was aboue,  
Suane þe kýng of Danmark sent to him for loue,  
& praied him for his nauy to help him with summ,  
Bataile was gýuen in þe se, ageyn þe kýng Magnum,  
þat was kýng of Norweie, with wrong gan him trauaile.  
Edward sent him fifty schippes, to help at his bataile.  
For alle þe help þat he had, Magnus on him so ran,  
& chased away Suane, & Danmark on him wan.  
Bot þis ilk Magnus lýued þer no longe.  
Eft Suane, þe Danes kýng, þis lord did vnderfonge,  
& eft vntille Edward Suane sent ageyn,  
& praied him bituex þam þe pes wer certeyn.  
Edward him granted, opon suilk a wise,  
þat neuer þe Dangilde for ne non of hise,  
Suld be chalenged for man of Danes lond,  
& Suane, kýng of Danmark, to þat conant him bond.  
þus was þe pes granted with skrite oñ boþe sides,  
& þe Danes gilde forgýuen, þat neuer eft bitides.

Coronacio  
Sancti Ed-  
wardi.

**IN** þis Edwardes tyme a riche erle þan was,  
þat hight Godwýn of Kent, I red him ore in pas.

De comite  
Godwino  
& Haraldø  
filio ejus.

*Sanctus Edwardus Rex.*

He had a sonne Harald, heȳre of his tenement.  
 Engle his wife he drofe away, & held in peyrmēt.  
 Egȳne, þat was an abbcs, out of hir hous had  
 Maugre hire wille in hordom his life with hir lad.  
 Ageȳn the kȳng Edward, & of his to wynne,  
 Godwȳn þe Erle to werre wild bigynne.  
 Harald & Lofwȳn, þise were his sonnes tueȳe,  
 Douhtȳ knȳghtes þei were, after salle we seȳe.  
 Godwȳn sent for frendes, knȳghtes he had inowe,  
 þe kȳng was at Gloucestre, & þiderward þei drowe.  
 Whan Edward perceȳued, his herte was in studie,  
 How þat werre bigan oȳ him so sodanȳ.  
 þe kȳng ȳared his folk, on haste alle þat he mȳght.  
 þe erle in his askȳng had no maner right.  
 Wherfor þe erle of Ba did Gowȳn understand,  
 To leue alle his werre, & take þe lawe of land.  
 “ At London at þe benke schewe þer þin askȳng,  
 “ Alle þat lawe wille, þou wynnes it of þe kȳng.

**T**HE kȳng com to London, with lawe to mote in benke,  
 Men sauh oȳ þe kȳnge’s side þer was no gile, no wrenke;  
 & for he had þe treuth, oȳ his side were þe mo,  
 & Godwȳn perceȳued wele, oȳ his side were bot fo.  
 þerfor Godwȳn & his fro London went away,  
 He stode vntille no more, defaute he mad þat day.  
 þerfor was þe dome gȳuen þorgh þe Justise,  
 To exile þe erle Godwȳn, his sonnes & alle hisc.

Godwȳn



Godwȳn went to Flandres, vnto þe erle Baldwȳn.  
 At Bristow in tille Ireland schipped Harald & Lofwȳn.

- ¶ Whan þe erle was exiled, his sonnes tille Irland ouer,  
 William þe Normant arȳued vp at Douer,  
 In luf & in pes to speke with Sir Edward.  
 He had bien in his courte, whan his happe was more hard.  
 He resceȳued him with joy, & with herte fulle glad.  
 To se þe lond about þe duke with him he lad.  
 Whan he had sojorned long, & was in wille to go,  
 Gode giftes he him gaf, or þat he went him fro.  
 So þat alle of his were paid of þer parte.  
 With joy alle ageȳn þei went to Normundie.

Willelmus,  
 dux Nor-  
 manniz, ve-  
 nit in An-  
 gliam ad  
 Sanctum  
 Edwardum  
 Regem.

- ¶ Thus Harald & Lofwȳn, þat out of lond were drȳuen,  
 With grete oste of Ireland at Chestre vp arȳuen.  
 Dorseth & Somerseth þei robbed & did wo,  
 Of knyghtes & serganz þei slouh þrittȳ & tuo.  
 Whan þei had so robbed, þat þam þouht inouh,  
 þei went ageȳn to schip, & saile vp drouh.  
 Toward þe South side turned þei þar flete,  
 þar fader & þei o chance togider gan mete.  
 Godwȳn & his sonnes at Sandwȳch haueu hent,  
 Lettres tille his frendes for help about sent,  
 Of socour & conseile bisouht þam pitously,  
 Of manȳ had he grante, to ask for him mercy.  
 ¶ Whan þe kȳng wist, þat þei had taken land,  
 For þo barons he sent þat were his wele willand.  
 & for þe longe duellȳng of barons in þe way,  
 Godwȳn, þat non wist, arȳued in Surray.

þe

þe kýng also suiþe ta bataile mad him gare.  
 Godwýn he diffied; & alle þat with him ware.  
 Grete wer þo parties, þat ferd in to þe felde.  
 Eldolf, bisshop of Bath, þe pes maýntend & helde.  
 Eldolf, þe gode bisshop, com with his clergie,  
 & said to kýng Edward, “ Sire, we þe mercý crie  
 “ For þe erle Godwýn, þat wille geld him to þe.  
 “ His sonnes er at þi wille, & alle þat with þam be.  
 þe barons said, “ for þare sake, for þam þan praye we,  
 “ þare trespas we vndertake opon alle our fee.  
 & þe erle com him self, mercý sorto craue,  
 þe kýng, for his curteýsie, granted þam pes to haue,  
 & gaf him ageýn boþe rent & lond,  
 Harald & Lofwýn to þe pes þam bond.  
 Bot Suane, þare broþer, þat died in Lumbardie,  
 For he slouh his cosýn; he fled þorgh felonie.  
 He went to þe holý lond, to do þerfor penance,  
 & died þer for colde in Lumbardie o chance.

De Regina  
 Edith.

**T**HE kýng wedded a wife, þat Godwýn doulter was.  
 Scho sojorned at Romencie, for hir fader trespas.  
 þe erle bisouh þe kýng, to take hir home ageyn.  
 þe kýng granted þat þing, to mak pes alle pleyn.  
 þe erle vnto þe kýng bare him siþen so wele,  
 & his sonnes boþe tille him war trost als stele,  
 Sithen in alle bis courte were non so wele him with,  
 þei halp him at þare mýght to maýnten pes & grith.

**O**N þe Wissonday at Burgh in Lȳndescie  
 Com bode to þe kȳng, & þus gan þei seie,  
 þat þe duke Siward <sup>1</sup> had taken in his balie  
 Machog, þe Scottes kȳng, þat wild, þorgh traitourie,  
 Haf traised Edward þe kȳng, þat in þe North was rife.  
 þerfor Machog les þe reame & his life.  
 He gaf it to Malcolme, þat was of Cumberland.  
 þorgh gift of Edward he seised it in his hand.  
 Malcolme mad homage tille Edward our kȳng,  
 þat he & alle his age of Ingland suld hold þat þing.

**G**RIFFȚYN, kȳng of Wales, þat ilk self gere  
 Was proued traitoure fals, & þat bouht he fulle dere.  
 Opon þe tuelft euen GriffȚyn his hede les,  
 To Gloucester was it brouht befor þe kȳng at des.  
 Edward had a kosȳn in preson at Hungarie,  
 Edmund, his broþer sonne, was þer þorgh tricherie.  
 þe kȳng sent to frendes for him alle aboute,  
 For praier at þe last þe childe was laten oute.  
 Home vnto Ingland þe childe tille Edward cam,  
 & for þat childe's luf forgotten was William.  
 þouht he not of þe trouth, þat he to William plight,  
 For to mak him his heȳre, if he þe lond haf mȳght.  
 Neuerþeles to William he geld him wele his bone,  
 Of þis no more to speke, þe childe died right sone.  
 Algar, an erle of <sup>2</sup> Kent, þat tȳme exiled was;  
 Mȳ boke sais with wrȳng, he did no trespas.

Griffynus  
 de Wallia  
 bellum mo-  
 vit contra  
 Edwardum  
 Regem.

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<sup>1</sup> *Vide Johan. Forduni Sco.* | *he was earl of Chester. See p.*  
*tichron. p. 396.* <sup>2</sup> *Others say,* | *121. of Mr. Thomas Ellis's Ed.*

Haraldus  
factus est  
dux turma-  
rum apud  
Walliam.

He went in to Wales to Griffȳn, Griffȳn sonne,  
þese tuo a werre als Walsch men er wonne.  
¶ Whan Edward hard saȳ, he samned alle his oste.  
Harald, Godwȳn sonne, led þam bi þat coste.  
At Herford in Wales þe osten þer mette,  
& dight on boþe parties in batailes to sette.  
Harald & his Inglis biheld þe erle Algare,  
þam forþouht fulle sore, þat he suld þore misfare.  
þis wald þe Inglis conseile, if þei mot Algare saue,  
For him þei suld biseke, þe kȳnge's pes to haue.  
þe Inglis com to þe kȳng, þer he was in place,  
& specially Harald, he had þe kȳnge's grace.  
On þe erle Algare had þe kȳng mercie,  
& forgaf Sir Griffȳn also for curteisie.

WHAN þat kȳng Edward wend to lȳue in pes,  
Griffȳn, kȳng of Wales, eft he mad a res.  
He com vnto Herford, & slouh þe bisshop Ligere,  
Spared noȳer preste no clerk, to dede alle gedre in fere.  
Kirkes & houses brent, nouht þan wild he spare.  
þer þe Inglis had bigged, he mad it wast & bare.

De rege  
Scotorum.

¶ Malcolme of Scotland kȳng git on Ingland ran,  
þe kȳng had him auanced, he was an vnkȳnd man.  
Northumberland he brent, & wasted þat he fond.  
Kirkes non wild he spare of S. Cutberte's lond.  
þe bisshop sent to þe kȳng, for socour him bisouht.  
Whan Malcolme herd it saȳ, no more skaþe he wrouht.

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of part of Dr. Powell's History | earl of Mercia. See Dugdale's  
of Wales. But it should be rather, | Baronage, Tom. I. p. 10.

¶ þe

- ¶ þe kȳng did samen his men, to abate Griffȳn's pride,  
 & Harald þam bitauht ageȳn þe Walsch to ride.  
 "Do him vnto þe suerd, withouten jugement,  
 "If ge maȳ Griffȳn take bitȳme at auȳ went.  
 Harald went to Wales, his was fulle fre,  
 & whan he com þer, Griffȳn was passed þe se  
 Unto Irland, þan comandid Harald  
 þo londes to destroye, þat Griffȳn þer gan hald.  
 His tounes forto brenne, þe houses doun to breke,  
 & destroye þat kȳnde, þat ouht to him couth speke.
- ¶ Harald þe Walschmen did þam ilkon suere,  
 þat to kȳng Edward faythe þei suld alle bere.  
 Sȳþen to Rotland he went, & exiled Griffȳn þore,  
 Him & alle his heȳres for þat tȳme euer more.
- ¶ Griffȳn com ageȳn, whan Harald home was went,  
 þe folk priuely of Wales mad þer a parlement.  
 þei said, þat Sir Griffȳn with right he was outlawed,  
 & Edward of Ingland had þam so gate awed,  
 þei said, "we wille no more, his vengeance is ȝit hote.  
 þei toke þer Sir Griffȳn, & of his hede þei smote,  
 & sent it kȳng Edward, & presented him with þat  
 Right at Glastenbiri, at his mete þore he sat.

**G**RIFFYN had tuo breþer, Bleoth & Ruþe Walan.  
 þo tuo were with þe kȳng, whan he oȳ Griffȳn kan.  
 þerfor vnto þam tuo he gaf Griffȳn's feez.  
 For South Wales holȳ þei mad þe kȳng scautez.

De fratri-  
 bus Griffini  
 & filio ejus.

Harald

Harald to Wales went, vnto \* Portastiche.  
 Wrightes he did make, haules & chambres riche,  
 Whan Harald or þe kȳng wild com þider eftsons  
 In þe tȳme of gese, to tak þam venȳsons.  
 Karaduk, Griffȳn sonne, he fordid þo wones.  
 He com þider on nȳght, þe wrightes slouh at ones,  
 & alle þat he mot gete, he robbed & rest,

De contumelia Dun-  
 stani, filii  
 Agilet.

Penȳ no penȳworth, no þing he no left.  
 In þat ilk tȳme, þat þis was beten doun,  
 Harald tille his fader went to Southampton.  
 For Dunstan, Agilet sonne, wild greue Sir Godwȳn,  
 For Gospatrik was slayn, þei blamed him þer in.  
 Mȳ boke tellis naȳ, Godwȳn did him no dere.  
 It sais þe quene Egȳn, þe blame suld scho bere.  
 Scho did slo Gospatrik, withouten anȳ skille,  
 Tostus of Cumbirland retted Godwȳn þer tille.†  
 Tostus of Cumbirland he was chefe Justise,  
 Ageȳn þe erle Godwȳn he gert sette assise.  
 Gospatrike's dede on Godwȳn wild he venge,  
 Harald soulit Tostus, to leue þat ilk chalenge.  
 He praied him-for luf, in pes lat him be stille,  
 & kisse & be gode frende in luf & in a wille.  
 Tostus wild not leue, bot held on his manace,  
 & Harald tened withalle, of lond he did him chace.

*Vulgo, PortSkeweth. Por-  
 tascith autem Florentio, sub  
 A. D. 1065. Neque discre-*

*pantia ulla in eximio nostro  
 Florentii Codice Langbai-  
 niano.*

Tostus

**T**OSTUS ouer þe se went to S. Omere,  
 His wife & his meýne, & duelled þer þat zere  
 With þe erle Baldwýn, þe wýnter alle pletere.  
 His londes he were gýuen to Morkar litz Richere.  
 þe gode kyng Edward to London tures he,  
 þe feste of zole to hold, with grete solemþnile,  
 At Saynt Petir mýnstere, þat he did sette & wirke,  
 On Saynt Steuen day he did halow þat kirke.  
 þe kýng fro day to day he heuyed more & more,  
 Nerhand his endýng, sekenes greued him sore,  
 þe barons before him kald, & said vnto þam alle,  
 “ Tille Harald, Godwýn sonne, þe regne wille best falle.  
 Me meruailes of mý boke, I trowe, he wrote not right,  
 þat he forgate Wiliam of forward þat he him hight.  
 Neuerles þe forward held what so was in his þouht,  
 I wote wele Criste it wild, þat Edwardes wille wer wrouht;  
 Who so lokes his life, & redis his vision,  
 What vengeance ordeýnd was on Ingland to be don  
 Of princes of þe lond, it sais of þam þis sawe,  
 þat þei dred no þing God, no zemed euenhed of lawe,  
 Bot selawes vnto þeses, to robbours of ilk cuntre,  
 þar wilkednes was fulfilled, venged behoued it be.  
 Prelates ne no prestes, non of þam lyued wele,  
 þe did not Godde’s hestes, bot brak þam ilk a dele.  
 Licheros lif þei led, & þouht it in þar bre-te,  
 Holýnes did away, of þe kirke gaf þei leste.  
 Edward God bisouht, þat it suld be forgýuen,  
 & amendid with penance, & þerof elene be scrýuen

De Tosto  
 de Cumber-  
 laud.

De visione  
 & morte  
 Sancti Ed-  
 wardi.

Of þat þat þei had don, & þat þat suld betide  
 To warne þam þerfro, & fle it on ilk side.  
 Bot þis was ansuere ageyn, “ a day þer in salle falle,  
 “ þare wiknes is fulfilled, þer in ere waxen ' hard.  
 “ God has sette þat gere, a day þer in salle falle,  
 “ þe Inglis salle go to suerd, to pyne þar soules alle.  
 “ Dede & fire salle fede þe scheperdes & þare schepe.  
 þis vision is git to drede, þink & gif Gode kepe.  
 ¶ I trowe it is ouergone þorgh William conqueroure,  
 He com & slouh ilkone þo wikked men in stoure,  
 & sette vs in seruage, of fredom felle þe floure.  
 þe Inglis þorgh taliage lyue git in sorow fulle soure.  
 Now is Edward dede, þe soner for þo affrayes.  
 þre & tuenti gere, sex monþes & seuenten dayes  
 He regned in þis lond, þe date of God þan wex  
 A þousand, I fond, sexti gere & sex.

Haraldus  
 factus est  
 Rex.

**A**FTER Saynt Edward, Harald kȳng þei ches,  
 þorgh conseile of þam alle, & he þe scheld les  
 Right & in lawe, þe barons held him trewe.  
 Neuerles his falshed brouht vs sorowe alle newe.  
 Tostus, þat was exiled þorgh Harald ore I told,  
 He com out of Flandres, brouht an oste fulle bold.  
 Fro Sandwich to Liucolne Tostus ran,  
 Tresore alle & bestes he robbed ilk a man.  
 þat herd Harald, fulle kene he was & kof,  
 With folk out of þe South toward þe North drof.

<sup>1</sup> *Deest forsan alle.*

Tostus



Tostus herd it say, þe best wild he do,  
 To Malcolme, þe Scottis kȳng, Tostus alied to.  
 Tostus tok his leue, aryued in Norweie,  
 & how þe gamen gede lithe I salle gow seie.  
 In Norweie was a kȳng, mȳ boke tellis sua,  
 Saynt Onlaf broþer, Harald Heruegra.  
 He aryued in Tȳne, bot sone he went ageȳn,  
 & smote in tittle Humber, his flete alle pleȳn  
 In an arme of Ouse vnder Ricalle laȳ,  
 On Saynt Mathew euen, on a Wednesday.

**E**DWȳN & Morkare, tuo lordes Kumberland,  
 To Harald & Tostus þei gaf bataile on hand.  
 Harald of Norweie had folk right inouh,  
 A hundreth & fiftȳ þe toþer side alle slouh.  
 Harald & Tostus vnder Ricalle so sped,  
 A hundreth & fiftȳ to zork ostage þei led.  
 Noulit þien fulle fer to þam com a tiping,  
 þat Harald was comand, neulȳ was mad kȳng.  
 Of þat ilk tiping Tostus was affraied,  
 & Harald Heruegra, I trow, was no þing paied.  
 þorgh a mede þei passȳd vnto Staunford brigge,  
 þar loges & þare tentis vp þei gan bigge.  
 ¶ Whan Harald þider cam, & sawh alle þar manere,  
 Tille þam smertly he nam, displaied his banere.  
 In þe morning it was, he mette with his enmȳs,  
 & alle þe day þei fuhht, at euen he had þe pris.  
 Harald & Tostus boþe to dede gede,  
 þorgh Harald þe zong kȳng, of wham I salle rede.

Haraldus  
 rex devicit  
 bellum, oc-  
 cidit Har-  
 raldum Tos-  
 tum apud  
 Staynford  
 brigge.

Listen & I salle rede, whȳ þe misauntoure  
On Harald side gan sprede, þorgh William conqueroure.

**T**HE duke of Normundie, William is his name,  
Wolnoth, Harald's broþer, he had in prison at Kame,  
& his neuow Hakon in prison was him with,  
I ne wote for what roson so fer out of þer kith.  
Harald whan he was zonge, he went vnto France,  
þe cuntre forto se, & for to here of chance.  
Alle his mishappȳng felle, he com in to Pountif,  
To Richere þat was erle, men told it fulle rif.  
þis lord of Pountif Richer le sitz Izoun  
He tok þis ilk Harald, & did him in presour.  
þe bode of him sone kam to þe duke of Normundie,  
þi duke went to Pountif, & toke him with maistrie,  
& brouht Harald home, & said, þorgh curteisie,  
"Harald haf now þin eȳse, in alle mȳ seignorie.  
Now has Harald his eȳse at reson in alle þing,  
þe meȳne in alle þing plesed him next þe kȳng.

Nota de  
Conque-  
store, & de  
causa con-  
questus.

¶ William & Harald went þam forto ' palȳ,  
Tales togider þei tald, ilk oñ a gode palfray.  
Whan þei had wele riden, þat þam þought right lang,  
þei lighted & abiden biside a water stank.  
"Harald, " said William, " listen to mȳ resoun,  
"What right þat I haue of Ingland þe coroun  
"After Edward's dede, if it so betide,  
"That God haf ordȳnd so I after him abide.  
"Whan þat we were Edward þe king & I,  
"He was in mȳ fader courte exiled, I ne wote whi,

---

' *Pro*, play.

" *Out*

" Out of Ingland, þan suore he to me,  
 " If he þe coroun mot wýnne, his heýre suld I be.  
 " þerof he mad me skrite, his hote to mak leale,  
 " & for to sikere his dede, set þer to his seale.  
 " Harald whan þou ses týme, do þi help þerto,  
 " I salle delyner <sup>1</sup> þ broþer, & þi neuow also,  
 " & Marie mý douhter to wife I wille þe gýue,  
 " A man I salle þe make, richely forto lyue,  
 " Or mý chefe Justise, þe lawes to mend & right.  
 " þi sistere I salle gýue a rich prince of mýght.  
 ¶ " Sire," said Harald, " I salle, if þat I may,  
 " Help þe þe coroun to hald, & euer I se þat day.  
 " Mý broþer delyner þou me, mý neuow þou me grante,  
 " & hold þi certeynte, & salle hold couenante."  
 þe presons forth were sette tille Harald or he foore.  
 To hold þat he had hette, on þe boke he suore.  
 Now gos he home Harald, & hæþ ouercomen his tene,  
 þe oþe þat he suld hold, it is forgeten clene.

**E**DWARD is dede, alas! messengers ouerwent  
 To William. Harald was, þorgh comon assent,  
<sup>2</sup> Was" corouned nobly, & for kýng þei him helde,  
 Bot þe duke of Normundie to William felle þe schelde.  
 ¶ þe duke wrote to þe kýng, in luf withouten loth,  
 Bisout him ouer alle þing, þat he wild hold his oth,  
 & geld him þe coroun of Ingland ilkadele,  
 Or Marie to warisoun wed hir, & joy it wele;  
 & if he wild not so, he suld mak him oknowen,  
 He suld wyne it for do in right as for his owen.

<sup>1</sup> Pro, þi. <sup>2</sup> Redundat.

Harald wrote agcȳn, & said he neuer þouht,  
 Marie to wedde certeyn, þe lond hight him nouht,  
 & if he wild it wyne with dȳnt, als duke hardie,  
 He suld sȳnd þerinne kȳng Harald redie.

*Ecce mira.* ¶ It is ' Halald, I say, regnand in mȳght & mayn,  
 þe kȳng of Norway in bataile has he slayn.  
 þe duke-forgeten is he of þing, þat Harald bette,  
 Now is he in þe see with saile oñ mast vpsette.  
 Toward þis lond þei drouh, to auenture his chance,  
 With Normandes inouh, of Flandres & of France,  
 He had redȳ sailȳng, þat to þe lond him ledde,  
 & at his riuȳng þe lond non him forbedde.  
 His folk went vpto lond, him seluen was þe last,  
 To bank ouer þe sond, planks þei ouer kast.  
 Als William þer on suld go, he stombled at a nayle,  
 Into þe waise þam fro he tumbled top ouer taile.  
 His knyghtis vp him lyst, & did him eft atire,  
 William was oglyft, his helm was fulle of mȳre,  
 William was not paied, þat falle mad him ofright,  
 He stode alle dismaied, þan said tille him a knyght,  
 " Discomfort no þing þe, so faire happe neuer þou fond,  
 " Stoupe & þou may se, þi helm has wonne lond.  
 " þat þe lond is þin, þi helm schewes it þe,  
 " Forsuorn is Haraldȳn, he salle no dure.

*Bellum in-  
 ter Haral-  
 dum &  
 Willelmum  
 Conquesto-  
 rem.*

**W**HAN William alle was dight & to þe boun  
 Redȳ with him to fight, he forid Harald fulle sone.

He fond fulle wele & sone, þat Harald nouht ne slepe,  
 To proue with dede to done fulle wakand on him lepe.  
 To bataile haf þei mynt Harald & William,  
 Bot non stode Harald dynt, þat bifor him kam.  
 þe rouht of þare rascaile he did it rere & ryme,  
 Normanz & Flemmyng taile he kuttet many tyme.  
 To while þat he was fresch þei fond him fulle austere,  
 þei felt of his pruesse, als knyght did his deuere.  
 For he was ouer prest, & egre to assaile,  
 He wild haf no rest, tille he myght trauaile.  
 Allas! for ' for' Sir Harald, for him was mikelle reuth,  
 Fulle wele his awen suld hald, if he had kept his treuth.  
 Bot þat he was forsuorn, mishappýng þerfor he fond,  
 Suld he neuer els haf lorn for William no lond,  
 Ne bien in þat bondage, þat brouht was ouer þe se,  
 Now ere þei in seruage fulle fele þat or was fre.  
 Our fredom þat day for euer toke þe lene,  
 For Harald it went away, his falshed did vs greue.  
 He was so fer in presse, so fele wer him about,  
 Him befor alle þei ches, þat he suld not skape out.  
 Normanz & Burgolous, with lance, suerd & mace,  
 Bare Sir Harald down, allas! he had no grace.  
 So douhtý knyght of dede was non of noþer sides,  
 þore to dede he zede, als man forsuorn betides.  
 Nien monethes befor kept Harald þe regalle  
 Bot þat he was forsuorn, þerfor he lost alle.  
 Out of þe stoure þat stode tuo men askaped ware  
 Of Sir Harald's blode, Eadwýn & Morkare.

Haraldus  
 occisus est.  
 regnavit  
 novem  
 menses &  
 tres dies.

þei toke þe quene Edith, for doute of treson,  
 Was kýng Edwardes's wif, led hir to Kelion.  
 Wele was scho þer, to hold priue soiorne.  
 Eadwýn & Morkare to London gan þei turne,  
 Vnto þe Londreis þei told, þat þei had fonden an hayre,  
 Was Edmund kosýn þe kýng, þe Londreis wer in speýr,  
 Him for þar kýng vplift, his name was kald Edgar.  
 For William þei were oglift, & said, " þat we ne dar.  
 " For slayn is kýng Harald, & in lond may non be,  
 " Bot of William hald for homage & scaute.  
 Morkar recleýmed es, as es þe faukon fre,  
 & Eadwýn com to pes, he mot no better se.  
 þe burgeis of London þar conseile wild it nouht,  
 To gif Edgar þe coroun, þat for heýr þei brouht.  
 William þe Conquerour to London has he þouht,  
 þer þe bataile was stoure an abbay wild he haf wrouht.  
 þer he & Harald mette, þer standes þe kirke,  
 For blode þat þer was gette, to praie þei suld not irke.  
 To London com William, his zole feste to hold,  
 His barons with him nam, knýghtes þat wer bold.  
 Wardeýns of tour & toun, & oþer þat ne wold  
 þer landes les alle doun, for týnt wer þei told.  
 To Frankis & Normanz, for þar grete laboure,  
 To Flemmynges & Pikardes, þat wer with him in stoure,  
 He gaf londes bitýme, of whilk þer successoure  
 Hold git þe seýsýne, with fulle grete honoure.  
 Fa r grace William fond, his chance fulle wele him satte,  
 ] e reame of Ingland so graciously he gatte.

þe archbisshop Stigand, of Ingland primate,  
 þat tyme was suspended, þe pape rest him þe state.  
 & abbot & prioure, men of Religion,  
 & oþer men of honour, archdecane & person,  
 Wer priued of þar office, of woulfes had renoun.  
 For lichorie þat vice wer many als don doun.  
 þe archbisshope of zork com with deuocioun,  
 þorgh William praicere, com to London toun;  
 Bifor þe barons brouht, he gaf William þe coroun.  
 To chalange was he nouht, Sir Stigand was don doun.  
 Whan William was coruned kýng so solemply,  
 & had taken homage of barons bi & bi,  
 He turned ouer þe se vnto Normundi.  
 Dam <sup>1</sup> Helienore quene was sche, scho bare him company.  
 Whan he had duelled þore at Pask he com ageýn,  
 & dam Helianore with many knyght & sueýn.  
 To London alle þei went þe courte holý alle pleýn,  
 For þe archbisshop þei sent, messengers gede tueýn.  
 Elred þe archbisshop of zork had þe se,  
 þe kýng him bisouht, als clerk of dignite,  
 To coroune Helianore, þat biseke I þe.  
 þe bisshop corouned hir þore, bifor þat faire semble.  
 Whan þe folk had bien at þe coronment ilk dele,  
 Boþe þe kýng & þe quene þe barons paied wele.  
 þe kýng & þe clergie ordeýnd þat ilk seele,  
 þe pes to gеме & gýue with lawes trewe als stele.  
 Edmund & <sup>2</sup> Edwýn, Harald sonnes of Kent,  
 Alle Somersetschire þei wasted & brent,

Helianora  
 regina <sup>3</sup> co-  
 ronate est.

<sup>1</sup> Matildin *appellant alii.*    <sup>2</sup> *L. coronata.*    <sup>3</sup> *Godwýn alii.*

Sir Adinoth þei slouh, & alle þat þei mot hent.  
 Whan þei had frauh inouh, ageȳn tille Ireland went.  
 þe erle Robert Comȳn, þe West had to welde,  
 þat non vnto William for no þing suld þam zelde.

Multæ ad-  
versitates.

**W**HAN þat kȳng William þo tiþinges herd saȳ,  
 To þe toun of Durham fulle fast he toke þe way.  
 þe bisshop to him said, ' & told to him fulle tite,  
 þat þe Norreis purueied, to do him a despite.  
 For þat ilk tale, þat þe bisshop told,  
 þe Komȳn had his bale, his lif was lightly sold.  
 þe lond of S. Cutbert he did serch þat nȳght,  
 William alle apert his oste redȳ he dȳght.  
 At þat þei mot fȳnd, to suerd alle þei ȳede,  
 & or Roberd wist, or þouht on suilk a dede,  
 Ore was his hous on fire, þer Sir Robert laȳ,  
 & brent Roberd to dede, bi þat it was daȳ.  
 Now is þe Komȳn dede, his haires has alle lorn,  
 William þam it forbede, þat held his londes befor.

Eccē Da-  
nachi.

**N**OW William has sojorned, & slayn alle his enmȳs,  
 & to þe South is turned, als kȳng þat wan þe pris.  
 Tiþȳnges com him fulle stoute, þat a grete oste & stark,  
 With Harald & with Knoute, þe kȳng sonnes of Danmark,  
 Were arȳued in Humbere, & an erle Turkille,  
 With folk withouten nombre, þe Norreis felle þam tille.

<sup>1</sup> Vide Dugdalii Baronag.  
 Tom. I. p. 54. Lelandi Coll.  
 vol. II. p. 380, aliosque etiam

Historicos nostros, qui secus  
 atque noster rem narrârunt.



Comen is þe erle Edgar with alle þo of his kýnde,  
Sir Wolnoth he is þar, þo with þat he mot fynde.  
Marlesuaýn Turkille sonne, & Suane a doubty knyght,  
Of Scotland Gospatrik, with þam at alle his myght.  
þe Normans in þe South wer in so grete affray,  
Of kastels & of touns þei com out alle day,  
To zork ran ilk a man, to rescet in þat toun,  
þat no Danes man þe walles to breke down.  
Sir William Malet was wardeyn of þe cuntres,  
Sibrigh þe Gaunt was set with him to kepe þe fees.  
þise tuo brouht tyng, þe wer comen bi þat coste,  
þerfor William þe kýng did turne ageyn his oste,  
& suore a grete othe, þat he suld neuer spare  
Noiþer lefe no lothe northeren, what so þei ware.  
¶ William turned ageyn, & held þat he had suorn,  
Alle mad he wasteyn, pastur, medow & korn,  
& slouh boþe fader & sonne, women lete þei gon,  
Hors & hondes þei etc, vnnepis skaped non.  
Whan þe Danes herd, þat William held his oth,  
þat he with þe Nörreis so ferd, spared lefe no loth,  
Fulle quaintly þei sent to William messengers,  
Of pes þei mad present, to turne ilkou þer pers  
Ageyn to Danmark go with his wille & his leue,  
þat he suld no mo slo, ne þei suld him not greue.

*Ecce Da-  
nachi.*

**N**OW duellis William eft, fulle bare mas many wone,  
Of gode men er non left, bot slayn er ilkone.  
Clerkes vnnepis þei lete, to kirke o lyue to go,  
Horses & hondes þei etc for hunger & for wo.

Grete

Grete synne did William, þat suilk wo did wirke,  
 So grete vengeance he nam of men of holy kirke,  
 þat not did no wem, tille him ne no trespas,  
 Fro gork vnto Durhem no wonyng stede was.  
 ' Nien gere, sais mȝ buke, lasted so grete sorowe,  
 þe bisshop clerkes tuke, þar lyues forto borowe.  
 Seynt Cutberte's bones of fertre toke þei out,  
 With þam þei fled at ons in sere stedes about,  
 þat vengeance burd be don, als tellis S. Edward,  
 He sauh in a vision, þat vengeance suld falle hard  
 Of prestes & of clerkes, of princes of þe lond,  
 Of God ne of his werkes þei dred not þat þei fond.

De Reli-  
 quiis Sancti  
 Cuthberti.

' *Id quod etiam notat Jo-  
 annes Rastellus, sive Rastal-  
 lus, in Chronico suo, supra à  
 me commemorato, libro sane  
 rarissimo, mihi vero (pro  
 more suo) perquam humani-  
 ter mutuo dato ab amicissimo  
 nostro Murraio, cujus cum  
 alibi, tum jam supra etiam  
 mentionem feci. Sic autem  
 Rastellus: ¶ Also about the  
 iii. yere of his [Wylllyam  
 Conquerour's] rayne | Har-  
 rolde & Cauntus [Sic] sonnes  
 to Suanus kyng of Denmarke  
 enteryd into the North coun-  
 trey | and with the helpe of  
 some of the people of the*

Sege at  
 Yorke.

contrey and of some of the  
 cytezyns of yorke enteryd the  
 citey | and slewe mo than.  
 iii. M. Normans. But sone  
 after kyng Wylllyam chasyd  
 them out | and droue them  
 to theyr schyppes and toke  
 suche displeasure with the  
 inhabytans of that prounce |  
 that he distroyed the lande  
 from yorke to Durham | that.  
 ix. yere after it lay vnlaboryd  
 and vntylled | and the peo-  
 ple there were kept so harde  
 by the warre of the kyng |  
 & in suche famyne that they  
 ete rattes | cattes | dogges |  
 and other vermyne.

SAYNT Cutberte's clerkes in hidnes euer zede,  
At Geruans <sup>1</sup> set þer merkes, a hous þe gan vpspede.  
git Northermore þei zed vntille Bethlyngton,  
At Toghalle was þe þrid, & þer restid þam down:  
þe ferth was holy Eland, þer þe se it withdrouh,  
þei zede oñ þe sand, to þat lide wele inouh.  
Whan þei wer þerinne, of non had þei ðoute,  
þe flode bigan to gynne, & klosed it aboute.  
Sipen dred þei no þing, of þese ne of feloun  
þat were with þe kýng, Norman no Burgoloun.  
þe kirke of Geruans þat ilk tyme was brent,  
Durham þe same sans, alle to fire went.  
þe croice & þe rode, right as Criste vs bouht,  
Tille askes alle it zode, þe fire spared nouht.  
þe Normans did it alle in þe guýse of theft,  
þe godes þerof stal, no þing þei ne left.  
¶ Whan William vnderstode, how his men ferd with alle,  
Of holy kirke þe gode his serganz robbed & stal,  
He comandid alle his, to mende þat trespas,  
In alle maner wise, as it ore fessel was,  
& oñ þe same asise serued & alowed  
Of alle þe franchise, þat it are was dowed.  
Bot of þat wikkednes, þat men suld haf wroken,  
Was noiper more no lesse of þer penance spoken.  
þe bisshop brouh the bones ageýn vnto þe se,  
Tille Durhame's wones, þer þei were wont to be.

Reliquie  
Sancti  
Cuthberti  
ad Durham  
ubi prius in  
feretro re-  
conduntur.

<sup>1</sup> Vide Sim. Dunelm. p. 199. & Laud. Coll. Vol. II. p. 380.

**W**ILLIAM the Conquerour changis his wikked wille,  
 Out of his first errour, repentis of his ille,  
 & of his crueltes he gynnes forto assuage,  
 & gaf ageyn þo fees, of whilk he toke <sup>1</sup> ostages.  
 Gospatrik com tille hand, & left of his manage,  
 & William Comberland gaf him in heritage.  
 Gospatrik ȝed alle þorgh, his dedis forto praise,  
 þe kastle of Bamborgh þe walles he did vpreise.  
 Malcolme, þe Scottes kȳng, þerwith had envie,  
 þat Gospatrik of suilk þing bare his state so hie,  
 Dight him to Combirland, destroied about aywhare,  
 Ilkon he slouh at hand, þer godes away bare,  
 Manȳ with him he led, & did þam in seruage,  
 In Scotland was alle spred mykelle of þat lȳnage.  
 ¶ On þis Gospatrik William gan afflie,  
 He dight also quik, & went Normundie.  
 Malcolme in Kumberland dos þat he may tille ille,  
 Gospatrik his willand lates him haf his wille.  
 þre þousand pounde Malcolme sent tille Gospatrik tresorie,  
 To William comȳng þat went suld suffre his folie.  
 Litelle wend William of his trecherie,  
 A message tille him nam vnto Normundie,  
 Teld William eueridle of Malcolme robberie,  
 For silucre þat he toke suffred þe folk to die,  
 Gospatrik did not wele, mayntend his partie.  
 William also suiþe dight him tille his nauie.

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<sup>1</sup> F. ostage.

**W**ILLIAM has hauen nomen, & is at Southampton.

Willelmus  
applicuit  
apud Ham-  
ptoniam.

þo þat with him er komen, erle knýght & baron,

Went tille Comberland fulle suiþe opon haste,

þe cuntre þat þei fand alle was wilde & waste.

Malcolme fled befor in mountayns & in playn,

He wend for neuer more William suld com agayn.

No more did Gospatrik, þat did him þat disceit,

Bot comen is William quik, & sekcs þam fulle streit.

Bi a side of Scotland Malcolme flies fer in,

Bot William Malcolme fand in þe toun of Abrenethyn.

þer is Malcolme taken, & zolden to preson.

Siluer was not forsaken was giffen for his raunson.

To take he bed inouh, for at his wille he was.

William to do his prowē, forgaf alle his trespas.

Malcolme with skrite him bond, his heires of his lynage

To hold of Ingland for feaute & homage.

¶ Whan þe pes was siker, þe kýng turned fulle suiþe,  
Gospatrik þat suffred biker, he rest boþe lond & liþe.

Cumberland him rest, his oþer londcs als,

þe lif ouer mykelle him left, for he was traitour fals.

Siþen to Durham went, þer he destroyed þe see.

þe bisshop he bisouht, S. Cutberte's bones to see,

þe bisshop opned þe schryne, the bones þei vp raised.

þe kýng wepte with his ine, that sight mykelle he praised,

& siluer grete plente opon the altare laid,

þer franchise gaf þam fre, þe whilk þat þei of said.

þe kastelle did he wirke of his tresore alle,

& S. Cutberte's kirke closed with a walle.

Siþen

Sipen he had þam turne to zork, & þer abide,  
 For þer he wild soiorne alle þe Whitsons tide.  
 ¶ At zork did he crie, his pes suld holden be,  
 þat non did felonie bi land no bi se.  
 Sipen he zede to London, þat cite set to grith,  
 & to þe lawe alle bondon ilk man in his kith.  
 Chefe justise he satte, þe sothe to atric,  
 For lefe no loth to lette þe right lawe to guye.  
 þe wronges to amend, & maynten þe right,  
 Ageyn þe fals defend, þorgh dome of Justise sight.

De tribus  
 monachis  
 de Lynd-  
 say.

**T**HAT tyme þat I of say of William þe kyng,  
 þre monkes of Lyndsay zede to seke wonyng.  
 þe first dan Aldwȳn, þe toþer Elwȳn hight he,  
 þe þrid hight Reȳnfride, þus told mȳ boke to me.  
 Hughe le fitz Galdre, of zork he was Schirue,  
 He resceȳued alle þre, & heberd þam bileue.  
 After þer soiornyng, whan þat þei suld wende,  
 He praied þam of alle þing, as gentille men & hende,  
 To haf saf condite, vnto þe New Kastle.  
 & Hugh did as he hight, led þam sauely welle.  
 Fro þe New Kastle vnto Geruans þei zede,  
 þer duelled þei non seel, to Durham gan þam spede.

Ædificave-  
 runt eccle-  
 siam &  
 claustrum  
 de Durham.

¶ Whan þei to Durham com to þe bisshop Walterc,  
 þer þei bigan a home of religiouse manere.  
 A closter þei bigan, þe bisshop þo þat wrought,  
 Hired ilk a man, & alle paied & bought.  
 Or it wer alle ent þe werke þat þei did wirke,  
 þei ordeynd a couent, to ministre in þat kirke.

“ Help

“ Help Lady,” said Waltere, “ of þe þan is þis house  
“ þat are was prouendere, now is religieuse.  
To zorke þe com ageyn, & wrouht þer worschiplý  
Cloistre with couent pleyn a kirk of our Lady.

Ædificatur  
abbatia  
beatae Ma-  
riae apud  
Eboracum.

¶ Whan it was wrouht tille ende, þe monkes alle þre  
To Whitbý gan wende, þat standis on þe see.  
þer wirke þei wild an abbeje wele to preise  
In wirschip of Saynt Hilde, a kirke þei did vp reise.  
þus wrouht þise monke þre, þorh þe holy goste,  
Abbayes in sere cuntre, þat wikked men did waste,  
& many a gode man to holy lif did calle,  
þat þorgh þe lawe paien men left & lete doun falle.

Ædificave-  
runt clau-  
strum de  
Whitebý.

**A**T London is William, at Lundreis takes leue,  
To þe parlement he nam at Paris to Lowis cheue.  
þe duze pers of France were þat tyme at Parýs,  
To William felle þar chance, he mad conquest of pris,  
þe toun wan of Terwenne, the castelle of Malbis,  
His auncestrie whilom when left it þorgh folis.  
Whan William with þe lawe had seisen pleynlerly,  
Siþen he gan him drawe toward Normundy,  
þe lond to visite, & to comfort his frendes.  
He restid bot a lite, a sonde þe Inglis him sendes.  
þe erle of Surrey sent Hacon Henry sonne,  
He to William went, & praied him git eftsonne  
To com tille Ingland, or els alle he lesis,  
Ageyn him wille men stond, & partie tille him chesis.  
¶ William was in wehere, whan he herd þat tityng,  
In his auhtend gere, als he regne í kýng,

Rex venit  
ad parlia-  
mentum a-  
pud Parýs.

At Wyncechestre he held his parlement ilk gere,  
 & þer men him teld, who was his aduersere,  
 Of Northfolk þe erle \* Roger, men said of him treson,  
 For praier or for pere þei did him in prison.  
 Unto þe Marche gan long an erle, Wolnot he hight,  
 þe kýng with mýkelle wrong did him slo þat knýght.  
 Abowen Wýnchestere was schewed tille alle þat þer ware,  
 To lewed men & lerid, to kirke as þei him bare,  
 Miracle faire & mýrie, whan þei laid him in pitte.  
 William of Malnesbirie witnesse it in his writte.

**SITHEN** in his þrid gere he tellis þer of a chance,  
 Of Durham bisshop Waltere was smýten þorgh with a lance.  
 In Gatesheued it was, & þo þat suld be schent,  
 þo did þat trepas, Sir Liolfe's kýnde of Kent,  
 þe erle Liolf was slayn, for þe bisshop dede.  
 Mý boke sais certaýn, þat he gaf neuer þat rede.  
 þerfor kýng William did fleme alle þat kýnde,  
 þar landes fro þam nam, þat men not knowe & fýnde.

Quomodo  
 Episcopus  
 Dunelmie  
 interfectus  
 est.

**SITHEN** in his ferþe gere he went tille Aluerton,  
 No man wend in erþe drede of no felon.

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\* His name was Ralph. But  
 his Confederate, the Earl of  
 Hereford's Name was Roger.  
 See Dugdale's Baronage,  
 p. 67, 68. This Affair is thus  
 touch'd upon by John Rastall,  
 in his most rare Chronicle :

¶ About the. x. yere of his  
 raygne | Roger erle of Har-  
 forde | and Rafe erle of North-  
 folke fledde | and were out-  
 laude | & the erle walresse was  
 behedyd.



On warned him of a þing, þat Malcolme with poȳsoun,  
 Schuld begile þe kyng, with som þat lufed tresoun.  
 William sent his sond his eldest sonne Roberd,  
 If he mot vnderstond, or any suilk of herd.  
 Roberd about did spie, if Malcolme wild haf wrouht.  
 Bot alle it was a lie, þat þing was neuer þouht.  
 In his auhtend gere þat William was regnand,  
 Extendours he sette forto extend þe land,  
 Erldam & baronie how mykelle felle to þe schelde,  
 Knyght & sergeancie als how mykelle þei helde.  
 How mykelle lond & rent holy kirke had to a prowē,  
 Alle þei did extend to witte þe verrey valowe,  
 & William wist of alle, what it suld amounte,  
 Of lordyng & of thralle þe extente þorgh acounte.  
 ¶ Roberd Courthose his sonne he gaf all Normundie,  
 To hold, as it was wonne, als heȳre of ancestrie.  
 William passid þe se, þer of he mað þe skrite,  
 Of France to hold þat fe of oþer tenement alle quite.  
 ¶ His oþer sonne William Inglond assigned he,  
 & alle þat of him cam with chartre mad he fre.  
 His sonne Henry was sire of Wales with chartre streite,  
 Of alle Loncastre schire vntille Bromsthueite.  
 ¶ Ade his doulter dere, he lufed hir als his life,  
 þe erle of Plesance Steuene weddid hir to wife,  
 & kyng Steuen on hir gate, þat withouten reson  
 Of þis lond had þe state, & conquered þe coroun.  
 ¶ His doulter Custance was wedded to Bretayn,  
 With William's ordenance, vnto þe erle Alayn.

Extendere  
 fecit ter-  
 ram, & di-  
 vinit terras  
 filiis suis.

Tuo gere & a half he duelled in Normundie,  
& in þat lond self at Kame gan he die.

Sepultus est  
in Kame  
Anno  
Domini.  
m<sup>o</sup> LXXX.  
viii<sup>o</sup>.

At Saynt Steuen's kirke þei laid him with honoure,  
Himself did it wirke, he was þar <sup>a</sup> fondoure.  
Tuenty gere had he þe land & nien moneth streite,  
þe date was a þousand & fourscore & ahte.

<sup>2</sup> *This king, in remembrance of the great Victory he had obtain'd over Harold (by which he got Possession of England) founded the great Abbey of Battel in Sussex. But then that, for which I am chiefly obliged to make this Note, is, his founding the Cluniack Abbey of Bermondsey in Surrey, if we may give any credit to John Rastall's Chronicle, which is a most rare Book (as I have before noted) and was written by a learned Man (tho' a Printer, for Printers then were Men of Learning) who had married Elizabeth, the Sister of Sir Thomas More, which was of no small Advantage to him in the History of our English Affairs. The Words in Rastall are these. ¶ This wyllyam made the newe forest in Hamphysyre and therfore cast downe dyuers churches by the space of. xxx. myles. In his tyme he kept the englysshemen so lowe | that fewe of them bare any offyce of honour or rule |*

but somewhat he fauored the citye of London. Also he buylded two abbayes in Englande | that is to say the abbaye of Battell | where he wanne the fylde agaynst Harolde and the abbay of Barmeseye in Southwarke besyde Loudon | and also he buylded. ii. other abbayes in Normandy. Which Words will give some Confirmation to what is asserted by those, that tell us, that William the Conqueror built many abbyes of the order of Cluny, in relation to which there is this Note in a MS. in the Bodleian Library, as is obseru'd by the learned Dr. Tanner. A Note (saith the Dr. Pref. to his Not. Mon. p. 42.) annexed to an old MS. book of Ecclesiastical Constitutions in the Bodleian Library [Inter MSS. Junian. 121.] desires us to note the slyght of the Pope, that when he had causyd the Deuke of Normandy to Conquer England; under pretence of penance causyd him to give muche Lands to Abbyes,

**T**HE conquerour is laid at Kame dede in graue,  
þe Courthose befor said Normundie salle haue.  
To William þe rede kȳng is gȳuen þe coroun,  
At Westmȳnstere tok he rȳng in þe abbaȳ of Londoun.  
Whan he had alle plenerly seisȳn of þe lond,  
þe barons & þe clergȳ ageȳns him he fond.  
þis was þare comon sawe in burgh & cite,  
“ þe Courthose with þe lawe suld þare lord be.  
“ He is broþer eldest, þe coroun salle he bere.  
“ He is of bodȳ best, þe reame forto were.  
What did þe grete lordȳnges, erles & barounes ?  
Kastels & oþer þinges seised, maners & tounes.  
þe kȳng had fulle grete þouht, his reame ageȳn him ros,  
Frendes fast he souht, to venge him oȳn his fos.  
þis sorow & þis drede lastid him þre zere.  
Of pes ne mȳght he spede, bot euer in þer dangere.  
His frendes gan him rede, to go to þe kȳng of France,  
To conscile him in þis nede, to abate þat distance.  
For þis kȳng William dight him vnto schip,  
His frendis with him nam vnto kȳng Philip.  
¶ Vnto kȳng Philip he schewed ilka dele,  
How his barons gan kip ageȳn him did not wele,

Willelmus  
Rufus coro-  
natus est  
apud West-  
monaste-  
rium.

Abbyes, and that Deuke dyd  
bylde many of the Order of  
*Cluny*, because Pope *Gregory*  
*VI.* was a monk of *Cluny*. Tho'  
I cannot find (*continues the Dr.*)  
that ever he founded any of this  
Order, yet he built and endowed  
the great Abbies of *Battel* Com.

*Suss.* and *Selby* in Com. *Ebor.*  
and the Priory of *Hitchinbroke*  
in Com. *Hunt.* and the Allen-  
Priories of *Frampton* in Com.  
*Dors.* *Paunsfeld* in Com. *Essex,*  
*Derehirst* in Com. *Gloc.* *Ando-*  
*ver* in Com. *Hants.* and *Stanyng*  
in Com. *Suss.*

“ þerfor I am comen, to wite at zow our heued,  
 “ þe londes þat we haf nomen, to whom þe salle be leued;  
 “ & at zour jugement I will stand & do,  
 “ With þi þat it be ent þe strif bituen vs tuo.  
 Philip said bliþely, & sent his messengers  
 Tille Ingland to þe clergý, erlos, barons þer pers,  
 & askid if þei wild stand to þer lokýng.  
 þe duke Roberd fulfilled, so did William þe kýng.  
 þe barons wrote ageýn, at his demýng þei ches,  
 þei held his dome certeyn, for he was prince of pes.  
 Philip was fulle wis, with scrite he bond þam boþe.  
 He said þan his avis, “ kisse & be not wroþe.  
 At þe first þei kiste, as frendes felle to be.’  
 “ Of zour fader biqueste, dome þan salle ze se.  
 Doun þei sat oñ benke, among þe duze pers.  
 Philip gan him ‘ thnke, & said oñ þis maners.

Ecce dis-  
 cussio facta  
 est coram  
 Philippo  
 inter Wil-  
 lelmum  
 Rufum &  
 Robertum  
 fratrem e-  
 jus, ducem  
 Norman-  
 niæ.

¶ “ William þe Conquerour his ancestres & he  
 “ Held with grete honour Normundie in fe  
 “ Of alle kýnges of France, & so did he of me,  
 “ For alle oþer distance, with homage & scaute,  
 “ Alle Ingland he wan þorgh his vassalage,  
 “ & Harald kýng ouer ran, þat did William outrage.  
 “ þerto had he no right, no non of his linage.  
 “ þat William wan with mýght is told non heritage.  
 “ We se alle day in place þing þat a man wynnes,  
 “ It is told purchace, whedir he it hold or tuynnes.  
 “ & þat comes of grace or of conquest bigynnes,  
 “ He may, tille he has space, gif it withouten synnes.

‘ Sic.

“ Heri-

“Heritage þat lyues & leues to þe eldest sonne,  
 “Purchaced þing men gýues, woman weddýng to mone,  
 “Or tille a man is strange for his seruise oftsonne.  
 “Heritage salle men not change on þe purchace wise to wone.  
 “Roberd, þorgh our assent, þe heritage to þe lies,  
 “& þou, William, salle hent þe purchace at our avis.  
 “þus ȝour fader-ȝow sette, als man of lawe was wis,  
 “His dede ne wille we lette, be þe martir Saýnt Denýs.  
 ¶ Whan Roberd sauh & wist, how þe conseile gede,  
 To þe holý land him list, & þider gan him spede.  
 Whan he com at Marsille, & ouer þe se suld wend,  
 Philip sauh his wille, & after him gan send.  
 þe bode was sent to raþe, þe messenger com ouersone.  
 For soth it was gret skathe, his passage was fordone.

**T**HE rede kýng William felle a faire chance,  
 To Saýnt Poule’s he cam, withouten greuance.  
 For erles & barons bi sond he for sent,  
 & alle at his somons to parlement went.  
 He schewed on & oþer, þat bated was þe strife  
 Bituex him & Roberd, & were in luf of life,  
 With chartre wele wreten & selid certeýn,  
 & wele it was to witen no chalange ageýn,  
 Wherfor he þam hight, if þei to luf wild drawe,  
 þe coroune at his mýght to maynten with lawe,  
 & þat he so suld þe barons had affiance,  
 His kastels þei him ȝolde, with alle þe purtenance.  
 In þe gere folowand, at þe somere’s tide,  
 Roberd com to þis land, at Donor gan vp ride.

Robertus  
 Courthose  
 applicuit in  
 Angliam  
 cum amore,  
 & venit  
 fratri suo  
 Willelmo.

Whan herd say with luf, tille him he sped,  
 & with grete noblay tille London him led.  
 With in þo auht daies com William þis tiþing,  
 þe North had sele affraies, þorgh þe Scottis kýng,  
 þe cuntre gan assaile, þe folk forto schende,  
 Roberd gaf him consaile, þider saunen to wende.  
 With þider þei ferd William & Roberd.  
 Malcolme, whan be it herd, fled for ferd,  
 & William toke him þere, his folk slouh ilk man,  
 & als þei were fleand vnto Louthian,  
 So ferd thei him found, þei obliged þam to gyue,  
 Fourti þousand pound, at his pes to lyue.  
 Opon þat he suore, to hold of him his fe,  
 & or William fore, tok homage & feaute.  
 To London William turnes, & had al'e his wille,  
 & Malcolme soiornes in Scotland with ille.  
 Whan he was at London, a haule<sup>1</sup> he did vp wright.  
 First þouht & founden, for chambre was it right.

<sup>1</sup> *Concerning which I find a very remarkable Passage in Rastall's Chronicle, together with a Note about the first coming of the Cistercian Monks into England, which others refer to the Reign of King Hen. I. The Book being, as I have before noted, extremely scarce, I shall give the Passage at large from Mr. Murray's Copy. ¶ The. iiii. yere of his 12. ne a great wynde was in*

London | that blewe downe. v. c. howses and the rose of Bowe churche | & dyd great hurte in wynchester and in dyuers other places. In this tyme also the welchemen rebellyd | but they were subdued & theyr duke or kyng called Ryse was slayne which was accompted the last kynge of wales. After that Malcolyn kyng of Scottes rebellyd and came into Eng.

**ROBERD** leue has taken, & went to Normundie,  
To Wales is William schaken, estres to spie.  
It felle in tyme of þe gere, at Saynt Brice feste,  
þat he had regned here nýcn gere at þe meste,

Robertus  
applicuit  
in Nor-  
maniam.

The kyng of  
Scottes slayn.

Englande with  
his retenewe |  
whome one Ro-  
bert erle of  
Northumberlande incounter-  
yd | & there the kyng Mal-  
colyn was slayne | and by  
the ayde of kýng wylliam  
Edgare his son was made  
kyng of Scotlande. ¶ A-  
bout this tyme the order of  
Cysteaux was fyrst brought  
into Englaunde | by one wa-  
ter Espeke that founded the  
fyrst Abbey of that Religyon  
at Ryuall. ¶ This kyng  
wylliam was a very couetous  
man | a proude & wyfull |  
and pyllid bothe the spery-  
tualte & temperalte | with  
sellynge of Bysshopykes |  
Abbeys | & benefyces | and  
leuyenge vnreasonable taxes &  
trybutes on the temperalte |  
specially by the onely coun-  
sell of one Ranulphe hys pro-  
curatour. whiche ryches the  
kyng dyd spende vpon the  
Towre of London | & some  
ay vpon the makynge of  
westmyster halle: but yf that  
sayenge be trewe of westmy-  
ster halle | it must be some  
olde halle there | & nat the

newe halle that is now. For  
the armes that appere in the  
halle that now is aswell in  
the stone worke as in the  
tymber worke | be the armes  
whiche kyng Rycharde the  
second gaue | which be. iii.  
Lyons with the flour delyce  
quarterly | & the whyte hart  
for his badge. For there was  
neuer kyng of Englande that  
bare the armes of Fraunce |  
whiche be the flour delyce |  
before kyng Edward the  
thyrde | for in his tyme the  
armes of Fraunce was fyrst  
ioyned to the armes of Eng-  
lande. wherfore it shuld seme  
euydently that westmyster  
halle that is now | was nat  
bylde in the tyme of kyng  
wylliam Rufus | except it  
were onely the foundacyon  
therof | or els it was the  
halle in westmyster aboue  
the steyres | which is now  
called the whyte halle. *Stowe  
tells us (in his Survey of Lon-  
don, p. 521. Ed. fol. 1633.)  
that this Hall was repaired by  
K. Rich. II. which will recon-  
cile what is obseru'd by Rastall  
about the 14th c.*

Ros in Northumberland suilk a sorow hard,  
 ' Malcolcolme gede robband, & his sonne Edward.  
 þat herd an erle Roberd, he gared him to bataile  
 With Malcolme & Edward, he gan þam assaile.  
 þat bataile was hard, fo men has no frith,  
 Slayn was þat coward, & his sonne him with.

¶ þe folk that ascaped on Malcolme side,  
 To Scotland þam raped, & puplised it fulle wide.  
 þei mad parlement, & toke þam to rede.  
 Malcolme to God was went, & Edward his sonne dede,  
 & corouned Dufnald, Sir Malcolme broþer.  
 His sonnes þei ne wald, þe ton no þe toþer.

De contin-  
 melia Scot-  
 torum, &  
 de dominio  
 & potestate  
 Angliæ.

¶ Of Malcome þat man lest tuo sonnes ware,  
 þe ton hight Dunkan, þe toþer Edgare.  
 Dunkan sauþ his eam had his heritage,  
 þer he wist bote of beam, he went þat viage  
 To William þe rede kýng, þer he was in Wales.  
 What tid of þat þing, he told him alle þe tales.  
 " Mýn heritage I craue of þe, þat is mý heued.  
 " Help me it to haue, þat Dufnald has me reued.  
 With scrite vnto William Sir Dunkan him bond,  
 & to þe heirs þat of him cam, for þe coroune of Scotlond.  
 Inglis & Normans þe kýng did somoun,  
 To wend with Sir Dunkan, & do Dufnald doune,  
 & seise Dunkan þer in, als heýr of heritage,  
 To hold & alle his kýn of Ingland for homage.  
 Whan corouned was Dunkan, & þe fest ent,  
 Inglis & Norman to kýng William went.



Dufnald, þat is put oute, alle about wendes  
 In fele stedes aboute, & gadres his frendes,  
 & conseiled with þam þis cas, þat alle suld þei go,  
 & spie where þe kȳng was, Dulkan if he mot slo.  
 Slayn haf þei Dulkan, & eft corouned Dufnald,  
 Of kȳng William wild þei no more hald.

¶ þe kȳng was in affray, he might not tent þerto

With Roberd þe Moubraý, his coroune he wild for do.

Roberd wild haf rest William alle his right,  
 þe coroune his kosȳn left, & gif it him þorgh mȳght.

William is war of þis, þorgh for Roberd he þretis,  
 & takes him maugre his, his kastle doun betis.

Better were Roberd, in pes haf holden him stille,  
 þan laȳn in prison sperd, & at his fomen wille.

In Wyndesouere is he leued, sorow þan is his pync,  
 þat he wis ouer his heued, þe chip falles in his ine.

¶ þe next gere þer bi William to Wales went,  
 þe Walsch men did foli, his lond robbed & brent.

þerfor William ne wold vnnepis leue on o lyue,  
 þat boþe zong & old alle zede to þe krȳue.

Neuer bifor in Wales was don so grete greue,  
 Bi dounes & bi dales, þar folk at suilk mischeue.

Sen þis greuance hard, þe slaughter & þe drede,  
 Fulle sone afterward þe kȳng to zork zede.

þider com Edgar, was Malcolme sonne,  
 & Sir Dulkan broþer, þat slayn was þorgh tresonne,  
 & schewed to William, þat heȳre he was of kȳnde,  
 Of Malcolme he kam, righter salle non fynde.

Contumelia  
 orta est in-  
 ter Regem  
 & Rober-  
 tum Mou-  
 bray.

“ Wher.

“Wherfor I ȝow biseke, help me þe lond to haue,  
 “& I with wille fulle meke ȝour seruise salle I saue.  
 William vnderstode, þat he said reson,  
 & was next of blode, & Dufnald did treson.  
 He dight an oste fulle stoute with Edgar forto leue,  
 Dufnald to drýue oute, or his hede him reue.  
 Eustace of Ferers þat oste suld ȝýe,  
 Of Scotland þei him brouht, Dufnald forto spie,  
 & seised Edgar in alle, as right was þerto.  
 To William for þe regalle he did þat he suld do.  
 Edgar & his peres þe chased day bi day,  
 Of Scotland þei him brouht for euer, & drof away.  
 Edgar was Malde’s broþer, men̄kald þe gode quene,  
 ȝit sais on & oþer, so gode has here non bene.

De Ingrati-  
tudine Wil-  
lelmi.

**W**HAN William had his wille of Scotland & of Wales,  
 To riche men was he grille, of pouer held no tales.  
 Clerkes of holý kirke he chargis greuouly,  
 þei were bisie & irke on þer rentes to lýue bý.  
 Of alle his wikked werkes þese me þouht þe meste,  
 þat seuenten kirkes he mad tille his <sup>1</sup> foreste;

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<sup>1</sup> *This was the new Forest near Winchester, which was really made by his Father King William the Conqueror, who destroyed many Churches for it, and his Son. William Rufus was only an Improver of it, by enlarging it, in which he com-*

*mited also much Sacrilege. But then others (and even Peter of Langtoft and Robert of Brunne themselves seem to have been of the same opinion) tell us, that this was not the New Forest near Winchester, but the New Forest of Windsor, among*

þat neuer ere non was sen þe Cristendam.  
 He did grete trespas of holy kirke so nam.  
 Wele tuelue gere kept he þis lond,  
 & how he died here selcouthly I fond.  
 & if ge wille lithe, I salle telle it zow,  
 His dede com him suýthe meruellosly, se how.

ON a Thursday at nyght at euen he gede to reste,  
 To hunte þer he had ticht in his new foreste.  
 On slepe sone he felle, þe sueuen bifor him ran,  
 Him þouht in his chapelle he was withouten man,  
 Ne non he sauh no herd, & he biheld aboute,  
 þe dures were so sperd, he myght in no stede oute.  
 So grete hunger him cam, & mete had he none,  
 Ne he ne wist to wham, þat he mot mak his mone.

De morte  
 Willelmi  
 Rufi, & de  
 visione ante  
 mortem.

*mong which is John Rastall, who writes thus:* This kynge wylliam as is sayd & wrytten of hym | had great pleasure in huntynge | in so moche that he pulled downe & destroyed dyuers houses of religyon to inlarge the newe forest of wyndesore for wyldedere: but a knyght of his named water Tyrell by the glaunsyng of his arowe vpon a braunche whan he shot at an harte in the sayd forest | smote the kyng & wounded hym to dethe wherof shortely he dyed. The fyrst day of August the yere of Chryst.

M.C. without any yssue of his body. And he rayned. xii. yere. xi. monethes and. xii. dayes | and is buried at westmyster. *In which Passage this is also remarkable, that he makes William Rufus to be buried at Westminster, as does also the Chronicle I now publish, whereas it is well known, from our other Historians, that he was buried at Winchester. And indeed it is Winchester in the French Original of Peter Langtoft. Le cors a Wyncestre fet leuesque porter, et mettre le en tumbes, al monster saint Peter.*

His hunger was so grete, he wend haf waxen wode,  
 Opon þe rode he schete, & ete it als it stode.  
 Whan he had eten þat, git him hungred est,  
 þe Mariole þer scho sat, of hir no þing he left.  
 Whan he was turned, & went out of þat affray,  
 For a bisshop he sent at morn whan it was day,  
 Sir Ode of Wýnchestere, so þat bisshop hight,  
 He told him of alle þe estere, þat him mette þat nýght.  
 þe bisshop gan it rede, "God is þe turned grým,  
 "Ouþer in word or dede has þou greued him.  
 "þerfor alle þat þou maý to penance take þou space,  
 "þau neuere on Friday to wode þou go to chace.  
 "þe riuer salle þou forsake on Friday ilka dele.  
 "þat penance I þe take, Sir kýng, þou kepe it wele.  
 Sir Ode þe bisshop es with leue went him fro,  
 þe kýng herd his messe, to gamen þan wild he go.  
 His penance was forȝeten, he asked for his archere,  
 Walter Tirelle was haten, maister of þat mister.  
 To triste was he sette, forto waite þe chance,  
 With a herde þei mette, a herte þerof gan lance.  
 Walter was redi, he wend haf schoten þe herte,  
 þe kýng stode ouer nehi, þe stroke he lauhit so smerte.  
 þus died William þe kýng, on þis ilk manere.  
 Sir Ode herd þat tiping, fulle mournand was his chere.  
 At Westminstre is he laid, at Saynt Petir kirke,  
 In a tounge purtraid, þe bisshop did it wirke.  
 þe date a þousand was,<sup>1</sup> & a hundreth mo,  
 Forgif him his trespas, Jhesu, þat lete þe slo.

**Þ**AT tyme in Scotland was a mayden geng,  
As I red biforhand, Malcolme douhter þe kȳng.  
Malde hight þat mayden, many of hir spak.  
Fair scho was, þei saiden, & gode withouten lak.  
A doughter had Saynt Margrete, þat in Scotland lis.  
Of þat douhter sute com Malde, þat was of pris,  
& Dunkan & Edgar, þat I red biforn,  
Malde's breþer þei war, of Margrete doubter born.

De Matil-  
da bona  
Regina.

**A**FTER William men cald þe rede kȳng,  
Henry þe coroun nam, his broþer þat was kȳng.  
þe bisshop Maurice Henry corouned he,  
þat tyme he did þe office, of London kept þe se.  
Roberd þe Courthose to þe holȳ lond was went.  
A Breton (dayet his ' his' nose) for Robertl þider sent.  
A Breton sent þat sond, he did for treson,  
& Roberd com to lond, withouten oþer reson.  
þat did Roberd trauaile for nouht, he was a file.  
Nopeles þe erle of Cornwaile kept his wife þat while,  
Charles douhter scho lord of Cezile,  
Dame Edith bright as glas; Roberd þouht no gile,  
Bot com on gode manere tille his broþer Henry.  
He wife þat sojorned here, he led to Normundie.  
¶ Henry wedded dame Molde, þat kȳng was & sire.  
Saynt Anselme men tolde corouned him & hire.  
þe corounȳng of Henry, & of Malde þat may,  
At London was solemply on S. Martȳn's day.

De Henri-  
co primo.

De falsitate  
episcopi  
Dunelmensis.

**T**HE bisshop of Durham, <sup>1</sup> Kandolf he light,  
Of falshede to mak a gleam, þe wrong vnto þe right.  
For he & oþer fele sent vnto Roberd,  
þat stound suld he not spele, sen he þat tiyng herd.  
Roberd purucid him stille, & com whan he wild.  
“ þe folk is alle in wille, þe lond þe to ȝeld.  
þorgh messengers fals Roberd gadred oste.  
Henry was warned als, & did kepe þe coste.  
To þe fiue portes he sent, & het þam in couenant,  
þat aliens suld non hent hauen of Normant.  
þer sikernes was fast of þe fiue portes, & þe kȳng  
Henry dight him on haste to þe toun of Hastȳng.  
A kastle did vp sette, his oste longe þer lay.  
þei wend Roberde’s flette suld haf comen bi þat way.

De traditione  
Episcopi.

¶ þe bisshop þouht treson, for warned was Henry.  
He went to Southampton, with him alle his clergȳ.  
þe maistres of þe portes for gȳftes tille him toke,  
þe kȳng & his force for Roberd þei forsoke.  
A hundreth schippes & fiftene went to Normundie,  
To help & to mayntene þe duke Roberde’s partie.  
Roberd mad him alle preste, þe wynde gan him dryue.  
þe first day of herueste at Portesmouth gan he ryue.  
Toward Wȳnchestre þam dight, his folk forto eyse,  
In token þat he had myght, a kastle he did reyse.  
To erles & barons lettres he sent aboute.  
For riche rewardons to Roberd gan loute.  
Fulle fele suilk he fond, þat with Roberd held,  
Of Inglis of þis lond agayn Henry bare scheld.

**R**OBERD bi his letter his broþer gan diffie,  
 Him þouht his partie better, of him to haf maistrie.  
 Bot gode Anselme, þat kept of Canterbirie þe see,  
 Before þe barons lept, kried, pes per charite.  
 þorgh conseile of Anselme, þat wild þe comon prowē,  
 Ilk auailed his helme, & to conseile drowe.  
 þe parties were fulle stark, neuērlesse þorgh praicre,  
 Henry pre þousand mark gaf to Roberd bi zere.  
 þus gate was þat werre pesed, withouten lore,  
 þat noiþer partie com nerre, I blisse Anselme þerfore.  
 In couenant of pes, men may wele witen,  
 Bituex þam noþeles a skrite enselid & writen.  
 ¶ Als Anselme þe strif gan pes, of þe duke & þe kȳng,  
 Com Roberd de Beleyse, þorgh his ouerwenȳng,  
 & passed hider ouer þe se, & in to Walcs went,  
 He gadred grete mayne of alle þat he mot hent.  
 þe Frankis tille him felle, & alle þe Walsch fulle sikelle,  
 þe kastle Arondelle he seised, & als of Tikelle.  
 Cites, burghes & tounes ageȳn kȳng Henry  
 At Burgh in Schrobschire to werre mad him redȳ.  
 Alle Schobschire held with Roberd de Beleyse,  
 Henry lift vp scheld, his kastels did he sayse.  
 þe walles did doun felle, þe tours bette he doun.  
 In þrittȳ daies to telle, Roberd was taken in toun.  
 Within dayes þrittȳ taken he was þorgh spie,  
 & led to kȳng Henry, don had he felonie,  
 & his broþer Arnald, (for with Roberd he fore,)  
 As for traytours bald þe lond boþe forsuore.

De Ro-  
 berto  
 Courthouse  
 dūce Nor-  
 mannia.

De pace  
 facta per  
 Ansel-  
 mum, archi-  
 episcopum  
 Cantuariæ.

**N**OW is Henry venged of his traytours,  
 & lord of mykelle þing, & riche man of tresours.  
 Mald þe gode quene gaf him in conseile,  
 To luf his folk bituene, & leue alle his tirpeile,  
 Bere him tillo his barons, þat held of him þer fees,  
 & to lordes of tounes, tille burgeis of Citees.  
 þorgh counseile of dame Malde, a kynde woman & trewe,  
 þer ore was hatred alde, now gynnes luf alle newe.  
 Now luf þei fulle wele þe barons & þe kýng,  
 þe kýng dos ilk a dele in skille alle þer biddýng.

Ecce de  
 Henrico.

- ¶ Bot Henry þink it stark, þat he is charged so,  
 To gyue þre þousand mark, & bonden be þerto.  
 þorgh conseile of his barons, he sent to duke Roberd.  
 What was his respons writen, I ne sauh no herd.  
 Tuo gentille men of blode, þe best of Normundie,  
 Henry gaf gyftes gode, to hold on his partie.  
 Whan Henry wist þer wille, bi messengers priue,  
 An oste he purueid stille, & passed ouer þe se.  
 He þouht to compas ille þe same tille him did he.  
 Now salle Roberd fulfille, þat he tok in his cuntre.
- ¶ Whan Henry was ryued þer, þer he wild ame,  
 þorgh power did he dryue Roberd out of Kame,  
 Bayone rent & fe sone had he lorn,  
 þe best of þat cuntre tille þe kýng wer suorn.  
 Roberd fele siþes at þat comýng les  
 Boþe londes & liþes, or he mot haf þe pes.  
 If he ne were þorgh help of William de Martayn,  
 & Roberd de Beleyse halp him with myght & mayn.

þise



þise tuo went to France, & fonden at Parýs,  
 Als it was þar gode chance, Sir Philip sonne Lowýs.  
 For Roberd þei bisouht of socour & mercie,  
 Sir Lowýs failed nouht, his help was him redlie.  
 Lowýs wrote his letter vnto þe kýng Henry,  
 þat þei acorded better, for his luf specially.  
 þe bisshop of Parýs þe pes þan formed he,  
 " If þei at his auýs boþe wild paied be,  
 " Roberd salle cleýme all quite to Henry bifor vs here,  
 " þre þousand mark he skrite þe Henry gaf bi gere,  
 " þat Roberd, ne non of hise, salle ask Henry þe kýng  
 " þis dette on non wise, peny no serþing.

**W**HAN þis barette was ent, þe bisshop tok his leue,  
 & Henry home went, to no mo wild he greue.  
 þe londes wild he nouht zeld, þat he of Roberd wan,  
 Bot haf þam he wilde, & hold for any man.  
 Sen þat Henry was gone, Roberd went to France  
 To Sir Lowýs on one, & told him þat greuance :  
 & Sir Lowýs þerfore had him tille Ingland go,  
 To praye Henry restore þo tounes he tok him fro.  
 Roberd tille Ingland kam, & bisouht þe kýng  
 þo fees he fro him nam, restore ageýn þat þing.  
 Henry ansuerd nay, þerto were him lothe.  
 & Roberd went ' awith, with William was he wrothe.  
 Whan he sauh, þat Roberd for wroth turned so sone,  
 & no þing ansuerd, bot to wend was alle bone,  
 Henry mad him gare, & after him fulle suiþe  
 To Normundie to fare, & se what he wild kiþe,

Recessit de  
 Norman-  
 nia.

& duelled þer a gere biside Roberd his broþer,  
þat noiþer werre wo did þe ton to þe toþer.

Iterum re-  
versus est  
in Nor-  
manniam.

¶ In alle þis ilk chek of Roberd & Henry,  
Bituex þam wex contek, þe kýng & þe clergý.  
þe kýng in þe courte of þe laý þe clerkes wild justise.  
Saynt Anselm said him naý, he wild on no wise.  
þe kýng on gan hald, to haf þam at his dome.  
S. Anselm þerfor appeld vnto þe courte of Rome.

Dicta An-  
selmi pro  
clero.

¶ Whan he had sped his nedis, & fro þe courte comen,  
þe kýng for oþer dedis to Normundie was nomen.  
Anselm duelled nouht, bot sone ouer þe se  
To þe kyng típing brouht, what þerof suld be.  
þe bisshop schewed him skille, þat he mayntend þe ille.  
þe kýng consented þer tille, & gaf Anselm his wille.  
þorgh Anselm maytenýng was þe contek ent.  
He tok leue at þe kýng, & home to Ingland went.  
þe kýng his retenanz alle tille him he drouh  
Of Inglis & Norman, & gadred folk inouh.  
Whan he had samned his oste of folk fer & nere,  
He seged bi þat coste þe kastelle of Tenkere.  
Whilom Wiliam Mortaýn þerof lord was,  
þe Courthose is vnfayn, him þenk it a trespas.  
þerfor þe duke him dight, as man of grete value,  
Roberd Beleyse with myght, þe sege þei wend remue.  
þe Mortaýn befor spoken, with his nevow Reýnere,  
þe sege þe wend haf broken, þei com with þer powere.  
¶ þe kýng sauh þat þei kam, his trompes did he blowe,  
To þe bataile he nam, Roberd side gede lowe.

De cap-  
tione  
Roberti  
Courthose  
fratris Hen-  
rici, & de  
fine ejus-  
dem Ro-  
berti vide  
per totum.

Roberd side gede doun, for he bitrayed was.  
 His owen men did treson, þe kȳng him tok, allas!  
 Now taken is Roberd, & brouht vnto prison,  
 At Corue his kastelle sperd depe in a dongeon.  
 William þe Mortayn he skapes with no gile,  
 Fettered he is certayn Roberd of Stotenile.  
 & Sir William Crispȳn with þe duke was led,  
 Togider prisoned in zeres & dayes þam fed  
 þe kȳng þam þer in mete & cloth inouh,  
 þat neuer þei were o twynne, vntille ded þam slouh.

**O**FTEN I haf herd told of þis duke Roberd,  
 So gode knýght no so bold was non in alle þe werld,  
 Ageȳn þe Sarazins in bataile forto go,  
 Now he ligges in pȳnes, sorow wille him slo.  
 Why felle him suilk chance, & þis ilk mishap?  
 For of Gode's ordinance he forsoke þe schap.  
 Gode's grace he forsoke for zernȳng of þis lond.  
 Vengeance þerfor he tok at his endȳng he fond.

**A**T ' Coue is Roberd dede, þe maner of his endȳng  
 Mȳ boke it me forbede to telle þerof no þing.

Ecce, heu!  
 dicta God-  
 fridi de Be-  
 lyonde. c.  
 ben to Coue.  
 those.

<sup>1</sup> *L. Corue. Others say Caer-  
 diff in South-Wales. See what is  
 said about his death in p. 426,  
 443. of Rob. of Glouc. To which  
 may be here added, that as nei-  
 ther Robert of Gloucester, nor  
 the Chronicle of Peter Lantost  
 (that I now publish) say, that*

*Robert Duke of Normandy's  
 Eyes were pulled out, so neither  
 does John Rastall say any thing  
 of that matter, as well knowing  
 (and Sir Tho. More too had told  
 him the truth of that part of  
 our History) that the Story was  
 not touch'd by such Historians,*

as came nearest to Duke Robert's time. But I shall put down the Words of Rastall at large, because they will give some light to the Reader as he is perusing this work of Peter Langtoft. ¶ In the seconde yere of his [*Hen. the First's*] reygne Robert Courteyse his brother duke of Normandye | whiche had ben longe tyme occupied in warre agaynst Chrystes enemyes hauynge worde of the dethe of his brother wyllyam Rufus | and that his brother henry had takyn vpon hym to be kyng of Englande | made preparacyon in Normandye and came ouer into Englande with a great hoost to chalenge the crowne. But by mediacyon of the lordes | it was agreed that Robert shulde haue euery yere duryng his life. iii. M. markes | as was promysed hym before by kyng wyllyam his brother. And who so euer lyued longest to be others heyre. And sone after that | this Robert departed agayne into Normandye. This Robert by his manhode | dyd many notable actes | and specially at the wynnyng of the citey of Acon vpon the myscreantes & Turkes | and was chosyn kyng of Jerusalem | whiche

he refused to take vpon him. In this tyme began great warre in Normandye betwene kyng Henry & kyng Philyp of Fraunce | but kyng Philyp sone after dyed. ¶ About the. iiii. yere of this kyng | Robert Curteyse came into England agayne | to his brother henry whiche made hym great chere that before that Robert departed | he released to his brother the forenamed trybute of. iii. M. markes | & departed agayne into Normandye. After this a great varyaunce fell betwene this Robert and his lordes in Normandye that they scut vnto kyng henry his brother wyllynge for to come into Normandye | & they wolde deliuer hym the contrey. And also by the intyssement of yll tale tellers | a great varyaunce fell betwene kyng henry & his brother Robert | that the kyng dye. with a great armye sayled into Normandye | & with the helpe of the lordes there | chased his brother Robert from place to place | and wanne from hym. Roan | Canes | Faluys | and all the good townes & many castels. But at the last this Robert gaue battell to kyng hen-

A hardy knyght was he, ouer all bare þe pris,  
 At Jerusalem Cite, opon Gode's enmȳs.  
 Godferaȳ Bolion said, that many man it herd,  
 "More mȳ triste is laid on þe duke Roberd,  
 "& I had grete nede ageȳn þe Sarazines to go,  
 "& better suld he spede þan a hundreth mo.  
 "Take him þe kepȳng þe coroun of Jerusalem,  
 "For seke is the kȳng, of him is no bote of beem.  
 ¶ þe brid day of Aduent, bifor Cristo's messe,  
 þe kȳng a seknes hent, þe dede him tok alle fresse.  
 þe folk of þat Cite to God mad orisoun,  
 At þe temple *dominæ* with gode deuocioun,  
 Who þan were worpi þe coroune forto haue,  
 Ageȳn þe paemȳ þe Cristendā to saue,  
 Godfreȳ & Roberd, & lered men & lewed,  
 & God þer praieres herd, & to þam alle schewed.  
 A brightnesse com fro heten, & on Roberd light,  
 þre tȳmes alle euen, þat alle sauh it with sight.  
 þris þat alle mot se þe light on Roberd toke,  
 Vngracious man was he, þris he it forsoke.  
 þorgh conseile of som of hise, refused he þat present,  
 þei said, on oþer wise he salle haf auancement.

Ecce quomodo Robertus despexit gratiam & electionem Dei.

|                                                                                                                             |                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| duke Robert taken prisoner.<br><br>and kept in prison in the castle of Cardiffe in walys  <br>by the space of. xxviii. yerc | ry   in the whiche<br>battell this Robert was takȳn<br>and sent ouer<br>into Englande | where he after dyed without<br>yssue of his body   and was<br>buryed at Gloucester. And<br>when this Robert was takȳn  <br>the kynge Henry seasyd<br>alle Normandy into his<br>owne haudes. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Godfreȳ was ogliſt, to Roberd ſpak fulle tite,  
 “ Withouten any eſſoyne, vengeance ſalle falle þe not lite.  
 “ Forsakes þou Gode’s gýft, þou doſ him grete deſpite.  
 þuſ ſayd Godfreȳ of Bolyon, his hert was fulle of ſite.  
 Forſoth vengeance he fond, of Criſte þe grace he leſ.  
 For couetiſe of þis lond, his miſchene he cheſ.  
 Of Roberd is no ſpeȳre to mak of parlement.  
 Hiſ broþer Henry is heȳre of alle hiſ tenement,  
 Of alle Normundie, withouten geȳnsayng,  
 Als heȳr of anceſtrie, Henry ſeȳſed þat þing.

**S**ONE þan was it told vnto þe kȳng of France,  
 þat Roberd liſ was ſold þorgh treſon & miſchance.  
 Whan Lowȳs herd þat ſawe, þat Roberd was ſo dede,  
 Ageȳn right & lawe, tille Henry he miſbede.  
 For traytours of men Inglis to Lowȳs þam bond,  
 þei hight him ſorto wiſſe, how he mot haf þis lond.  
 He trowed to þer conſeile, at Douere he gan vp ryue,  
 It had bien wroþerheile, if he ne had went belyue.  
 þe kȳnge’s koſȳn Thebaut, & Randolf Gobion,  
 To gyf Lowȳs aſſaut, ſamned at Chilyngton.  
 Of Wales þei had inowe, þat Sir Lowȳs gan chace,  
 & of hiſ men þam ſlowe, to reſt þei had no ſpace.  
 Vnto þe ſe ſide chaced þei Sir Lowȳs,  
 He durſt not abide, no turne Thebald hiſ viſ.  
 To ſchip ilkon þei went, fulle on lond leued.  
 Mot þei Lowȳs hent, he ſuld haf lorn hiſ heued.

**W**HAN Henry herd telle þis of þat gode cheuysance,  
Of <sup>1</sup> of<sup>2</sup> þe toþer Inglis, þat counseild Lowys of France,  
þat suld haf bien his owen, & mad þe chance ouer grim,  
& þei wer fulle wele knowen, þat wild haf tresond him,  
How Gobion was certeyn, Thebaut his neuow stoute,  
Turned Lowys ageyn, of lond þei chased him oute,  
Siþen with grete nobley, & with mykelle honoure,  
Henry toke his way toward þe Emperoure,  
To þe Emperour of Almayn his douhter to gyue.  
Malde hight þat mayden, a sayrer mot non lyue.  
þat mayden moder hight Mald þe gode quene,  
Lady to maynten right sen sho was has non bene.  
Now has kyng Henry, þorgh þis weddýng,  
Grete power & party ageyns a lordýng.

De Matild  
filia Hen-  
rici regis.

¶ Now Henry kyng leue nam at þe Emperour Henry,  
& his sonne William, & went to Normundy.  
He gaf William his sonne with skrite & <sup>1</sup> f<sup>2</sup> seele fulle fre  
To hold, als it was wonne, alle Nõrmundie in fe.  
To Thebaud of Plesance left with him of his meyne,  
& vntille Inglond eft he turned ouer þe se.

**I**N his seuentend gere þat he regned kyng,  
Malde þe quene his pere in God scho did endýng.  
At London at Saynt Poule's in toumbe is scho laid,  
Criste þan haf hir soule meusk of hir men said.  
If any man wille witen, & se of hir storic,  
At Westmýnster written er þei redilic.

De morte  
Matildie  
Regine  
bone.

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<sup>1</sup> *Dele.*    <sup>2</sup> *Sic.*    *Sed f. delend. est.*

¶ Now es þe kȳng sorȳ, hir dede dos him fulle gram,  
 He gos to Normundȳ to his sonne William.  
 Tuo gere he wonnes, & faire courte þer held,  
 Untille boþe his sonnes þer moder dede he teld.  
 & in þe þrid gere þe kȳng to Ingland went,  
 His sonnes & þer powere a noþer tide þei hent.  
 þei toke a noþer tide, alas! it was ouer hard,  
 & dronkled bi þe se side boþe William & Richard.  
 Tuo erles & þer wȳues with þam dronkled were,  
 & manȳ oþer lyues in þe se left þere.  
 William Bigot þer felle, Roberd Maudut þat hight,  
 & Sir Geffreȳ Ridelle, & Othes þat was his knȳght.  
 þise men were of Gode, þat dronkled alle in fere.  
 To lyue non ne gode, but on was marinere.  
 þe bodies with þer godes wer costen vp on þe soud,  
 After an ebbe of þe flode, euer ilkon þei fond.  
 Tuo sonnes were our kȳng born, þat his heires suld be,  
 & boþe ere þet lorn, for soth þat is pite.

**T**O lond com þe kȳng, after þat passage,  
 With manȳ grete lordȳng of his baronage.  
 Godefreȳ of Louaȳn, þe duke þat was douhtȳ,  
 Bi messengers tuaȳn sent to kȳng Henrȳ,  
 For his douhter Adelaȳn, þat wele was þan of age.  
 Sir Henrȳ mad þe fȳne, & mad þe mariage.  
 þe maȳ withouten vice, his weddȳng was wele dight,  
 & Malde þe Emperice is heȳre of Henrȳ right.

Matild im-  
 peratrix  
 vidua.

¶ þe Emperour Henrȳ, þat Mald has to wȳue,  
 Scho had no child him bȳ Mald in alle his lyue.



þan died þe Emperour, Henry for Mald sent  
 As Emperice with honour, Mald till Ingland went.  
 Henry was alle glad of his douhter comýng,  
 Nought long siben scho had praier for weddyng.  
 þe gode erle of Aniowe of Mald herd he say  
 Fulle richely to trowe, till tok his way.  
 He ryued vp at Douere, & dight him eft alle bone,  
 Whan alle were wele ouere, to London com he sone.  
 þe erle so wele sped till our kyng Henry,  
 þat his sonne suld wed, & Mald was alle redy.  
 þe Emperice was dight, as lady felle to be.  
 With hir went many a knyght till Aniowe þat cuntre.  
 þe erle þis lady gent gaf Henry ' his sonne,  
 Alle his tenement, þat his eldres was wonne.

*' The Author here (as he does also in many other Places) strangely differeth from other Historians, in making Maud the Empress to be married to Henry Son of the Earl of Anjou, when she was really married (after the Death of the Emperour Henry IV. who was her first husband) to Geoffrey Plantagenet Earl of Anjou, son of Foulk King of Jerusalem. Hence John Rustall (in his most scarce Chronicle) writes thus: ¶ About the. xxi. yere [of Hen. I.] there was a great counsell called in London | for the correccon of the vicious luyunge of preestes*

*to be done by the kynges offycers. Sone after this Henry the Emperour dyed | & Maude the empress came to her father kyng henry | whiche caused Dauid the kyng of Scotlande and the more parte of the lordes of Englande to do othe and fealte to the Empresse | and to kepe the lande to her if the kyng dyed without issue male.*

*¶ Also about the. xxviii. yere | one Geoffrey Plantagenet erle of Angeo maryed the sayd Maude and after by her had issue Henry | whiche henry after kyng Steuyn was kyng of Englande.*

Whan

Whan þe fader had ent alle at his auys,  
To þe holý lond he went, & died oñ Gode's enmýs.

**H**ENRY his sonne & Molde, þat held þe seignorie,  
A sonne þei had fulle bolde, & his name Henrie.  
Siþen had þei a noþer, þat þei cald William,  
þat was Henry broþer, boþe of Mald cam.  
Hir fader þe kýng loued þo childre so,  
þat he wild for no þing þe sight of þam forgo.

þE kýng went at the last vnto Normundie,  
& praied hís douhter fast, to bere him companie;  
& hir sonnes boþe, Henry & William,  
þei were him nere boþe, gladly with him þei nam.  
Henry regned here þrittý gere & fiue,  
& þre moneþes sere, in þis feble lyue.  
þe dede euele him toke, he died at his day,  
þe bodý did þei loke, þat long abouen erþe lay.  
On bere lay kýng Henry, on bere bigond þe se,  
þat non wist certeynly, who his heýr suld be.  
Of Mald som had þe speýre, þe erle wif of Aniowe,  
Hir sone Henry & heýre of him was maste to trowe.  
So long he lay oñ bere, for doute of his lýnage,  
Tille men þe soth mot here, who suld haf þe heritage.  
Els I ne wote for wham, his biriýng suld men schonne,  
Tille Steuen of Plesance cam, þat was his sister sonne.  
Steuen com for þe nons, þis lond to haf he þouht.  
After were Henry bones to Redýnge's abbay brouht.

De morte  
Henrici  
primi per  
totum.

His bones did he lay in a tounge of honour,  
It was his owen abbay, þerof he was <sup>1</sup> foundour.

**H**ENRÝ is at his reste, his soule at Criste's wille,  
& Steuen wille do his beste, in Ingland leues he stille.

De Henrico  
comite An-  
degaviæ.

Thebaud, Steuen broþer, as erle in his cuntre,  
Of o side ne of oþer no þing dæles he.

Henrý of Aniowe takes consaile at frendes,  
With Malde, þat is so trowe, to Saynt Denýs he wendes,  
& his sonne Henrý, þat men helde of grete pris,  
þei gaf him Normundie bifor þe kýng Lowýs,  
& tille his beýres for aý, to hold of þe kýng of France.

And on þe toþer day men teld him of a chance,  
þat Gerard of Peiters þe erle Marchis had fet,  
Aniowe with þer souders was alle biseged & set.

Whan Henrý herd telle, he tok leue at Lowýs,  
Bot Mald scho gan duelle at þe castelle Sir Amýs,  
þat was duke of Gaynes, Henrý cosyn þorgh right.  
To suffre Henrý paynes he hette him alle his myght.  
Also þe duke Henrý with his fadere gede,  
With help of Normundie, þe better mot he spede.

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<sup>1</sup> This kynge henry the fyrst | buylded the Abbey of Redyng | & released the Englysshemen the Dane gelt. Also this kynge henry beyng in Normandy in the xxxv. yere of his reyne | the seconde day of December in | the yere of Chryst. M.C.xxxv. dyed. Some say he dyed of a surfet | and some wryters say that it was by a fall of a horse | and his body was brought into Englaunde | and is buried in the Abbay of Redyng. *J. Rustall in his Chr.*

Bot William, Henry broþer, died, & þan was wo,  
 þe werre with alle þe toþer lasted fwe gere & mo.  
 In alle þis ilk tirpelle wex Steuen a fulle wise man,  
 þorgh quaintise & conseile þe coroune of Ingland wan,  
 þe date of Jhesu pundred, þat men tellis bi,  
 A þousand & a hundred & sex & þritti.

De corona-  
 cione Sle-  
 phani.

**O**N Saynt Steuen day, withouten any conquest,  
 þe barons on gode aray at London mad þei feste,  
 þorgh conseile of ilkon, þai gaf Steuen þe coroun,  
 Heyre was he non, no þertille had resoun.  
 þe Emperice sonne Henry he had right þertille,  
 Bot right gede þer forbý, þe barons did no skille.

De jura-  
 mento Re-  
 gis.

¶ Bot sen his corounýng tille Oxenford he fore,  
 & þer Steuen þe kýng bifor þe clergie suore,  
 þat if a bisshopriche vacant wer þe se,  
 þe kýng, no non of his, suld chalange þat of fe,  
 With wrong no with right, of non þat fro him cam,  
 So help him God alle mýght, & þat halidam.

¶ A noþer oth not leste, þe clergie did him karke,  
 þat wodes ne foreste, withouten palaised parke,  
 þe comon folk suld queme on & oþer in fere,  
 þe kýng no man suld deme in courte for wilde dere,  
 Clerk ne lewed man for no wilde beste,  
 For comon þe folk it wan wod open & forest.

¶ þe þrid poýnt þei wild, to suere he was dryuen,  
 þat þe Danegelde for euer suld be forgýuen,  
 & of <sup>1</sup> of ilk a hide tuo schillýnges þat he toke  
 Suld neuer eft betide, he suore þat on þe boke,

Ne costom no seruise of þing þat he forgaf,  
þat noiþer he no hise suld chalange rif no raf.  
Of som poýntes he spak, & suore vnto þe clergie.  
þat ilk gere he it brak þe kyng in som partic.

**W**IIAN wrathed Steuen with Dauid of Scotland,  
þat wild not tille him cheuen, no bowe vnto his hand.  
Dauid vnto Mald had mad his homage,  
Steuen was in defaut, to Dauid did outrage.  
Bot Henry Dauid sonne, þat bis heyr suld be,  
Contek for to schonne, to Steuen mad feaute.  
Steuen sauh bis skille, þat Henry did resoun,  
With alle þat longed þer tille he gaf him Huntýngtoun.  
Henry of Huntýngton he wrote þe gestes olde,  
& sais in his sermon þat newe ere now tolde.  
A bisshop of Lyncoln, Alisaundre he hight,  
þat non suld be forholn, he praied him if he myght.  
In Alisaundre tyme kam, & Henrie's þe compilour  
Ros þe ordre of Sempýngham þorgh Gilbert þe confessour.  
Saynt Margrete story sais Dauid of hir kam,  
Of Dauid kýng Henry, of Henry com William,  
Of William Alisandre, & Alisandre of him,  
þat wedded kýng Edward sistir, þat was þe Scottis grim.  
þis is þe Genclogie fro S. Margarete þe quene  
Of kýnges bi & bi in kýnde þat has bene.  
Now of Steuen to speke turne we eft ageýn,  
Our tale wille we no breke, bot telle forth þe certeýn.

**A**T Pask in London þe kȳng his feste held,  
 With erle & baron, with knȳght þat was of scheld.  
 Was non þat þider ȝode, þat holden was of pris,  
 þat he ne had gyftes gode of Steuen þat was wȳs.  
 After þis fest praised Steuen with alle his here,  
 þe castellis he seised, þat he hat neuer ere.  
 & Baudewȳn of Beduere he flemed fro toun & felde,  
 A kestelle with powere ageȳn þe kȳng held,  
 þe kastelle tille him toke, Baudwȳn had it lorn.  
 Here how þe kȳng forsoke his oth þat he had suorn.

*Perjuratus  
est Rex.*

**I**n Huntȳngtōnschire þe kȳng in þat forest  
 A moneth laȳ, to spire for wod & wilde beste.  
 Forsters did somoun, enquired vp & doun,  
 Whilk men of toun had taken his venȳsoun,  
 & who þat was giltȳ þorgh þe foresters sawe,  
 Mercied was fulle hi, & don <sup>1</sup> & fulle grete awc.  
 þus he brak his avowe, þat he to God had suorn,  
 For a buske or a bowe þat he forgaf befor.

**O**PON þis ilk sȳn to Normundie he went.  
 þo serganz he fond þerin, he exiled þam & schent,  
 þat had kept þe land þorgh Mald þe Emperice,  
 þat were hir wele willand were putt out of office.  
 Siþen he went to Fraunce, & com vnto Parȳs,  
 & þer acordance bituex him & Lowȳs,  
 & gaf it Eustace his sonne alle Normundie in fe,  
 To hold, as it waȳwonne, of Lowȳs for feaute.  
 þe kyng for his seruise confermed his gȳft,  
 & oȳ þis ilk wise Eustace to duke was list.

<sup>1</sup> *F.* in fulle.

¶ þe þrid gere of his regne he com to Ingland,  
 Bedford he beseged, & wan it to his hand.  
 Siþen dight him to Scotland, & mykelle folk him wit,  
 & slouh alle þat he fand for luf of kȳng Daud.  
 For he mot neuer drawe Daud tille homage.  
 Daud did bot lawe, Mald had his seruage.  
 Tille Mald with alle his myght for lefe or for loth,  
 For scho was heȳre þorgh right, to hir he held his oth.  
 He sauh he myght not spede, & Daud com no nerre,  
 To Wales suiþe he gede, and oñ þam gan werre.

De obsidione Beafordie, & captione ejusdem.

**STEUN** stoutly deles, in stedes þor he kennes,  
 þat ageȳn him holdes kasteles oñ þam rapely rennes.  
 In Herford fulle stoutely his gannok has vp set.  
 With Roberd fitz Henry Steuen so with him met,  
 þat Bristow kastele & toun, whedir he wild or non,  
 & slede with alle þe honour, & oþer sex ilkon,  
 Carro, Lodelow toun, Schrobesbiri & Warwik,  
 Dunford & Maltone, Steuen wan þam ilk a stik,  
 & þo þat þe casteles kept, in penance þei soiorned,  
 þat eft not oñ him lept, to Wȳnchestre he toured.  
 At Wȳnchestre he spires, his frendes drawes tille him,  
 For folk of fele schires agen him turnes grim.

Misit Gannok in Herfordia.

¶ Whan Daud of Scotland herd þe soth sawe,  
 þat Steuen was duelland in þe South grete þrawe,  
 þe folk ferly mykelle ageȳn him þei ros,  
 & Daud herte gan tikelle, þat him wex fele fos.  
 Fulle son at Rokesburghe his parlement he helde,  
 þe ' solk did somon þorgh of tuenty wynter elde.

De Rege Scottorum.

& gaf þam sonde at wille in Inglond forto fare,  
 Man & beste to spille, non ne suld þei spare.  
 Southward þe Scottis hasted, bifor þam bare alle doun,  
 Alle þe cuntre wasted vnto Aluertoun.  
 Whan þe kȳng Dauid Aluerton had sene,  
 & wend wele at his grith alle Inglond had bene,  
 þe Norreis so þam defendid ageȳn þo þat he brouht,  
 Whan Dauid alle had spendid, of þam wan he nouht.  
 Liste how Dauid les his spente & his trauaile,  
 & whilk oȳ him gan pres, to renne oȳ his rascaile.

**T**HE archbisshop Thurstan, a gode clerk wele in age,  
 Herd þe Scottis com ilkan of Dauid baronage,  
 For to destroie Inglond, & set it in seruage,  
 Thurstan sent his sond, tille a bissh sauage,  
 Rauf of Orkeney, noble of lȳnage,  
 þat he suld tak þei weȳ, opon his kostage,  
 & do þe Scottis deie, & þer pride asuage.  
 Whan Rauf herd him so seie, he dight him to þat rage.  
 ¶ þise were þo þat nam, als in þe geste it sais,  
 Of Almarle erle William, & Walter de Gounteis;  
 Roberd de Brus þer cam, & Gilbert de la Say,  
 & his sonne Adam, & Roger de Moubraȳ.  
 Walter Spek was in þat stoure, gode knight at alle nedes,  
 þe boke tellis grete honoure of his douhtȳ dedes,  
 Of monkes & clauones he did mak abbeis,  
 Wis man in þe lawe knyght gode & curteis.  
 William Peucerelle com als, he was of þe West,  
 Ageȳn þe Scottis fals, a gode man with þe best.



þise were þe barons, þat com of þe North ende,  
 þat Rauf mad somons ageyn Dauid to wende.  
 þise men list þer standard, þat stoute was & grim,  
 Ageyn Dauid wandelard, & disconfite him.

**S**AIÐ Rauf tille ilkon, or þei ta bataile went,  
 " Of þe bisshop Thurston haf I comandment,  
 " þe clerkes forto tech, for þe londe's nede,  
 " þe lewed also to preche, & comforte þam to dede.  
 1 " ge wite wele a remenant, & forsoth ge kenne,  
 " þat Inglis & Normant be now ons men.  
 " gour ancestres conquered all France quitely,  
 " Were þei neuer ferde of Frankis men hardy.  
 " Pople with alle þe recchesse, & akres, als þei wonnen,  
 " þorgh þer douhtinesse, þe lond þorgh þei ronnen.  
 " Siþen wan þei Ingland, þat is so plentynous,  
 " & now er þise bot mansbond, rascaile of refous.  
 " On gour fadres þink, þat were staworth in stoure.  
 " For þise ne salle ge blenk, bot hold vp þer honoure.  
 " Go we with gode wille, & here I gow assoyle,  
 " Of alle gour synnes ille granted of þe apostoyle,  
 " þat ge haf said or þouht, or don þat is schryuen,  
 " In Criste, þat vs alle bouht, be it gow forgýuen.  
 " þerto my benyson tille alle þat go blipely,  
 " In þe name of þe fadere & þe sonne & sprit sancti.

De Radul-  
 pho de  
 Orkneye,  
 qui ductor  
 fuit de  
 bello. Hi  
 sunt qui  
 fuerunt in  
 prælio.

**D**AUID of Scotland hasted to þe bataile,  
 Walter Spek ros on hand, þe folk to forme & taile.

He bad, þat non alone breke out of þe rengaile.  
 William of Almarle acordes to þat consaile.  
 To while þat þise men bold with þer folk gan daile,  
 Sir Robert de Brus þe old to Dauid gan trauaile.  
 Here now of þe Brus, how he Dauid gan saile,  
 With word þat was Irus, if it mot out auaille.

- ¶ “ Dauid my lordyng, land I hold of þe,  
 “ & als of Steuen kyng, for hamage & feaute.  
 “ Leue alle þis foly, þat þou here bigynnes,  
 “ þin heyres salle it by, & þou no þyng wynnes.  
 “ & loke, þat þou not lese of lond þis ilk day,  
 “ þe best I rede þou chese, þi lif saue if þou may.  
 “ For Inglis & Normant er stalworth men in stoure,  
 “ It is folk valiant, ouer alle þei bere þe floure.  
 “ For neuer mot þou fynde Inglis kyng giloure.  
 “ To þe & to þi kynde haf þei don honoure,  
 “ Londes haf þei gyuen to þin ancessoure.  
 “ If trespas be misdryuē, & do þin owen socoure,  
 “ & I wille mak amendes, tak a day of loue.  
 “ If þou ne wille, þou spendes, & we salle be aboue.  
 “ þou may haf þi wille, if þou to loue chese,  
 “ & if þou turne tille ille, non wote who salle lese.  
 “ Wherfor, my lord Dauid, do bi gode conseile,  
 “ Tak gow pes & grith, & late be þis tirpeile,  
 “ & late not now be spoken of þe mishap.  
 “ For eft it wille be wroken with a hardere klap.

De consilio  
 Roberti  
 Brus.

Dauid.

**DAVID** listend Roberd, to pes fulle ech to drawe,  
Bot on þer was ansuerd, & sturbled alle þer sawe,  
William his neuen, a man of proude wille,  
& said, “ Roberd þe bru, traytour hold þe stille.  
Roberd said him naȝ, traytour was he non,  
“ Daid haf gode daȝ, mȝn homage now is gon.  
He smote his hors withi spors, & fleih fro þat rascaile,  
& comandid his trompors, to blow vnto bataile.  
¶ Rauf of Orkencȝ cried, “ Inglis go now go,  
“ & do þise Scottis deie, þei waken vs euer wo.  
þe Normans were alle glad, þorgh schet þam als þe ro.  
þe Inglis did as he bad, bifor þam stode bot fo.  
Almerle his banere sprad, & oþer barons mo,  
Mikelle blod þei schad of folk þat þei gon slo.  
Daid away fled, þat bigan alle þat þro,  
Here how a squier sped, sen Daid fled þam fro.  
¶ A hede þat was of smȝten, þat þis squier fond,  
Priue, þat non suld witen, in an orfreis it wond,  
& sette it on a spere, in an orfreis vnbiwened,  
& said, “ lo ! here I bere Daid kȝng heued,  
“ þis is þe hede þat was of Daid þe Scottis kȝng.  
þe Scottis said, “ allas ! þis is a grete encumberȝng.  
þe Scottis þat stode fer fro, & þe hede biheld,  
Fulle wightlȝ gan þei go, flehand out of þe feld.  
Wolgrȝn & Dufnald for euer more þei left,  
Of knyght no squier bald on lyue non þei left.  
þe Scottis whan þei cam, bestes ouer alle þei toke,  
Hors & nete alle samen bifor þer oste þei schoke.

þei did it for a wile, þorgh & þorgh toun,  
 To put bestes in perile, our folk to bere doun,  
 Our men herd it say, þei were warned beforne,  
 In ilk strete & way þei ordeynd an erþe horn.  
 Whan þe com þam blewe, þe bestes ageyn fled,  
 þe Scottis men doun thewe, for roryng wer þei dred,  
 þe bestis þorgh þam gede, & ouer þer rascaile ran,  
 þe Inglis after with dede, & slouh þam ilk a man.  
 þis was at Kouton more, þat þe erþe hornes blewe.  
 þer þe Scottis misfore, men telle þe tale git newe.  
 Sir Henry, Dauid sonne, þe romance sais so þere,  
 His dedis were more to mone, þan sex þe best þer were,  
 Our barons had þe pris, with þam held þe right,  
 þe Scottis side doun lis, þei þanked God all myght.

De capci-  
 one David,  
 & de Eus-  
 tathio filio  
 Stephani.

¶ þe moneth of heruest was Dauid disconfite,  
 þe next zole alle preste Steuen dight him fulle tite,  
 & tille Scotlond went, & tok he kyng Dauid,  
 & tille Ingland him sent, his sonne Henry him wit.

¶ A sonne had Steuen þe kyng, Eustace was his name,  
 In armes gode gynnýng, of pruesse had he fame,  
 Lowys douhter of France Eustace tok to wife,  
 Steuen for þat chance was more stouter in strife.  
 Alisander, þat was biþshop of Lyncoln schire,  
 I ne wote for what trespas, þe kyng tille him had ire,  
 Sleaford & Neuwerk þe kyng reft him þo tueyn,  
 At Wynchestere þorgh conseile he had þam boþe ageyn.

Matildis  
 Imperatrix  
 venit in  
 Angliam.

¶ þat ilk tyme so felle Mald þe Emperice com to lond,  
 þe castelle of Arondelle open ageyn hir foud.

¶ Whan

Whan Steuen vnderstode Mald was in Arondelle,  
 With mykelle folk & gode <sup>1</sup> bigeged þat kastle.  
 Mald þouht of þis stoure, scho biþouht hir strait,  
 & douted dishonoure, þat mot com þorgh disceite.  
 Scho did hir to Bristow, & duellid oþer half gere,  
 & þider fro Anjowe com hire a messengere,  
 & told to Mald here, þat scho fulle wele trod,

r lord lay on bere, his soule bitaken God,  
 & Henry hire sonne had þe heritage,  
 To hold as it was wonne, don was his homage.  
 Mald in Bristow lettres fast sendes,

Bi messengers trowe, forto procore frendes,  
 To burgeis & citez (þe wardeýns alle scho freistes,)  
 & to lordes of feez, þat scho on treistes.

Misit baro-  
 nibus pro  
 auxilio.

Of help scho þam bisouht, in right & leaute,  
 þat þei failed hir nouht, for heyre þe wist hir be.  
 þe barons said, scho had right in hire askýng.

Son was þe contek schad bituex<sup>2</sup> þam & þe kýng.

Ilkon on his side to bataile purueid him,  
 þat power had to bide most was stoute & grim.

¶ Sir William of Almarle wex a stoute sire,

He gerner to haue alle Lyncolnschire,

Ageýn Gilbert þe Gaunt reised his banere.

Gilbert was valiaunt, ageýn him fulle austere.

Gilbert had þe erledam þat tyme of heritage.

Bituex him & William was don many outrage.

Of Gilbert first to telle, to William did he wouh,

He did brenne Helwelle, & William broþer slouh.

<sup>1</sup> Sic.

þe castelle of Bitliam to Gilbert golden was.  
It longed to William, þat tyme felle him þat cas.

**W**ILLIAM of Almarle þat tyme Northward rode,  
þe castelle of Hundmanby he cast doun alle o brode.  
Sir Eustace le fitz Jon at þat dede was,  
More him, þan ilkon, þe wited þat trespas.  
Who so was wroþe, or oþer, biforn, for any chance,  
His enmy þe toþero toke þan his vengeance.  
þo þat lufed werryng mad parties ay bituen,  
Som held with Steuen þe kýng, & som with Mald þe quene.  
For erles & barons, þat were of Malde's kýnde,  
Souht citez & touns, þe kýng if þei mot fynde.  
Hir frendes fulle fast waited aboute & woke,  
& Mald at þe last kýng Steuen scho toke,  
& led him to Bristow, & did him þer in hold,  
In prison, I trowe, þorgh þe quene Mold.  
<sup>1</sup> þan þe riche & pouere, & alle comonly,  
<sup>2</sup> For Berwik to Douere held hir for lady.

¶ Whan þe lond gan hir loute, & alle was at hir wille,  
þan bare scho hir ouer stoute, & wild vnto no skille.  
For or þat gere was gon, scho bare hir so stoute,  
þat þe Lundreis ilkon of London drof hir oute.  
Mald þorgh þe Lundreis fro London is katched,  
With hors & herneis Bristow has scho latched.

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<sup>1</sup> Des riches & des pouers | leimperice dame rescen de  
de communalte Eft Malde | gre. Gall. <sup>2</sup> F. fro.

What for ire & tene, & alle in euelle wille,  
Scho stokked kȳng Steuen, & þer did scho ille.

**N**OW turnes eft Mold to Wȳncester fulle stoutȝ,  
& Steuen out of þat hold quaintly skaped oute.

De Matil-  
de Impera-  
trice.

Roberd went hir with, Malde's half broþer,  
& þe kȳng Dauid of Scotland was þe toþer.

At Wȳncester gan scho duelle, biseged þe castelle :  
þe Londreis herd it telle, & gared þam fulle welle,  
With gode aparaile of alle þat þei mot gete.

þe sege þei gan assaile, & tok hir at þe mete.  
Roberd þer was taken in to þe Londreis hand,  
Bot Dauid was wele waken, he fled fast to Scotland,  
Alle þorgh Chestreschire, he fled to Louthian.

A preste was with hire, þat Mald fro þam wan.

Mald & Roberd Louelle tille Oxenford þei fled,  
& seised þe castelle, & Steuen fast him sped,  
& gadred him an oste, & went vnto Wilton,  
& did reise in þat coste a stalworth donjon.

Mald wist þat fulle wele, hir barons þider sent,  
& Steuen left ilka dele, & to Northampton went.

William Marschalle o chance was taken at þat turne :  
He gaf for his delyuerance þe castelle of Schirburne..

Folk bigond þe se, þat were of Steuen's kȳnde,  
Tille him com grete plente, & oþer þat þei mot fȳnde.

Steuen with his power tille Oxenford gan schake,

His sege he set plener, þe castelle forto take.

þe Emperice it held, was it þe wȳnter tide,

þe snowe laȳ in þe feld, þe water frese biside.

þe lady had defaute boþe of mete & drynk,  
 & scho dred þer assaute, hunger was at þe brýnk.  
 Scho asked hir conseile, what was þer of to rede.  
 "Steuen wille vs traueile, & famen vs to dede.  
 Non ne couth ne wild conseile on no partie,  
 Bo þe castelle to zeld, & ask þe kýng mercie.  
 þat ne wild scho nouht, hir herte was so stoute.  
 Bot here now how scho wrouht, & how scho passed oute.  
 ¶ A fulle selcouth rede tok at hir owen herte,  
 Scho left for life no dede, ne colde þat was so smerte.  
 Sone after mydnýght, þat crowe suld þe cok,  
 In þe snowe for sýght scho gede out in hir smok,  
 Ouere þe water of Temse, þat frosen was iys,  
 Withouten kirtelle or kemse, saue kouerchef alle bare vis.  
 To Walýngford scho wan, & þer scho left a while,  
 þe way scho ged & ran, on length it is ten mile.  
 & Steuen þe castelle wan of þam euer ilkon.  
 þei gelded it ilk man, 'wham dam Mald was gon.

**I**N þis tyme had Steuen regned auht zere in alle,  
 Lered & lewed were euen, & pere & paringalle;  
 So þat knýght & squiere, if þei powere mot make,  
 Of holy kýrke pleynere tok þat þei mot take.  
 þe pape þan herd þe pleýnt, he sent hider a legate.  
 At London þei wer atteýnt, decre was mad for þate,  
 gif any lewed man laid hand opon clerk,  
 Or with ille on ráh, þat of corun had merk,  
 He suld not escape, þorgh bisshop granted fre,  
 Of non bot of þe pape myght he assoýled be.



þe kýng it was herd, & chastised his meýne,  
& oþer afterward left of þer nýcete.

**T**HER after half a zere þe clergie had gode pes,  
þat noiþer wo no werre non oñ þam gan pres.  
Bot Geffrey of Maundeuile þe kýng Steuen him rest  
His baronie, þat while rōbberie with Job was left.  
þe abbaý of Rameseie bi nýght he robbed it,  
þe tresore bare aweie with hand þei mýght on hit.  
Abbote & priour & monke þei did out chace,  
Of holý kirke a toure to theft þei mad it place.  
Roberd þe Marmion þe same wayes did he,  
He robbed þorgh treson þe kirke of Couentre.  
Here now of þeir schame, what chance bifelle.  
þe storý sais þe same, soth as þe gospelle.  
Roberd þe Marmýon he lepe vp on his stede,  
þorgh Couentre þat toun vnto þe kirke he zede.  
He comandid his men, to drýue out þe couent,  
þe godes him biken, þat þei mot tak or hent.  
Whan þei had inouh, als mýkelle as þei mot lede  
þat þei of herneis drouh, to go þei gan þam spede.  
He turned his bridelle wiþ querte, he wend awaý haf gone,  
þe dede him smote to þe herte, word spak he neuer none.  
I Geffrey of Maundeuile to fele wrouh he wouh,  
þe deuelle gald him his while, with an arowe on him slouh.  
þe gode bisshop of Chestre cursed þis ilk Geffray,  
His lif out of þis estre in cursýng went awaý.  
Arnulf his sonne was taken als thefe, & brouht in bond,  
Befor þe kýng forsaken, & exiled out of þis lond.

DeRobertu  
Marmýon.

De G.  
Maunde-  
uile.

þe marschalle of þam alle, Helys of Saynt Omere,  
 To ded þan gon he falle doun of his destrere.  
 þe maistir of þer pedaile, þat kirkes brak & brent,  
 & abbeis gan assaile, monkes slouh & schent,  
 Was born in Pikardie, & his name Reýuere,  
 In suilk felonie gadred grete auere.  
 He had what he wild, & was of wendýng gare,  
 & had a schipe wele filled, ouer þe flode to fare.  
 þer in was wif & childe, & tresore wikly wonnen.  
 So com a tempest wilde, his schip had alle ouer ronnen.  
 þe maryner was ogast, þat schip þat wild not go.  
 Lotes did þei kast, for whom þei had þat wo.  
 þe lote felle on Reýuere, & on his wif also.  
 þris kast at týmes sere, selle it on þam tuo.

ÞE schip man wist wele, þe tempest þat þam smote,  
 For þam com ilk a dele, he did þan tak a bote,  
 & did þam alle þerin, Reýuer & his gode,  
 & whan þei were o tuýn, þer schip ferd on þe flode.  
 Reýuer & his wif doun tille helle þei sank,  
 For his wikked lif þe Deuelle guld him þat þank.

I<sup>N</sup> his tende gere a hatreþ wex alle hote,  
 þe kýng fulle austereagcýn Sir Hugh Bigote.  
 þe kýng did not wele, with þe wrong he wrouht;  
 Amendes he mad som dele, bot of þe most right nought.  
 ¶ Rauf þe erle of Chestre, & þe kýng were wroth,  
 In his elleuend gere, þe wend haf acorded both

In alle maner of þing, þat Rauf felt him filed.  
 Bot here now how þe kȳng Rauf þe erle begiled ;  
 Unto Northampton Rauf to courte kam.  
 þe kȳng, þorgh treson, Rauf þer he nam,  
 & held him tille he gald of Lȳncolne þe castelle,  
 & plenerlȳ haf he wald þe rentis þat þerto felle.  
 ¶ þe tuelft zere of his regne at zole he held his feste  
 At Lȳncolne; as in signe, þat it was his conqueste.  
 Sone after þat feste, þat he þer seȳsen tok,  
 þe courte, moste & leste, tille Arundelle þei schoke.  
 þat þe kȳng was gone, Rauf herd sone saȳ,  
 To Lȳncoln forth oñ one Rauf þan tok his way,  
 & reised a mangnel, to kast vnto þe toure.  
 þe burgeis were fulle felle, þei gald him hard stoure.  
 þe Gȳour of his oste at þat saut was slaȳn,  
 & Rauf, for alle his boste, fulle fast fled agaȳn.

**T**HE zere next on hand zede þe kȳng of France  
 To þe holȳ land, with his purueiance.  
 þe emperour with þo kȳnges went withouten grace.  
 þo & oþer lordȳnges mad þe grete manace,  
 Upon Gode's enmȳs forto tak vengeance.  
 þei sauh þe payens of pris of so grete purueiance,  
 þe Cristen turned for drede withouten dȳnt of lance.  
 Bot here how þe poraile spedde, God gaf þam fair chance.  
 ¶ þe poraile þat went þider, þat had no spendȳng,  
 þei suore þer oth togider, to lette for no þing,  
 To wend vnto Spayn, & tuo Citez þei wan.  
 þe Sarazins was þer wayn, & slouh þam ilk a man.

*Ecce kou-  
 wardise  
 magnatum  
 & fuga eo-  
 rum.*

þei

þei zede fro lond to lond, & non ageyn þam stode:  
 þe better grace þei fond, þe ferrer þat þei zode.  
 Hidere com þat tiþand tille oþer lordes manýmo,  
 How mýkelle grace þei fand, þat durst þe Sarazins slo.  
 þe lordes mot haf schame, whan þei herd it telle,  
 þat dred for Gode's name, at home þei zede to Helle.

De morte  
 Matildis  
 Imperatri-  
 cis, & de  
 forma scri-  
 pti inter  
 Stephanum  
 & Henri-  
 cum filium  
 Imperatri-  
 cis.

**I**N his sextend zere Steuen þat þe lond ault,  
 Mald scho died here, hir soule to God betault.  
 & hir sonne Henry to lond was he comen,  
 þe barons & þe clergý tille him alle þe nomen,  
 & with þe kýng Steuen þei held parlement,  
 þat Henry & he euen acorded or þei went.

With skrite was set þe pes, & ordeýnd þorgh baroun,  
 þat Steuen tille his dises of Ingland suld bere coroun,  
 & his gýft certeyn be holden stabillý.

To Normundie ageýu suld turne þe duke Henry,  
 & Ingland alle holý after Steuen þe kýng  
 Suld turne to þe same Henry, withouten geýnsaiýng.  
 & if þat Henry die, or Steuen mak his deses,  
 Henry heýr we scie salle haf þe lond in pes,  
 Coroun forto bere, as heýr & eldest sonne,  
 His heritage to were in right, als it was wonne,  
 So þat Steuen þe kýng, no non of his heýres,  
 For heritage no ing salle chalange for þeires.  
 þis dede was enseled bitault þam of S.Poule's,  
 þat wrong were not deled for drede of lif & soules.

**N**OW wendes duke Henry vnto Normundie,  
 Seysine has plenerly of alle his cheualrie,  
 & Steuen leues here, Ingland is his balie.  
 After in his þrid zere Steuen fulle seke gan lie,  
 & in þat grete languour endid he his life,  
 Ninetene zere þe honour he kept in werre & strife,  
 At Feuersham he lis, at a heuen in Kent,  
 In an abbey of pris he founded with lond & rent.  
 & Mald þe Emperice þer þan is scho laid,  
 þat scrued þer office to me, so þei said.  
 þe date a þousand right a hundreth <sup>1</sup> & fiftý,  
 þat Steuen to dede was dight, now comes þe secunde Henry.

Anno.  
 m°. c°. l°.

**N**OW is Steuen dede, & lies at Feuersham,  
 þe barons þair red, & after Henry nam.  
 To London þei him brouht with grete solempnite.  
 þe popille him bisouht þer kýng forto be.  
 þe day of Saynt Liger <sup>2</sup> was Henry corouned kýng,  
 Thebald of Canterber gaf him þe coroune & þe rýng.  
 þis Henry was Mald sonne, þe erle wif of Aniowe.  
 þe Emperice was wonne, & right heýre forto trowe.  
 For Henry douhter scho was, & his heýre þorgh sight.  
 Now comes hir sonne in pas, Henry hir heýr þorgh right.

Henricus  
 secundus  
 factus est  
 rex.

<sup>1</sup> *Obiit re vera Stephanus rex*  
*Oct. 25. 1154. Ipsius autem re-*  
*gina Matildis defuncta est Maii*  
*30. 1152. apud Heddingham ni-*  
*mirum sive Hengham, vulgò*  
*Heningham, elegans olim ca-*

*strum (notante Camdeno) &*  
*Oxonie Comitum antiquam*  
*habitationem, in agro Essexi-*  
*ensi. <sup>2</sup> Oct. 2. Sed de tem-*  
*pore Coronationis variant hi-*  
*storici.*

Henry has four sonnes, & doughters has he tuo,

As þe story mones, þese ere þe names of þo :

Henry & Richard, erle Geffrey & <sup>1</sup> Jone,

<sup>2</sup> Ilkon afterward was kȳng, & quene <sup>3</sup> bot on.

Geffrey was no more, bot erle of Bretayn :

& dame Helianore scho we quen of Spayn.

Dame <sup>4</sup> Jon was zongest, & lady of Cezile.

þer fader kȳng richest lyuand in alle his while.

¶ þis ilk Henry is told Henry þe scecunde,

So riche a prince in wold in þis lond siþen non funde

Aniowe & Normundie alle holy he held,

Of Gascoyne þe seignorie bowed vnto his scheld.

Ilk a knȳght & squiere, clerkes were to him suorn.

þan was his Chancelere Thomas of London born.

Saynt Thoma fader I fynd hight Thomas Beket,

In London of noble kȳnd, & maste of alle was let.

A riche man he was, mot spend þre hundreth pound :

Ersdeken his sonne Thomas of Canterbiri þat stound,

In alle manere cause he sought þe right in skille,

To gile no to fraude wild he neuer tille.

---

<sup>1</sup> John. <sup>2</sup> Perperam. Nam cent, tam Johannam quam & tres duntaxat reges erant, Gal- Elianoram reginam fuisse. Ad- fridus vero Britannia tantum- eo ut pro eorum sententia mox modo Comes sive Dux, id quod infra quene of Cezile pro lady of Cezile sit reponendum. id quod etiam liquet ex Petri de Langtoft Codicibus Gallicis, in quibus, Alȳenore sa fȳlle su Rayne de Espayne, Rayne de Secyllle Johane la fȳlle darayne.

<sup>4</sup> Joane.

þe Ersebisshop þat was þat tyme died he,  
 þe Erresdeken Thomas was sacred in his se.  
 Wele mayntend he holý kirk, & alle þe dignite,  
 With þe lawe to wirke mayntend þe ordine.  
 If any man mad pleyn of clerk for hastiuenesse,  
 Or if þei were atteynt in oþer wikkednesse,  
 Thomas suffred nouht <sup>1</sup> cleke to be alle schent,  
 Ne to þe laý courte be brouht to tak þer jugement,  
 Bot tille holý kirke, of whom he bare þe merke,  
 & at þat lawe to wirke, if he were ordeynd clerke.  
 þe kýng for þat cheson wrathed with Thomas.  
 Here now þe reson, whi þat wreth first was.

Sanctus  
 Thomas  
 factus est  
 archiepiscopus Can-  
 tuar.

Ecce con-  
 troversia  
 orta est in-  
 ter regem  
 & clerum.

**C**LERKES often tide misdo blithely,  
 For deynoushede & pride, & for þer state is hy:  
 þei passe mesure & right, forto haf þer wille,  
 & whan þei ere in myght, wille þei kepe no skille.  
 For þei wille vnderfong a fulle gre emprise,  
 & susteyn it with wrong, with sleiht & quaintise,  
 þo þat felt þam greued, of þer wikked dedis,  
 To lordes, þat þei to cheued, pleyned þei most nedis.  
 þat suilk was not lees, it com to þe kýnge's ere,  
 He comanded his pes to lered and lewed þat were:  
 & if a clerke men founde in his lond þat reft,  
 þorgh slaughter or wounde, or þorgh oþer theft,  
 Men suld schewe his guilte in þe courte of laý,  
 & þer be saued or splite, bot Thomas said him nay.  
 Thomas said þe kýng, þat othe suld he wele loke,  
 þat he suore at þe gynnýng, whan he þe coroune toke.

Ecce de  
 clero per  
 totum.

" þorgh God I þe forbede to chalange any clerke

" In lay courte-for non nede, of holy kirke has merke ;

" Ne þe franchise fordo, þat it ouh to halde,

" Bot tille þat courte com to, of whilk he is membre calde.

¶ þis was at Clarendoun, þat Thomas gaf respouns,

& siþen to Northampton Thomas com eft sons,

Delyuer his clerkes fro dome, bot no grantise was.

Wherfor to þe courte of Rome þan kalled S. Thomas.

Thomas toke þe way, & passed ouer þe se.

þe kýng Henry herd say, his messenger sent he.

' . . . . . hop Rogere of gork þan kept þe se,

. . . . . his powere corouned forto be,

. . . . . oynt also with wrong, þei mad alle mirie.

Tille Thomas felle it to þe kirk of Canterbirie."

Whan Thomas it wist, he did mak a cursýng.

Roger he cursed first, þat corouned þe gong kýng,

& alle þat wer him with, or in his courte wer sene,

Saue þe kýng had grith, his childre & þe quene.

To Thomas þe kýng bisoult, þe bishop to assoile,

Bot Thomas wild nouh, bot þorgh grace of þe apostoile.

<sup>1</sup> *Torn off. But the sense, notwithstanding, is plain, especially if the passage be compared with the French, which is thus: Ceo fu a Claringdoun, ou Thomas ad parlez, Et a Northampton vint il altre feez, Deliuere ses clers,<sup>1</sup> mes rien luý fu grantez. A la courte de Rome ad Thomas appelez. Thomas deuers la courte va la*

mere passer, Et le Reis Henry set maintenaunt maunder. Lerceuesque de Euerwik son noun fu Roger, Et son fiz Henry le fist corouner, Et oyndre en Reis, le regne pur [*the word pur is wanting in Mr. Austis's Copies*] gouverner. Toit fist a Thomas, ke fust outre mere. Kar pur veir a luý appent cel mester. Wher-



Wherfor þe kýng wex wroth, & Thomas did exile,  
His kýnred lefe & loth he did fleme & reuile.

¶ þe kýng suld haf no plight, þat Thomas so was dede,  
He said bot tille a knýght, þat Thomas him misbede ;  
& if he had had men, as he wend, of renoun,  
þei suld haf venged him of suilk a clergioun.  
Foure kýngtes it herd withouten any more,  
To Canterbiri þei ferd, & slouh Thomas right þore'.

De morte  
Sancti  
Thome.

¶ Who so wille wit þis chance his lif & his languour ;  
& how þe kýng of France did him grete honour ;  
& how þe pape sent his bulle with a legate ;  
& how, or he went, he serched alle þe state ;  
& how at Pountnej þe angelle to him said ;  
& how alle hiȝ kýnde exile was on þam laid ;

<sup>1</sup> *In the Cathedral Church at St. Bennet's Altar, as even Rastall takes notice, in his most wonderfull rare Chronicle, lent me by the curious and ingenious Mr. John Murray.*

¶ Also (*saieth he*) for dyuers actes that the kyng procured to be made agayne the lybertes of the church. There saynt Thomas of fell a great debate Caunter- betwene hym and buryslayne. Thomas then Arche- byshop of Canterbury | that the byshoppe fled vnto Rome. But after whan Thomas came agayne to Caunterbury. iiii. of the

kynges knyghtes because the kyng beyng in Normandye | they harde the kyng say these wordes | if he had any men about hym | he had ben a yeng- ed vpon that traytour longe or that tyme. Therfore these knyghtes came fro the kyng beyng in Normandye | and slewe this Thomas in the cathe- drall church in Canterbury at saynt Benet'es auter: whiche Thomas is now by the church canonysed for a holy saynt | & dyuers myracles aucterysed by the church that god hathe shewed for hym.

& how þe apostoile laid on þam grete payn,  
 Or he wilde þam assoile, þat had Thomas slayn;  
 & how for holý kirke he suffred passion,  
 & how God dos wirke in schrine þer he is don;  
 Open his boke & se, for þer in ere þei writen,  
 Meruailes grete plente, þat fele of vs ne witen.

COMEN is tiping, þe bishop slayne is he,  
 & þe gonge kýng is went ouer þe se,  
 Of Almarle erle William with þe kýng was þen,  
 Tuo castels he nam open þe Frankis men.  
 Of Almarle in þe castelle þre lordes he toke,  
 Of messengers fulle suelle he sent hider to loken  
 Untille Ingþond, of Flandres men fulle ille,  
 In warde or in bond in prison leue þei stille.

De falsi-  
tate Scot-  
torum.

¶ þe fader kýng Henry in herte had he payn,  
 & angused greuoslý, þat Thomas was so slayn.  
 William þe Scottis kýng therfor was fulle blithe,  
 þat Henry had ille likýng, werre on him gan he kithe.  
 Burgh his way befor he sesed þat kastelle,  
 Mulgard þorgh him was lorn, Prudhow saued welle.  
 His way lest he nouht, till he com till Alnwik,  
 þer was he taken, & brouht to Richemunde also quik.  
 Richard þe Moruile knyght of gode renoun,  
 Richard Comyn þat while with him com to þe toun.  
 þe Northren so wele stode in treuth to þe kýng Henry.  
 þat gyftes he gaf þam gode, & þat was largely.  
 So þat alle þe toþer com vntille his grith  
 Of lordes on & oþer, & sayn to hold him with.

Captus est  
rex Scot-  
torum.

Contek in countes alle was peysed wele,  
 Baret of baron feeze forgýuen ilkadele.  
 þan was Ingland in pes & charite,  
 & alle in Henry gracious kýng & fre.  
 In his nientend gere of his regalte,  
 Henry his sonne his pere was git ouer þe se.  
 þe kýng sister of France Henry allied him to,  
 Here of a desceyuançe þei conseild him to do.  
 þe erle Philip of Flandres gaf him in conseile,  
 & Thebald of Plesence egged to þat tirpeile,  
 Ageyn his fader to rise, þer he had no right :  
 þe kýng of France & hise hight him alle his myght.

De consilio  
 & falsitate  
 Franco-  
 rum.

**W**HAN þe fader wist þe sonne wild werre on him,  
 I blame him not if him list turne ageyn fulle grim.  
 For þam of Scotland he sent William & Daudid his broþer,  
 Tille bliþely þei went, & with þam many oþer.  
 þe erle of Leycestre þe oste alle did he guye,  
 Of werre he was þer maistre, dight þam to Normundie.  
 ¶ Whan þei were vp aryued, þei fond þer þar chance :  
 þat reame was biseged with þe power of France.  
 Henry chaced his sonne þorgh force fro toun to toun,  
 þe kýng of France eftsonne left tent & pauilloun.  
 Philip of Flandres fleih & turned sonne þe bak,  
 & Thebald nouht ne deih, schame of þam men spak.  
 Fro toun to toun of reme þe Frankis did þei fle,  
 Ouertok it to geme, & saued þat cite.

De remotu  
 obsidionis  
 per Henri-  
 cum.

Our Inglis duelled þer, vnto þe pes were pleyn.  
þo þat þer were beforn wild no more com ageyn.

Reversi  
sunt in  
Angliam.

**I**N þe moneth of Maȝ our Inglis of was ȝare,  
Vpon þe first daȝ tille Ingland forto fare.  
Fulle sone þe ȝong kȳng with gode man þat wer ȝayn  
Purucid his wendȳng, & Richard fitz Alaȳn,  
þe duke of Peiters, & þe erle of Bretaȳn,  
þise & oþer pers to sauh tillȳng did þer paȳn.  
þise on knees gan falle bifore þe kȳngis face,  
For luf þei praied him alle to grante þe kȳng his grace.  
“ ȝour wrath him forȝyue, þe trespas to amend,  
“ In pes with ȝow to lȳue, & at ȝour conseil descend.  
þe sonne cam also suiþe, & cried his fader mercȳ.  
þe kȳng þerof was bliþe, forȝaf him gentilly;  
& he with scrite & oth mad obligacion,  
þat for leue no loth, þorgh conseile of treson,  
Suld werre on him begynne, bi water ne bi lond,  
Ne his pes breke no tuȳnne, þe sonne þertille him bond.  
In alle þis sauh tillȳng bituex þe fader & þe sonne  
Com þe Scottis kȳng, & asked Henry a bone  
Of grantise of grace, to haf his seignorie.  
Bifor alle in þat place he ȝaf it him bliþely.  
þan wer boþe þe kȳnges brouht alle tille euen,  
& pesed in alle þinges, þanked be God of heuen,

**H**AN said Sir Henry, nedes burd him wende  
 To France & Normundie, to witte a certeyn ende.  
 At Parys wild he be, at þer parlement.  
 þer wille wald he se, to what þei wild consent.  
 At þe duzepers þe sothe wild he wite,  
 & on what maners, & wharto he suld lite,  
 & whedir þei wild to werre, or þei wild nouht,  
 Or alle in luf sperre þat þing þat þei had wrouht.  
 ¶ He sauh wele bi signe, he drouh fast tille elde,  
 Long myght he not regne, ne on his lif belde.  
 Wherfor Henry said he wild, or he went,  
 þat þe summe wer laid of his testament.  
 Liste & I salle rede þe parcelles what amountes,  
 If any man in dede wille keste in a countes.

**S**EX þousand marke tille Acres did he fend.  
 Ageyn his comyng þidere, bi marchandz so he wend.  
 Fifty þousand marcs had he lent abbeis,  
 þat wer in pouerte, vp þam forto reise.  
 Alle þat was gyuen, & befor hand lent,  
 þat was not in cofre, whan he mad testament.  
 Of þat þat was in cofre, & in his cofnes,  
 He mad his testament, als did oþer pilgrimes.  
 ¶ To Waltham gede þe kyng, his testament to make,  
 & þus quathe he his þing, for his soule sake.  
 ¶ To temples in Acres he quath fiue þousand marke,  
 & fiue thousand to þe hospitale, for þei were in karke.  
 ¶ To þe folk þat duelled, Acres forto fende,  
 Oþer fiue þousand marke he gaf þam to spende.

De testa-  
 mento He-  
 ricisecundi,  
 facto apud  
 Waltham,  
 per totum.

- ¶ Tille oþer houses of þe cuntre siue þousand marke he gaf,  
Tille heremites & tille seke men, & oþer of suilk raf.
- ¶ Tille monkes & to Chanons, þat were in Ingland,  
Fiue þousand marke resceýued þei of his hond.
- ¶ To þo of þat religion, þat were in Normundie,  
Fiue þousand mark vnto þer tresoric.
- ¶ & to meselle houses of þat same lond,  
þre þousand mark vnto þer spense he fond.
- ¶ To ladies of habite, Vilers & Mortayn,  
He gaf tuo hundreth mark, I trowe þei were sayn.
- ¶ To þo religiouses þat were in Gascoýne,  
He gaf a þousand mark, withouten essoýne.
- ¶ To þam of Founz Eberard, þer his body lis,  
He gaf tuo þousand mark, þo ladies of pris.
- ¶ To þe ladies of Bretaýn, men calle Seynt Suplicc,  
He gaf a hundreth mark, to mend þer office.'
- ¶ To þe houses of Chartres tuo þousand mark bi counte,  
& þre þousand mark to þe order of Grant mounte.
- ¶ To þe ordre of Cisteaus he gaf tuo þousand mark,  
þe ordre of Cloný a þousand, to lay vp in arke.
- ¶ þe ordre of Premonstere tuo hundreth mark þei had.  
To þe ladies of Markayne a hundreh mark þei lad.
- ¶ To þe houses of Arroy's, þat ere bigond þe se,  
Tuo hundreth mark þorgh testament gaf he.
- ¶ To women of Ingland, of gentille lynage,  
A hundreth mark of gold, to þer mariage.
- ¶ To gentille, & tillc oþer, þat were in Normundie,  
A hundreth mark of gold þei had to þer partie.

¶ To gentille women of Aniowe, of non auancement,  
A hundreth mark of gold vnto þam was sent.  
Withouten þis testament þat he did writen,  
& þe grete tresore tille Acres was witen,  
& þat he lent religieuse to bring þam aboue,  
Fourty þousand mark he gaf for Gode loue.

¶ **W**HAN þe kȳng Henry had mad his testament,  
He dight his oste redȳ, & to Parȳs went.  
Fro . . . erwent to Douere þat best wer worþi  
With . . . . . went þei ouer, atired richeli.  
þa . . . . . nd þe folk in Parȳs, þat þei wele herd,  
With so fayre folk of pris neuer to prince ferd.  
Of þe kȳng of France he asked amendment,  
þe duzepers for chance þei ros wiþ on assent,  
& in þer conseile kaste þer chance on ilk side,  
þei acordid at þe laste, þat pes mot best betide.  
Whan pes was set certejn bituex þo kȳnges tueȳe,  
& Normuadie þorgh seȳen, tille Ingland he tok þe weȳe.

**I**N þe ȳere afterward at midsomer men teld,  
þe kȳng in Oxenford his parlement held.  
Bi his writte he sent after kȳng William :  
William dight him & went, tille Oxenford he cam,

¶ Kaunt le Reȳ Henry ad  
fet son testament, Al parle-  
ment de Fraunce son chemȳn  
enprent. Touz les melz va-  
nez [*sive* vanez] de Douer a  
Derwent Sunt oue [*sive* ouf]

le Rey alez, atȳrez richement.  
Dount par mȳ Parȳs est dist  
communement, Kc vnkes vi-  
rent Reis oue si [*sive* ouf lȳ]  
bele gent, *Petri nostri ex-  
emplaria Gallica.*

& suore to kȳng Henry þe next Assumpcion,  
 þat was of our Lady, suld com to gork his toun,  
 & bring þider his clergie of Scotlond þe barons.  
 He did so certeynlie þe day of his somons.  
 þer þei mad ilkon homage & feaute,  
 Not to þe fader alle on, bot tille his heir suld be,  
 & obliged þam with scritte, hȳngand ilk a seale,  
 þat þer dede was perfite, & his homage leale.  
 & þe kirke of Scotland to Canterbirie ore se  
 Obliged þam & band, as to þer primalte;  
 & if þe Scottis kȳng mistake in any braide

Statutum  
 factum in-  
 ter Angli-  
 am & Sco-  
 ciam per  
 assensum.

¶ Of treson in any þȳng, ageȳn Henry forsaid,  
 The barons & þe clergie in on wer alle schryuen,  
 Vnto kȳng Henrie ageȳn William suld be gȳuen.  
 & if it sȅ betide, þat any thefe or feloun  
 Fle fro Ingland side to Scotlond regioun,  
 Bot he mak þam to wite, whi þat he is comen,  
 þat þe courte may him quite o chance if he be nomen.  
 If he be els funden, for thefe tald & hent,  
 Tille Ingland brouht alle bunden, & þer haf jugement.  
 ¶ Als if it so be, of Scotlond skape a thefe,  
 & tille Ingland fle, als a felon grefe,  
 Bot if he to þer baylifes mak his sikernesse,  
 þat þei wille him maynþis, if he wer cald to stresse,  
 If he folowand were souht for þat felonie,  
 Ageȳnto Scotland be brouht, & þer hanged hie,



WHAN þis þing was grant, Henry dred disceite,  
 He wild, þat his conant were holden stable & streite,  
 He sused fiue castels, & held þam in his wage,  
 Foure erles & sextene kýnghtes þerfor in his ostage,  
 Ilkon of þe knýghtes had a barony,  
 þei & alle þer rightes were don in his mercy.  
 ¶ Whan Henry for his owen had holden þat seignorie,  
 & þe dede was knowen þorghout Albanie,  
 þe castels & ostagers he gald þorgh curteýsie,  
 & ' with' William with chartre bond him tillc Henrie,  
 þat he & his heires, & alle þer progenie  
 Of Scotlond, suld hold of Henry certeýnlie  
 & of alle his heires, & com to þer crie.  
 & homage & feaute to mak þam redie.  
 Whan þis was set & stabled, & pes cried on hii,  
 Henry þe zong kýng gede to Normundie,  
 & died <sup>a</sup> þer þat gere, & biried solemplie.

<sup>1</sup> *Abesse malim. Nam exemplaria Gallica, par chartre en-  
 sele leRey descoz selýe, i.e. per  
 chartam sigillatam Rex Scocie  
 seipsum obligavit.* <sup>2</sup> *His death  
 was much lamented by his Fa-  
 ther, notwithstanding he had  
 been a disobedient Son; which  
 disobedience arose (in a great  
 measure) out of discontent, that  
 his Father had abandon'd his  
 [young Henry's] Mother, [Q.  
 Eleanor,) and given himself up  
 intirely (as it were) to the Will*

*of the fine young Wench Ro-  
 samond, a thing that struck al-  
 so very much upon the young  
 King's Brothers, Richard and  
 John. For which reason it is,  
 that we have this Passage in Ra-  
 stall's Chronicle: This kynge  
 henry let crowne henry his  
 eldyst sonne kynge of Eng-  
 lande | and went hym selfe  
 into Normandye | but his  
 son henry dyed before his fa-  
 ther | and therfore he is nat  
 accounted in the nombre of  
 kynges*

Whan þis zong kȳng was dede & laid in graue,  
Frō Jerusalem com tiȳng, þat help burd it haue.

**W**HAT tȳme in Jerusalem ' wad dede a douhtȳ kȳng,  
(Was blode non of his teme, bot a maȳden zing)

De Balde-  
wino lepro-  
so, & Wil-  
helmo Ac-  
quitaniæ,  
pro auxilio  
in Angli-  
am veni-  
ente.

Baldewȳn þe meselle, his name so hight,  
Noble kȳng & lele, & wele zemed his right.  
Neuer in his lyue he lese a fote of lond,  
The Sarazins gan him dryue, þei were him euer fleand.  
For foule meselrie he comond with no man,  
Sarazin with maistrie neuer nouht of him wan.  
With him was a knȳght, & vnder him chefetaȳn,  
& name couth of mȳght, William of Aquitayn.  
Whan Badwȳn was dede, he weddid þe maȳden zing,  
þorgh þe Cristen rede William was chosen kȳng.  
For þis bold Baldewȳn Cristen men gan morne,  
Gode hap had þe Sarazin ageȳn on vs to turne.  
þe Sarazins oū vs cam, our Cristen foue gan felle,  
So þat kȳng William no langere þer durst duelle.  
Bode com to þis lond, for help & socour,  
Kȳng Henrȳ he fond, & schewed him alle his stour,  
How þe fals soudan destroied alle þe lond,  
Slouh ilk Cristen man, or els in prison bond,

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|                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| kynges of Englande. This<br>Henry his son and his. ii.<br>bretherne   Joh̄n.   & Ry.<br>charde   made warre agaynst<br>theȳr fader. Some say the<br>cause of the warre was be- | cause the kyng imprisoned<br>Elynor his wyfe   whiche<br>was kept in prison tyll the<br>kyng dyed   and he kept the<br>wenche Rosamonde.<br>' <i>Pro</i> , was. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

“ þer-

“ þerfore I pray to ȝow, haste þat ȝe wer comen,

“ Bi þis is Acres now biseged, or alle nomen.

¶ Whan þe kȳng it herd, he wept with his ine,  
þe Cristen so misferd, þe Sarazins did so pȳne.

Rex lacri-  
matus est.

He said, “ Mȳ sonne, mȳn heȳre, þat was corouned late,

“ Of his lif was mȳ speȳre, he mȳght haf taken þe gate.

“ Bot now is he dede, mȳn heȳre þat bare coroune,

“ þerfor I kan no rede, I doute me of tresoun.

“ For if I were of lond, þe werre suld sone bigynne,

“ Aliens suld sone fond, our heritage to wyne.

“ Richard mȳ sonne is knȳght, with me wild he go,

“ Sone suld we lese our right, if we were fer þer fro.

“ Faȳn I wild purueie for Acres, þat cite

“ Ordeȳned wer som weie, how it mot saued be.

William tok his leue at our kȳng Henry,

Giftes wele to leue he had richely.

He went to þe kȳng of France, & schewed him his resons,

þorgh þer ordenance þer duzepers gaf respons.

Bifor Sir William þe duzepers gaf ansuere,

“ It er bot tuo kȳngdams on þis half Grece to were.

“ France & Ingland þise tuo regions,

“ & er in diuerse lond, & in sere bandons :

“ Henry in Ingland wonnes, & has tresore inouh,

“ Richard & Jon his sonnes fulle felle, & wille non bouh.

“ & if þat ȝe were gone, & we went with ȝow,

“ þat Richard & Jon wille waken vn mȳkelle wouh.

“ Bot whan kȳng Henry & his sonnes wille go,

“ We.salle be redȳ, forto wend with þo.

Responsio  
Francorum  
Willelmo  
Aquitanie  
per totum.

William went ageyn vnto Jerusalem,  
Of þise kýnges tueyn was zit no bote o beame.

**HENRY** for his trespas did fulle grete honour  
To þe martir Saynt Thomas, for mercý & socour.  
Sex gere siþen lýued he in wo & sorow soure.  
He went ouer þe se, & laȝ in grete langoure.  
In grete sekenesse & hard he laȝ in Normundie :  
Tille him com his sonne Richard, forsoth, fulle kýndelie,  
& whan Henrý suld die Richard þorgh blissýng bond,  
He suld his cheualrie vse in þe holý lond,  
“ I salle leue þe inouh for to do with alle.  
“ Fader,” he said, “ for ȝow certes þider I salle.  
Whan he had regned here, & felt of fele assaies,  
Foure & tuentý gere sex monethes & tuelf dayes,

Mortuus est  
Henricus  
secundus,  
Anno Do-  
mini. M<sup>o</sup>. C.  
LXXXIX<sup>o</sup>.

No more of him to seie, he died sone afterward.  
He ligges in an abbeie, men calle þe Founz Everard.

A þousand & a hundred þe dete fourscore & nýnc.

So maný ȝers it pundred, whan he passed þis pýne.

In a moneth mirie, Septembre þe gynnýng,

Baudwýn of Canterbirie com to coroune þe kýng.

Richard at Londoun, opon a Sonenday,

Coronacio  
Regis Ri-  
cardi apud  
Londo-  
niam.

At Westmýnstre tok þe coroun, of ȝork bishop Geffray

Was sent after þat tyde, him felle to be þe toþer,

Opon þe fadere side he was Richarde's broþer.

<sup>1</sup> *Lege*, Foure &<sup>1</sup> thritty &c.  
*Nam*, Apres. xxx. iiij. annz.  
vi. mays. xii. jours Du regalte  
Rey Henrý cessaýnt ses labours.

Il gist al Fount Ebrard en  
labbeýe de sorours *in MSS.*  
*Gallicis.*

Richard

Richard his pallion bi messengere did com,  
& his confirmacion fro þe courle of Rome.

¶ Comen er to kȳng Richard boþe erle & baroun,  
þat had þe lond in ward þorgh out þe regioun,  
Knȳghtes & burgeis, serganz als was resoun,  
Homage to mak alle weis þat felle vnto þe coroun.  
þe pes did he crie, & purueid warnisoun,  
þe Sarazins þorgh maistrie haf won Acres toun.  
Ingliš & Normant, knȳghtes for rewardoun,  
With Richard ere in conant ageȳn Sarazins feloun.  
His fader left him inoub, penȳes grete foȳsoun,

¶ þat he þe way not widrouh opon his benisoun.  
þe kȳng of France was went to Saȳnt Denȳs to holde  
His priue parlement, & þer one him it tolde,  
þat Richard priuely his purueiȳance did gynne  
Opon þe paemȳ, þe lond Surrie to wyne.  
To Paris turned þe kȳng, for þat ilk sawe,  
& þer a samenȳng his barons þider gan drawe.  
He bisouh in þam alle, to conseil at þat nede,  
What help mot best falle, for þe Sarazins drede,  
& teld þam an outrage, þat Richard þe kȳng,  
Wille stele þis vienge, withouten mȳ witiȳng.  
Loke how kȳng Philip said vncurteisly,  
Dayet haf his lip, & his nose þerbȳ.  
Forto þat parlement com Richard messengers,  
þat to Philip wer sent, & to þe duzepers.  
þe names of þam þat cam was þe erle of Peiters,  
Of Almarle erle William, & an erle Rogers,

Ecce de  
stultiloquio  
regis Fran-  
ciæ.

Lucas de Lucie, & Roberd de Coÿnguers,  
pise grete Philip of France, & alle his conseilors.

Nuncium  
Ricardi  
editum in  
curia regis  
Francie.

**T**HE erle of Almarle said, “ Richard our Inglis kȳng  
 “ His luf is tille ȝow laid, & luf is his gretȳng,  
 “ þat ȝe wille tak to herte, þe grete noyse & crie  
 “ Fro Acres þat comes so smerte, lorn is so doelfullie.  
 “ Our Cristen men ere lorn, þe Sarazins alle aboue,  
 “ þerfor Richard beforȝ praies ȝow for loue,  
 “ For him þat on þe croice died for mankȳnde,  
 “ Bes boþe at a voice, in onȝ ȝour wille be mȳnde,  
 “ To help þe Cristen men, þat Jhesu Criste bouht,  
 “ Ageȳn þe oste paen, þat him lufed neuer nouht.  
 “ Richard him atires, his wille þerto is fest,  
 “ So mȳkelle he þider desires, þat he maȳ haf no rest.  
 “ If ȝe of him haf help, & he for ȝow socour,  
 “ Alle þis world salle ȝelp of ȝour grete honour.  
 ¶ Whan þe duȝepers herd þe bodword of Richard  
 To Philip, þei ansuerd, “ his sond ȝe salle reward.  
 “ He bedes ȝow luf inoub, ȝe þank him of his sond.  
 “ So noble bot on of ȝow is non, be water no land.  
 “ Richer kȳng is non in þis world bot ȝe,  
 “ No valianter of bon in Cristendā als he.  
 “ Large er þo londȝ, þat his eldres wonnen,  
 “ þe dedes of þer hondȝ þorȝh reames er ronnen.  
 “ Siluer he has inoub, his fader has him fonden  
 “ Kȳghtes to dȝ his prouh, with skrite tille him er bonden.  
 “ To whom Acres salle be golden also tite,  
 “ His felauschip to fle, to God ȝe do despite.

Philip

**P**ILIP sent ageyn to Richard curteylȝ

Responsio  
regis Fran-  
corum.

Bode bi þo certeȝn, said often grant mercȝ,  
& þanked him his gode wille, & his noble sond,  
& he wild fulfille, & at his mȝght suld fond,  
& sent Richard to saȝ, þe next Marche folowand  
He suld take þat way, if wȝnde wild with him stand,  
At Marsile to arȝue, if he of lif had space,  
& if þe wȝnde wild drȝue, þorgh mȝght & Gode's grace.  
He praied Richard þe kȝng, & alle his men of Gode,  
To leue for no preching, þat way þat þei ne gode.

¶ Whan Richard had conceȝued, þat Philip þerto stode,  
His mobles on siluer reised þorgh Ingland alle his gode,  
Rentcs & som feeȝ he comandid to selle,  
þat burgh no Citez of taliage suld non telle,  
þe tende suld be nouht, no þe tuende non make.  
þe bisshop of Durham bouht Saberg, with þe wapentake.  
þe bisshop of Wȝnchestre at þe kȝng he bouht  
Two maners tille his estre, & Richard wisly wrouht.  
For he wele vnderstode of taliage was grete drede,  
It suld neuer do gode, ne þer withalle suld spede.  
Namely to þe holy lond, þider he þouht to go,  
In taliage non be bond, ne robbed ne did wo,  
He sent to þe Scottis kȝng, þat he suld com & do,  
& mak pes for þat þing, þat he was halden to.  
¶ þe moneth of Nouembre, after Alhalwemesse,  
þat wele is to remembre, com kȝng William alle fresse,  
Batand to Canterbiri, & þer gald him his fee.  
Kȝng Richard our sire homage & scaute

Vendidit  
mobilia &  
maneria.

De homa-  
gio & obli-  
gacione  
regis Scot-  
torum.

<sup>1</sup> Sic.

He mad for alle þo landes, þat he of Ingland held,  
 & tille þe pes he standes, þat bowes tille his scheld,  
 git of penyes rounde to Richard gan he bede  
 Sexti þousand pounde, to mende his misdede.  
 & Richard on þis wise forgaf it William so,  
 To saue þat seruise, þat Malcolme was wone to do  
 Unto þe Inglis kȳnges, as right was & skille,  
 & do alle þe comȳnges, whan bodword com þam tille,  
 To London forto com, whan parlement suld be,  
 Als custom was wonne, & tak þer his liuere.  
 & Richard als quik gald to kȳng William  
 Rokesburgh & Berwik, þat he in his hand nam.  
 William tok his leue, his way to Scotland ches,  
 Wele mot William cheue, & alle þat lufes pes.

Stabiliuit  
 justitiarior  
 & custodes  
 terræ.

**K**ȲNG Richard git duellis, & purueis him to fare,  
 & mȳkelle þing sellis, siluer forto gære.  
 Wardans sette he stable, trewe men at his mȳght,  
 þat neuer lufed fable, bot maȳntend pes & right.  
 Sire Hige of Durham, bisshop & man worþi:  
 An oþer Sir William, bisshop of Ely.  
 þise suld kepe þe lond, & þe dignites,  
 Justises tille þam he bond, to kepe þe lawes & feez;  
 Hige Bardolf fullȳ fers, William Marschalle his pere,  
 Geffrey le fitz Pers, William dela Bruere:  
 þe were maȳntenours, to sustene þe coroun,  
 & rightfulle gȳuernours þe folk in feld & toun.  
 ¶ Now las he brought to stalle, his lond stabled redȳ,  
 & now with his folk alle, he wendis to Normundȳ,



& þer he purueis him tille Acres & Sully.  
 On Gode's enmȳs grim he gadres gode party.  
 In þe cite of Rouhan his zole feste he held  
 With manȳ douhtȳ man, & knyghtes gode of scheld.

Applicuit  
 in Nor-  
 maniam.

þE Monenday þat felle to be next after þe tuelft day,  
 þe kȳng of France & he, at þe riuier of S. Rȳmay,  
 Held a parlement, gode sikernes to make,  
 þat boþe with on assent þe way suld vnder take.  
 Ilkon sikered oþer with scrite & seale þerby,  
 Togidere suore þam breþer, wherfor þe clergȳ  
 Gaf a grete cursȳng on whilk of þam so brak,  
 Bigan a wikked þing, þat euelle bituex þam spak.  
 ¶ Now is Philip certȳn, he goȝ to S. Denȳ,  
 & Richard turnes ageȳn, to dight his nauȳ.  
 He serches ilk coste of alle his seignorie,  
 þe Guyours of his oste, þise wer withouten lie:  
 þe Ersebissshop of Anxus, danz Guard of renoun,  
 With anoþer bisshop, Bernard of Bayoun,  
 & Richard de Cameuile, & Roberd du Sabloun,  
 & William de Fortiz was lord of Oleroun,  
 þise gouerne þer nauie, now ere þei in þe se,  
 Toward þe paemie, þider þei gernerd to be.  
 Richard said þam his wille, “ mariners if ge moun,  
 “ Arȳues in to Marsille, with Gode's benisoun,  
 þis was þe first woke of þe passion,  
 As I on on boke gan loke, þe oste clerke & baron  
 Wer sailand in þe se toward Marsille þat toun.  
 Help þam þer þei wild be Criste & Say Simioun,

Modo pa-  
 raverunt se  
 ad terram  
 sanctam.

þei had in þer route a hundreth schippes & ten,  
Bot God þei had no doute, ne no defaute of men.

*Ecce miraculum & de maris periculo.*

ON þe fiste day changed þer wynde,  
Rest þam þe right way, to wend þe wer blýnde.  
þe right se of Bretayn, þer out were þei went,  
In to þe sé of Spayn wer dryuen in a torment  
Among þe Sarazins, bot God, þat grace þam lent,  
Saued þam alle þo tȳmes fro þer encumberment.  
Ten schippes wer dryuen, þorgh ille auisement,  
þorgh a tempest ryuen, þe schipmen held þam schent.  
On þer was on depe kroken & alle to rent,  
þe nien God gan kepe, þat grace he þam sent.  
Eft God þei bisouht, to saue þam in þat cas,  
Sauleȳ to hauen be brouht, for luf of S. Thomas,  
þat for holȳ kirke suffred martirdam,  
& God for þam gan wirke, her how a voice cam.  
A schip þer was of London, richely atired,  
A hundreth þer in fondon, to serue God desired.  
Biside þam on þer schip com a bisshop down,  
þe mast in hand gan kip, with croice & pallioun,  
& a kȳng þe sihi, of gold schone his coroun,  
A noþer bisshop þam bi, þe first said his sermoun.  
þan said þe Ersbisshop to Londreis wordes suete,  
“ I am Thomas ȝour hope, to whom ȝe crie & grete,  
“ Martir of Canterbire, ȝour bale salle I bete.  
“ Seynt Edmunde þe martire his help I ȝow hete,  
“ þe bisshop S. Nicholas, whos help is aȳ redie  
“ To schipmen in alle cas, whan þei on him crie.

“ We

“ We þre hæf þe ward of God & our ladie,  
 “ þe schippes of kýng Richard to kepe & ȝow þam bie.  
 After þis biheste, þat Thomas to þam said,  
 Sone alle þe tempest in a throwe was laid.  
 þise nine schippes gan ride þer wýld wýnd þam driue,  
 þei ne wist to what side, ne what hauen in to riue.

**A**T Leons sur le Rone was Philip & Richard,  
 þei spak & mad þer mone, what hauen þe mot toward.  
 In alle þe cuntre þorgh so grete folk mot men se,  
 þat nouþer cite ne burgh mýght þei in herberd be.  
 Philip toward Gene his oste did alle go,  
 & Richard oste bidene at Marsille left alle þo.  
**I**To mete on a while þe trompes blowe alle clere,  
 Batand fro Cezile com him a messengere,  
 Fro þe quene dam Jone, his awen sister dere.  
 Bifor þam euerilkone he told kýng Richere,  
 Dede is kýng William, þat regned in Cezile,  
 þat Jone þe lady nam, he lyued bot a while.  
 þat erle is of Tancre, Geffrey a douhtý knýght,  
 & valiant man of dede, & to þe coroun has right,  
 He regnes after him, & late had þe coroune,  
 To Jone he is fulle grim, & haldes hir in prisoune.  
 Herfor kýng Richard wrathes him & sais,  
 “ Dight vs þider ward our busses & galais,  
 “ Mi sister I wille out wýn or I ferrer go.  
 “ Bot he bigyn Cezile he turnes fro,  
 “ & bot he wille with pes acorde in reson,  
 “ It salle rewe him þat res, þat he to Jone has done.

De Johan-  
 na, sorore  
 sua.

m<sup>o</sup>. c<sup>o</sup>.  
LXXXX<sup>o</sup>.

þe date was a þousand a hundreth & ninetic,  
þat R. was sailand toward paemie.  
¶ Þe seuent day of heruest, in þat ilk gere,  
þat I rakend last, writen abouen here,  
þat Richard turned to Gene, & whan he com to lond,  
Philip was mykelle to mene, R. seke him fond.  
Bot mykelle he comfortid him, & siþen tok his leue,  
Toward Cezile fulle grim, þe kȳng he þouht to greue.

Hic venit  
Octobonus  
Cardinalis  
ad Regem  
Ricardum.

¶ Whan his flete was alle at Tibre euerilkone,  
þe pape a cardinale sent Sir Octobone.  
What Richard spak, & he conselle is & was,  
To me it is priue, I sauh it in no pas.  
þer duellid R. schip þre daies to gesse,  
Bi þat was kȳng Philep risen of his sekenesse,  
& was in Cezile ariued at Meschyne,  
& after in a while com R. euen as lyne,  
þe day of þe croice, in þe heruest tide,  
Right als Gode's voice had ordeȳnd him to ride.  
Were þo schippes nine, þat R. wend haf lorn,  
In þe hauen of Meschyne ariued litille befor.  
It was a Gode's grace, þat þat ilk nauie  
Ariued in þat place, þer Richard suld lie.

Misit nūm-  
cium ad  
Tancredum  
Regem.

**T**HRE days in þat cite duellid kȳng Richard,  
To þe kȳng of Tāncrē he sent his letter hard.  
“ To deliuer his sister Jōn out of his prison  
“ Men mad tille him grete mone, it was without resor.  
“ Bot he deliuer hir me with luf, at my praiere,  
“ þat tȳme salle he se, scho salle be bouht folle dere.

¶ þis

¶ þis kȳng of Tancrede he was a wȳs knȳght,  
 He sauh it was to drede, & he did not alle right.  
 He sauh Richard an ired, & his mȳkelle mȳght,  
 His folk armed & tired, & aȳ redȳ to fight.  
 He sent his sister Jone with mȳkelle honeste,  
 With his barons ilkone, to Mischines þat cite.  
 Philip was curteise, ageȳn dame Jone he gede,  
 Tille hir broþer paleise with grete honour did lede.

**A**N ilde was þer biside, þat a Sarazin held,  
 Trouage he gaf bi tide to Cristen men, þei teld.  
 Allas! said Richard, þat euer it suld so be,  
 þe Cristen þorgh forward suld grant a Sarazin fre.  
 A water þat closed it in, þat flum was de la fare,  
 þe wonnȳng of þe Sarazin, þat ilde hight Labamare.  
 Kȳng<sup>1</sup> Richad it wan, & tille his sister it gaf,  
 þe Sarazins ilk man he slouh alle rif & raf.

¶ An oþer ilde biside, men cald it Griffonie,  
 Richard þat ilk tide, he did þam alle out flie.  
 þe wonnȳng of þat ilde Richard gon þam reue,  
 Was non of þam so wilde, þat lenger durst þer leue.

¶ Whan þe folk þis herd, þe burgeis of Meschȳn,  
 þer gates ageȳn him sperd, & wild not lat him in.  
 Wherfor þe contek on þis maner it cam,  
 & for þei did þat chek, an oth he suore to gram,  
 Bot þe kȳng wilde mende þat þei did him þere,  
 A þing he suld sende, to do als lawe it were :  
 Fulfille þe testament of kȳng William þat was,  
 þat tille his sister ment for dowerie þat trespas,

De fictione  
regis Phi-  
lippi.

& bot he gald it alle, þat is writen þer in,  
With luf, els I salle with werre fond him to wýn.

De humili-  
tate & sa-  
pientia re-  
gis Tan-  
credi,

¶ Whan þe kýng of France herd þo tipinges,  
þat so grete distance was bituex þo kýnges,  
Conseil gan he take, þat he suld be partie,  
A gode acord to make, forsoþe fulle saýntlic.  
Noþeles þe kýng of Tancrede did fulle curteisly,  
To kýng R. he gedde, & said he was redý,  
þe testament to fulfille of kýng William,  
& þat his men fulle ille vnskilfully nam.  
“ Alle þat was reson, I wille amend it wele,  
“ & tille þi sister haf don plenerly ilka dele,  
“ Alle þat me felle to do of William’s<sup>1</sup> testamet.  
“ Witnes I tak hir to hir seluen in present.  
“ Hir seluen dame Jone acorded with his sawe,  
“ Of þe testament alone he has don alle þe law,  
“ Alle þat felle to me, bot git I ask a noþer,  
“ þat fallis vnto þe kýng Richard mý broþer,  
“ Of mý lordes witeword, witnes þer of haf I.  
“ Of gold þer is a borde, & tretels þer bi,  
“ Of siluer oþer vesselle gilte fulle richeli;  
“ & git a noþer jowelle fairer & worþi,  
“ A pauillon of honour, with riche atisfement,  
“ To serue an Emperour at a parlement.  
“ þus quath mý lorde þe, þat tyme he suld die,  
“ þe soth forto saý, & witnes wille not lie.

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<sup>1</sup> L. testament.

“**D**AME,” said Tancred, “ of trestels & borde  
 “ Fulfille I salle in dede þe kȳnge’s witworde.  
 Fourti þousand vnces of gold he bede þe kȳng,  
 & R. tok þe pundes, withouten more saȳng.  
 “ Bot þis,” he said, “ I saue, þat Arthure mȳ cosyn  
 “ Tancred douhter salle haue, & alle þat now is þin.  
 Of Bretayn Arthure is als erle of heritage,  
 & he granted to þis, confermed þat mariage.  
 ¶ Als þise tuo kȳnge wore about þis forward,  
 At Meschȳne righ þore þe kȳnge’s moder Richard  
 Ariued at þat riuale, brouht him busses þritti  
 Charged with vitaile, with gode men & douhti.  
 Of Flandres þe erle Philip, a lorde of honour,  
 Of Helianore schip he was hir gouernour.  
 Elianore brouht þer a fair maiden ȳng,  
 þe kȳnge’s douhter of Nauere, to R. þe kȳng.  
 Hir name was Berengere, faire woman of age,  
 Was þer non hir pere of no heiere parage.  
 In Cipre of þat maȳ was mad þe mariage  
 At kȳng R. paȳ, þorȳh conselle of baronage.  
 Whan þei were trouth plight, & purueied þe sposage,  
 Helianore forth hir dight to Rouhan hir menage,  
 Bileft dame Berengere at Richarde’s costage.  
 Dame Jone kept hir dere, þei lyued als birde in cage.

Hic venit  
 mater regis  
 R. ad eum.

**W**HAN pes was alle certeyn of Richard & Tancrede.  
 To þe cite of Kateyn in pilgrimage þei zede.

Ricardus &  
 Tancredus  
 peregrinati  
 sunt ad san-  
 ctam Aga-  
 tham viigi-  
 nem.  
 To

To þe fentre of Saynt Agate Richard made offerýng,  
 & praied hir of grace to duelle þat with þe kýng.  
 Alle þre dayes tide Richard mad soioure,  
 þe barons bi þat side did him grete honoure.  
 Whan Richard suld wend, he tok leue at Tancrez,  
 Tancrez was fulle hend, conueied him tuo journez,  
 Gaf him four schippes grete, & were of way beforþ,  
 þe tuo charged with whete, þe toþer with oþer corn,  
 & fíue oþer galeis with alle þer apparaile,  
 Richard was curteis, þanked his trauaile,  
 & Richard at þat turne gaf him a faire Juelle,  
 þe gode suerd Caliburne, þat Arthur luffed so welle.

¶ þan said Sir Tancrede vnto Richard our kyng,  
 “ God, þat saues at nede boþe þe olde & zýng,  
 “ Kepe þe fro mischance, & fro þe fals enmýs,  
 “ þat er with Philip of France, euer ageýn þi vis.  
 “ Bi Hugh of Burgoýn he sent a letter vnto me,  
 “ þat I suld, or þou went, be bitraied þorgh þe,  
 “ & if werre or wo had risen vs bituen,  
 “ þe & þine to slo with me he suld haue bien.  
 “ þe soth þan schewes it, þat mý sawe is trewe,  
 “ Sir haf here þis writ, & schewe him alle newe.  
 “ If he it geýnsay, I wille proue it on him.

¶ Tancred went his wáy, & Richard wex fulle brim.

R. tok his leue, Sir Roger turned & went,

& R. gau him greue, to Philip þe letter sent.

Dealterca-  
 tione inter  
 Ricardum  
 & Philip-  
 pum per  
 totum.

¶ þe nauic com oñ a stounde, to Meschýns þat cite,  
 Biforn him he founde his sister & his meýne.



R. with Philip dele wild he nouht.

Philip bote on his lyppe, & perceyued R. pouht.

Whi þat it ment, Philip gan asprie :

A wiles to R. sent, how long he wild þer lie,

& what tyme he had tight forward his nauie,

His sege to sette & dight, to help þe Cristen crie ?

¶ R. ansuerd þer tille, & said, " it is folȝ,

" To schewe counseil & skille, þat not is to affie,

" & þhit þer owen writte þer dede dos certifie.

" Me þink in mȝn inwitte it semed traytorie.

¶ þan spak Philip ogrefe said, " I wote what þis menes,

" þat was a fals brefe, & forged wele, it semes,

" For mȝ sister Aleȝse, þat is now forsaken,

" For on of mor richenesse of Nauer þou has taken.

" It salle not so Richard, I wille þe gif a gȝue,

" þou salle hold forward, if þou wost þat I lyue.

**W**HAN Richard vnderstode, þat kyng Philip had  
suorne,

Bifor þe clergie he stode, & proued it on þe morne,

þat his fader Henry þat ilk Aleȝse had knowen,

A childe scho him bȝ, þat he held for his owen.

---

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>' Respouns del Reȝ de<br/>Fraunce qaunt Richard ad<br/>oȝe, Al matȝn lȝ proue de-<br/>uaunt la clergie, Qe le Reis<br/>son pere, duk de Normendȝe,<br/>A neȝt conou Aleȝs, qaunt<br/>lauait en baȝillȝe, Et fȝlle</p> | <p>engendrait, ke mort est &amp;<br/>seuelȝe. La leȝe de seȝncte<br/>eglyse trop serraȝt blemȝe.<br/>Et Richard &amp; Aleȝs de dam-<br/>pne dieu maldȝe, Si en ma-<br/>rȝage Richard par la se lȝe,<br/><i>Codices Gallici.</i></p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

A mayden childe it was, & now dede is it,  
 " þis wer agrete trespass, agayn mýn owen inwitte,  
 " So febli forto wirke, for drede of Gode's awe,  
 " I Richard haf maugre, & I Aleÿse take,  
 " Whan mý fader & she suilk samenýng gan make.  
 ¶ þan said kýng Philip tille alle þo of France,  
 " Of gile þis is a trip of Richard desceÿuance,  
 " Gisors mý gode cite, with alle þe purueiance,  
 " Richard I gaf it fre, to mak þis aliance  
 " Of him & hir þo tuo, þat er now in distance.  
 " Ten þousand mark & mo, þat now er in balance,  
 " & I betraised of alle, bi God, þat alle maÿ auance,  
 " I salle bring him to stalle, bot he mak me acquittance.

Concordati  
 sunt per  
 barones.

" **N**OW," said kýng R. " þe manace late alle be,  
 " þou salle haf reward of Gisors þi cite;  
 " þe tresore ilk a dele, þat þou me bitauht.  
 " For me salle haf wele alle þat þou euer auht.  
 þe barons suffred nouht þe kýnges to be wroth.  
 Luf & pes þei souht, þat þei acorded both.  
 Richard ȝald him his right, his tresore & his toun,  
 þorgh witnes & sight, of clerk, erle & baroun,  
 His sistir forto marie, where God wild loke,  
 To mak certeyn partie, R. a quitance toke.

**A**FTER þe acord sone, Philip dight him forward,  
 To boote mad<sup>h</sup> him bone, & toke leue at Richard.  
 þe wynde was in his saile, tille Acres gan him driue,  
 Bot litille was his trauaile, tille R. gan ariue.

Whan

Whan Philip tille Acres cam, litelle was his dede,  
 þe Romance sais grete skam, who so þat pas wille rede.  
 þe Romancer it sais, R. did mak a pele,  
 Oñ kastle wise alle wais, wrouht of tre fulle welle,  
 Ageyns holý kirke tille Aleyse forto drawe.  
 In schip he did it lede, to reise vp bi þe walle,  
 & if him stode nede, to couere him with alle.  
 He reised it at Meschines, of werre típing he herd,  
 For þe ilde of Sarazins þer gates ageyn him sperd.  
 þe Romance of Richard sais, he wan þe toun.  
 His pele fro þat forward he cald it *mate Griffoun*.  
 Tancred he was wýs, he did R. wille,  
 To Philip turned his výt, so þat he held him stille.

**N**OW is Philip oñ flete, kýng R. git duellis,  
 Hes pele þat he vpsette eft ageyn it fellis.  
 For wrath first of Tancrede R. vp it reised,  
 If he had turned to nede, his fólk forto haf eised.  
 Bot whan þei were mad frendes, þorgh sight baroun,  
 Tancred to him sendes, praied him take it down;  
 þat no man for envie eft ageyn him held,  
 Ne þorgh non oþer harie to do him reise his schelde.  
 ¶ Now purueies him Richard ilk a day alle preste,  
 Tille he be forward, he may haf no reste.  
 Acres þan is his triste, opon þe Sarazin feendes,  
 'To venge Jhesu Criste þiderward he wendes.  
 þe kýnge's sister Jone, & dame Berenger,  
 Formast of ilkone, next þam his Chanceler.

*De navibus  
 periclitantibus in  
 mari versus  
 Cipriam,  
 & Cancellarius sub-  
 mersus est.*

Roger Mankael þe Chancelere so hight  
 His tide felle not welc, a tempest on him light.  
 His schip was dounborn, his self gan þer deye.  
 þe kýnge's seale was lorn, with oþer busses tueye.  
 Dame Jone þe fre to Jhesu scho bisouht,  
 In Cipres scho mot be to hauen sauely brouht,  
 þe mayden Berenger scho was alle ofright,  
 þat nouþer fer no nere þe kýng scho sauh no sight.  
 Tuo busses wer forfaren, þat in þe tempest brak,  
 þe godes attached waren to þe kýng of Cipres Isaac.  
 þat þat askep þat drede, & to Cipres wan,  
 Isaac did þam lede, to prison ilk a man.

De navi-  
bus.

¶ Whan kýng R. herd of þat mischuos tide,  
 & how his schippis misferd, he turned vnto þat tide ;  
 Tille Isaac lettres sent bi Roberd of Thornham,  
 Sir Steuen with him went, a noþer knyght William,  
 " Praie him for God aboue, als I am his pilgrime,  
 " zeld it me with loue, þat he holdes of myne.  
 " Mý godes þat he has þare, mý men deliuere of bond,  
 " & destorbe not our fare, we salle to þe holý lond ;  
 " & if he wille nouht deliuer me mý þing,  
 " Fulle dere it salle be bouht, bi Jhesu heuen kýng.  
 e messengers kamen to þe kýng ýsaak.  
 ýsaak tille alle sameþ, þis ansuere he spak.  
 " Messengers, wherto chalange ge mý þing,  
 " & what haf I to do with Inglis tayled kýng ?  
 " þe godes þat he fonden on mý londe o chance,  
 " Tille him I am not bonden to mak deliuerance.

" It

“ It is my profit, to myn I wille þam holde.  
þei went ageyn fulle tite, to kyng R. alle tolde.

**W**HAN kyng R. herde say ysaak respons,  
“ Turne we þiderward, & delyuer our prisons,  
“ & so it may betide, þei salle dere abie  
“ My þat þei hido, my men in prison lie.  
Now he changes his weie, tille Acres may he nouht,  
Many þerfore gon deie, I schrowe Isaak so wrouht.  
It was Isaak to wite, tille Acres he com no nerre,  
þe skap on him gan bite, þat R. turned þe werre.  
¶ Whan Isaak had tipand Emperour of Griffons,  
þat R. drow to land with him alle his barons,  
He did gadre an oste of Cipre & Griffonie,  
& com vnto þat coste, to waite Richard nauie.  
R. was perceyued, þei were renged redie,  
& how þer pencels weyued, son he mad a crie:  
“ Arme we vs I rede, & go we hardilie,  
“ & we salle mak þam schede, & sondre a partie.  
He was first þat stirte to lond out of þe boote,  
Armed & suerd girte, bot an axe he smote.  
With þat axe he hewe, þe Griffons mad him weie.  
Many to dede he threwe, & to grounde doun leie.  
His maryners gan vp riue about in stedes seere,  
þe Griffons þei gan driue bifer þam alle plenere.  
þe kyng Isaak fleih, his men had no foyson,  
At þat tyme he ne deih, his partie gede doun.  
R. cried on hie, “ Londreis folowes me,  
“ Loke ge be me nehi, fulle gode giftes gete ge.

De capti-  
one Cipriz.

“ Take

“ Take we þis Emperour, þat getis þise Griffons,

“ Falle salle þis honour for hold of our prisons.

Isaak had a spic, þat warned him ay befor,

To tak þe mountayn hie, & bide þer till þe morn.

¶ Whan þe cuen cam, R. dred tresoun,

Agen to þe water he nam, did set his pauilloun.

þe godes, þat þam gan falle geten at þat iorne,

Felawes were þei alle, als forthely as he.

ýsaak sauh his vow <sup>1</sup> tille & S. Sýmeoun,

What falle þer of or how þe morn he suld com down,

With schelde & lance in hand to saue his regioun,

To mak þe Inglis fleand, þat had robbed his toun,

If he of his mot take ouþer erle or baroun,

His prison suld he wake, þat wer deppest donjoun.

For patriarke no pape, for bulle ne pardoun,

þer of suld he not scape, withouten grete ransoun.

In tentis R. rested alle þat ilk nyght,

His men wer wele gested with brede, wýne & light.

Mane venit  
ad civita-  
tem Lymo-  
sin.

ON þe morn he ros, & went to Lýmosoun,

A cite large in clos, þe folk were fled þe toun.

Griffons þei it held, þei wer scaped away,

Výtaile inouh at weld, þei fond of corn & hay.

Isaac did it store, to hold for tuo gere.

Ariued wer þer bífóre dame Jone & Berengere.

---

<sup>1</sup> F. tille Criste & Sýme- | vowe a dieu & Seint Simouns,  
oun. Nam, Isage ad fet son | Gallice.

¶ þat tuo barges mot lede, of þat ware did he fille.  
 Tille his siþen he gede, & warned þam fulle stille  
 In þe mornýng to rise, þe tyme at þe day sterne  
 þe Emperour & hise to seke þei suld alle gerne.  
 His barons euerilkone be þat tyme wer dight,  
 þe kýng formast to gone, þe way he led þam right.  
 Was non in tente ne toun behind him durst be,  
 Bot Bernard of Bayoun, þat was kepand þe sc.  
 ¶ R. rode stillý neihand þe Emperour,  
 He gaf a bold crie, whan he bigan his stour.  
 þe tentes doun he hew, Isaac to reuile,  
 & for non him knew, askaped he þat while.  
<sup>1</sup> Bare in serke & breke Isaac away fled,  
 It was not told a leke, þat non of his þien led.  
 R. alle ouer ran, & toke alle þat he fond,  
 A faire þing þer he wan, þe baner of þe lond.  
 Som of þam were gode, to R. gaf bataile,  
 Bot alle to dede gode, & lost aile þer trauaile.  
 Taken were a partie, bot maste of þam were slayn,  
 Als man þat wan maistrie R. turned agayn,  
 To Lymoson þam led, his fest he did þer crie,  
 Berenger wild he wed, & þer soiorne & lie.  
 \* þe þrid day of þe fest, Sir Bernard of Bayoun,  
 Newed eft þer geste, þe quene he gaf þe coroun.

De fuga  
 Isaac Im-  
 peratoris.

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|                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> En chemýse, en brayse<br>fuaunt eschapist, Ses chi-<br>uals, ses armes al Rey Ri-<br>chard leissait <i>Gallice</i> . | <sup>2</sup> Le <table border="0" style="display: inline-table; vertical-align: middle;"> <tr> <td style="border-left: 1px solid black; padding-left: 5px;">terce jour de la feste le Rey<br/>           comaundait, Qe Bernard de<br/>           Bayoun la dame coronnayt<br/> <i>Gall.</i></td> </tr> </table> | terce jour de la feste le Rey<br>comaundait, Qe Bernard de<br>Bayoun la dame coronnayt<br><i>Gall.</i> |
| terce jour de la feste le Rey<br>comaundait, Qe Bernard de<br>Bayoun la dame coronnayt<br><i>Gall.</i>                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                        |

*Ecce tot re-  
ges & duces  
venerunt  
ad nupcias  
Regis Ri-  
cardi.*

**T**O þat sollempnite com lordes of renoun,  
þat weddýng forto se, for grete affectioun.  
Of Jerusalem cuntre þe gode kýng Guýoun,  
Gaufrey his broþer was he, & Aunfrey of Turoun;  
Reýmoun of Antioche, of Triple þe erle Bumoun,  
Frere ' Ruffýn Delmount, & þe duke Leoun.  
þise mad R. homage douhteli, kneland doun.  
Ageýn þe Sarazin lýnage, þat leues on Mahoun,  
Alle þei same þis same, þat ȝare þei were & boun  
To die in Jhesu name with gode deuocioun,  
þat for vs suffred schame, & died þorgh passioun.  
" We trowe it is our frame, his resurrectioun.  
R. said his skille, " lordýnges, þis is resoun,  
" Bituex vs if ȝe wille mak obligacioun,  
" þat I be ȝour aller broþer, & ȝe in mý bandoun,  
" þat non faile oþer, ne consent to resoun.  
þei granted alle þerto, kýng; erle & baroun,  
& who þat wille not so, gaf him þer malisoun.

*Divisit tur-  
mam Gui-  
doni.*

**A**LSO suiþe R. has armes did crie,  
& his oste did parte to þo þat couth it guýe.  
þe noble kýng Guýon tok of his cheualrie  
Oþer lordes of renoun, assigned þam þer partie.  
Whan Isaac herd seie, what help R. was comen,  
& how to stop his weie parties had þei nomen,  
Of his men most worþi, at þam conseile gan take,  
þe best he mot go bi, a cord with R. make.

' Ruffýn dez mounz *Gall.*



þo messengers camen, þe conseil þat he ches

Bifor R. alle samen, & enformed his pes.

“zour wille wille he alle do, & be at zour mercý.”

R. ansuerd þerto, “I grante it bliþely.

¶ þan com þe Emperour bifore kýng Richard

“þat I did dishonour, Sir, haf it to no reward.

“þe dede þat I did ille, mý solý it was,

“I praye þe with gode wille, forgýue me þat trespas.

“þi man wille I be bi water & bi land,

“þis reame to hold of þe, & bowe vnto þi hand.

“þo men, þat I did take to prison þe toþer morn,

“Amendes I wille make, & bring þam þe biforn.

“þi godes þe biken, or þe valow verray,

“þat þi dronkled men týnt þe toþer day.

“& with þe wille I go als felawes in ferd,

“A hundreth knýghtes mo, armed & gird with suerd.

“& four hundreth to bote, squieres of gode aray,

“& fiue hundreth o fote, to whilk I salle pay

“Ilk day þer wages to þo ilk plenere,

“Knýght, squier & pages, þe termes of tuo zere.

“Mý douhter & mýn heýre to loke hir I þe grante,

“þat þou be in speýre I salle hold conante.

Imperator  
dixit Regi  
humiliando  
se hæc ver-  
ba,

**R**ICHARD curteise was, þat sauh bede suilk loue,

Forgaf alle þe trespas, wirschipid himself aboue.

Tent & pauillon tille Isaac did he signe,

Wirschipped him at reson, right as himself was digne.

---

Ma fýlle eýr de mes te- | com coe[sive ceo] couenaunt te  
res te doraý a garder, Taunt | aueraý fet enteer *Codd. Gal.*

¶ Whan þe day was ent, to rest men wer alle laid,  
 Isaac gan repent, þat he to R. said.  
 Fulle stille away he went, þat was a theues braid;  
 A messenger he sent þat þus to R. said:  
 ¶ "Isaac wille not grante, to oblige him to þe,  
 "No to be þi tenante his bodý bonden be,  
 "Ne to suilk scruage his heýrs disherite,  
 "Ne geld at terme & stage rent mykelle no lite.  
 "O deuel," said þe king, "þis is a foltid man,  
 "Whan he with trechettýng bi nyght away so ran.  
 "þei red him alle a mysse, þat conseil gaf þerto.  
 "Wenes he our men Inglisse for to tretther so ?

De man-  
sione per  
totum.

**N**OW gos kýng R. his puruiance to make,  
 How & whider ward he hoped Isaac take.  
 To þo lordes þat camen, als Bumund & Sir Guye,  
 & þe toþer alle samen, he toke galeis tuentý,  
 & busses þat were gode o hundreth of þe most,  
 To fare opou þe flode, to waite wele bi þat coste.

Ricardus  
circuit ter-  
ram, & ce-  
pit Nichoci  
& filiam  
Isaac

¶ Est bi Cipres side Isaac to asprie,  
 If he toke any tide out of lond to flic.  
 R. south þe load with gode folk & hardie,  
 þe tounes þat þei fond þei felle to his mercie.  
<sup>1</sup> Robert of Thornham bare him nobilly,  
 Bi þe se side he nam, & wan it per maistric.  
 þan turned he to þe kýng after his conquest,  
 þei mad þan a <sup>11</sup>samenýng, to go toward þe West.

---

<sup>1</sup> Robert de Turnham se | maryne ad conquýs nette-  
mene noblement, La tere souz | ment *Codd. Gallici.*

þe cite of Nichoei þei wan, & were þer in,  
 & a neþer þerbi, a toun men calle Cherin.  
 Doun of the kastelle mote Isaac doughter cam,  
 & felle R. to fote gretand, þat doole him nam.  
 "Lord kȳng," scho said, "on me þou haf mercie,  
 & R. hand to laid lift hir curteisie,  
 & sent hir tille his wife, & tille his sister Jone,  
 & þer selio led hir life with þo ladies ilkone.  
 þe castels & þe godes tounes stored wele,  
 Vitaile vnto þer fede R. toke ilk dele.  
 ' Sir Guý & Bumund þei com as þei zede,  
 þe ne tȳnd ne fond, ne were at no dede.  
 Roberd bisouht þe kȳng, to turne toward Bufnet,  
 & þer ouer alle þing his sege þer to set.  
 "In alle Griffonie ne es so strong a toure,  
 " & þat ge wille þer lie, it is to your honoure.  
 R. also suiþe to Bufnet he zede,  
 His maistrie gan he kȳe, engȳnes dight to dede.  
 Whan þei were alle dight, stalworþely & fast  
 Boþe day & nȳght vnto þe toure he kast.

**T**O while þat kȳng R. was kastand to þe toure,  
 Statin his stiward spak to þe Emperoure,  
 Als his mete he sat, & was his seruitoure,  
 "Forto amend your stat I wille conseiloure.

Nota de  
 Statino se-  
 nescallo  
 consiliando  
 Imperato-  
 rem, & ecce  
 Imperator  
 amputavit  
 nasum  
 suum cum  
 cuttello.

' Guýoun & Reýmound re-  
 uenent unement, Par coe  
 [sive ceo] qil ne ount con- | quis tere ne tenement in the  
 French, tho' in one of Mr. An-  
 stis's Copies ne ount is wanting.

“ Sir kȳng Isakin I am þi vauasoure,  
 “ Mȳ nam is Statin, I wille be no traitoure.  
 “ I haf kept þi lande, I se þat dishonoure  
 “ Is now þe nerhand, þorgh þis conquerour,  
 “ I þat an Inglis kȳng, a wȳs werreour.  
 “ Loke þou lese no þing for þi sole erreoure,  
 “ Ne þe lond be not lorn, þat þin ancessoure  
 “ So wele kept biforn, als noble gounernoure.  
 “ Go & mak his pes, or he do þe more stoure,  
 “ & þou to þi deses maȳ haf þe frute & floure.  
 þan said Isaac tille him, “ ert þou his maȳntenour?  
 Fulle broþerly & brim he kept vp a trenchecour,  
 & kast it at Statin, did him a schamfulle schoure.  
 His nese & his ine he carfe at misauentoure.

**STATIN** vp he stirte, him þouht þerof grete schame,  
 “ Sir þou has me hirte, þerfor þou ert to blame.  
 Als so suiþe he gæde vnto kȳng Richard,  
 & schewed him all þat dede of Isaac þe coward.  
 “ Sir be mȳ socoure, & venge mȳn outrage.  
 R. did him honoure, & he mad him homage.  
 Statin wele þan lete, he galde him alle þe honour  
 Of Baaf & Bufnet, I þat he of Is Diendamour.

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*<sup>1</sup> Deest es, (i. e. is.) Nam in Codicibus Gallicis, Qe Reis est des Englaȳs, & sage gwe-reȳour. <sup>2</sup> I. e. Diendamour, that he had of Isaack. But it should be rather read, Candare*

*and Diendamour. For the French Copies have, Basse & Buffenet, Candare & Den-damour, Et totes les citez dount Isake fu gwȳour.*

Castels & citez þat he he of Isaac held,  
Baronies & seez, he gald him ilk a scheld.  
þe grete lordes Inglis, þat þe werre had gonnen,  
Wer fulle glad of þis, Cipres so sone was wonnen.

**B**E side of S. Andrew was an Abbay,  
Cape þe name men knew, & þer in herd þei say,  
þat kȳng Isaac was priuely bid þer in,  
To R. so þei spak, he went him out to wyne.  
Isaac tȳng herd, R. com him to seke,  
Ageȳn R. he ferd, to fote he felle fulle meke,  
& said, "Sir mercȳ, mȳ life þou saue it me,  
"Do not þat vilanȳ, fettred þat I be.  
"In prison þou me do, bot nouht in bondes bynde,  
"I pray ȳow it be so, for schame of mȳ kȳnde.  
Said R. "þou salle haue at þin owen deuȳs,  
"þi life I salle þe saue," Isaac he did yp rise.  
"O dele," said þe kȳng, "þis is a fole Briton.  
"He spak no maner þing, for regne to gif raunson,  
"Ne no þing him bisouht, he was of kȳnge's blode,  
"Bot for prison bisouht, als fole þat couth no gode.  
"Now er his anens wrouht, of siluere wele ouer gilt,  
"Dayet þat þerof rouht, his was alle þe gilt.  
Taken is he to loke to Berenger & Jone,  
& þei him vndirtoke þo ladies euer ilkone.  
'To Statin gaf R. þe cite in kepȳng,  
& bad him be stiward, als ore was with þe kȳng.

Captus est  
Isaac in  
qua<sup>1</sup> au  
abbatia, ubi  
absconditus  
fuit.

<sup>1</sup> Et le Reȳ Richard ad schal de Cȳpre la garde des  
mayntenaunt donez Al sene. citez. Partaunt com il estait

For Isaac did him schame, his lord suld be,  
 þei caled him þis toname, *Statin þe nasee*.

Cipria conquesta est per Regem Ricardum. **N**OW is Cipres lorn fro Isaac & hise,  
 & to R. suorn for his valiantise,  
 þe mene folk (comonly fulle gode men & wise)  
 Com to his mercý, doand him seruise,  
 þat bics woule & wýne, & sellis with conant.  
 “Do com,” said Statýn, “burgeis & merchant,  
 “& knyght & squiere, & mak þam zour tenant,  
 “Citez & touns sere, hosbond & sergant,  
 “& tak of þam homage, as custom is & haunt.  
 “To do þat ilk seruage,” þe folk said, “we graunt,  
 “& þerto half our þing, for to haf þo lawes,  
 “þat Samuel þe gode kýng gaf bi olde dawes,  
 “& sikred it with skrite, býngand set his seale;  
 & R. gaf it so quite, þat þei suld him be leale.

**N**OW has kýng R. of Cipres þe seignorie,  
 What with nesshe & hard wonne þe maistrie.  
 To Statin þe nasee did he grete curteisie,  
 Alle Cipres gaf him fre ageýn his vilanie,  
 With a suerd to holde, of R. heýres alle  
 Inglis kýnges tolde, to whom þe chefe salle falle.  
 Statin þe reame nam, in þat ilk conaunt,  
 þat Roberd of Thornham, if þe kýng wild him graunt,

---

|                                                                                                 |                                                                                                  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| si vilement maygnez, Statýn<br>le nase des ore est surnomez<br>in the French, unless it be that | in one of Mr. Anstis's Copies<br>this verse, Statýn le nase des<br>ore est surnomez, is wanting. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

With

With him forto duelle, to maynten þe pes,  
þe folcs forto felle, þat rise wild in res.

**N**OW leues Roberd with Statin nasee,  
Tille tīping be more herd, or pes better be,  
With þe kȳnge's leue þe lond to justise,  
His enmȳs to greue, þat ageȳn him wild riso.  
His wille has R. sped in Cipres fer & nere,  
& Isaac forth is led with Jone & Berengere  
At Triple to sojourne, & þer þei mad a crie,  
Tille Acres forto turne alle holȳ þer nauie.  
Bihȳnd left non of hise, bot alle with him þei nam,  
Bot he þat was justise, Roberd of Thornham.  
Now er alle on flote, God gif þam grace to spede,  
With douhtȳ fo to note, whan þei com to dede.

*Ecce de  
navi in  
mari  
' captu.*

**A**T none þe toþer day þei sauh<sup>1</sup> fer in þe se  
A grete busse & gay, fulle hie of sailē was he.  
þe weder was fulle soft, þe wȳnde held þam stille,  
þe sailē was hie o loft, þei had no wȳnde at wille.  
In Philip nauie of France a pencelle þei put oute,  
His armes on a lance ouer alle þe schip aboute.  
So mȳkelle was þat barge, it mȳght not lightly saile,  
& so heuȳ of charge, & þe wȳnde gan failē.  
To wite what þei were went a mariuere,  
Respons þei gaf him þere, "þei were men of mistere,  
" Fro Antioche were went vnto kȳng Philip,  
" & for vs has he sent, & his is þis schip.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Sic.*

Ecce dicit  
Rex.

Said þe kȳng R. "Sir prince if þou be,  
 " Bi tȳme turne to me ward, for I wille speke with þe.  
 þe prince com fulle sone, Sir Richard did he calle,  
 " Do dight & mak ȝow bone, þe schip ere Sarazins alle,  
 " Tille Acres þei þam rape, venom for our men lede,  
 " & if þei vs ascape, þe Cristen maȳ þam dede.  
 þan cried Richard on hie, " now batale vs belȳue,  
 " þorgh help of our ladie, þat schip salle alle to rȳue.  
 ' Ilk man þat maȳ wyne tok to his partie,  
 To set chalange þer inne salle no man be hardie.  
 þe kȳnge's owen Galeie, he cald it Trenchemere,  
 þat was first on weie, & com þe schip fulle nere.  
 Oþer were þer inowe, þat þer after drouh,  
 Bot he com with a suowe, þat þe schip to rof.  
 þe schip cast trokes out, þe galeie to þam drouh,  
 þe kȳng stode fulle stout, & many of þam slouh.  
 Wilde fire þei kast, þe kȳng to confound,  
 His schipmen were fulle wrask, els had he gon to ground.  
 þe kȳng abaist him nouht, bot stalworthly fauht,  
 Alle to dede he brouht, þat his Galeie ouer rauht.  
 þe galeie þer þorgh schete, & þe kȳng was gode,  
 þe schip þat was so grete, it dronkled in þe flode.  
 þei teld fueten hundred Sarazins, þat drenkled were,  
 Fourti & sex wer sundred, & alle þo were saued þere.  
 þe summe couth no man telle of gold þat was þer in  
 & oþer riches to selle, bot alle mot þei not wȳn.

---

' Et ait [sive eýt] chescun | saunz altre chalenger *Codices*  
 la gwayne [vel son wayne] | *Gallici.*



þe venom alle þei hent, in þe se cast it away,  
 þe folk it mot haf schent, þat about Acres lay.  
 Armour þei had plente, & god besquite to mete,  
 It sanke son in þe se, half mýght þei not gete.  
<sup>1</sup> Richard bade, “ hale vp hie zour sailes, þer God vs lede,  
 “ Our men at Acres lie, of help þei haf grete nede.  
 þe date was a þousand, a hundreth nienti & one,  
 Fro Cipres he was sailand, a toun he wan Acon.  
 ¶ Als grace of God wild be, þe wýnde gan him dryue,  
 þe euen of þe Trinite vnder Acres R. gan aryue,  
 Dame Jone & Berengere bifor him fond he eft :  
 Isaac þe Emperere at Triples was left.  
 þe folk of Griffonie, whan R. was gone,  
 To Statin had envie, a monk þei ches ilkone,  
 þat Isaac cosyn was, & corouned him for kýng.  
 þei did a foule trespas, it was vnsemlý þing.  
 Statin wild þei greue, mispaied was Roberd,  
 He said, “ þei salle mischeue,” whan he þat tíþing herd.  
 Night & day þei woke, Roberd & Statýn,  
 þorgh force þe monke þei toke, & brouht him to Cherýn.  
 zit he skaped out, þe monke of prisoun,  
<sup>2</sup> þei cried, “ has armes about Roberd fro toun to toun.  
 þe folk whan þei were comen to Statýn & Roberd,  
 Eft þe monke þei nomen, at Cherýn þei him sperd.  
 Opon þe þrid day þe folk he did somoune,  
 Lered men & lay, fre & bond of toune.

Ricardus  
 applicuit  
 ad portum  
 de Acres.

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<sup>1</sup> Le Rey Richard les sy- | hors de la prisone noctauntre  
 gles comaunde eschaucer, Et | est passe, Statýn & Robert  
 haster vers Akres, les Cri- | af armes ount crye, *Gallice*.  
 stiens eyder, *Gallice*. <sup>2</sup> Ou

A quest þan wild he take of þe monke þat bare þe corouné,  
 His abite he gan forsake, his ordre lete alle doune.  
 & ȝit a noþer sawe of behoues be spoken,  
 Ageȝn þe comon lawe, þe prison has he broken.  
 Som chesons þei cast, & som for him said,  
 Bot here now at þe last, what dome was on him laid.

De mona-  
 cho rege  
 suspenso.

**SAID** Sir Roberd, “monk þou was whilom,  
 “For wirschip of þe werld forsoke þou alle & som.  
 “To God þou mad a vow in þi professioun.  
 “His traitour ert þou now, þou did him a tresoun.  
 “For þe worlde’s blisse þou left þin habite,  
 “& now þou wost for wisse of boþe ert þou quite.  
 “We toke þe als robboure in þis ilk cuntre,  
 “þou rest þe kȳng his honour, þat felle not vnto þe.  
 “To Cheryn þat ilk toun, þider was þou led,  
 “& þer þou brak prisoun, & away þou fled.  
 “Eft we did þe take, in prison we þe bond,  
 “þat lawe I salle þe make, þat is Richard lond.  
 “Galwes do ȝe reise, & hȳng þis cheitefe.  
 “Better him wer with eise in clostre haf led his life,  
 “þe seruise of his song recorded & lered,  
 “þan chalange with wrong þat kȳng R. conquered,  
 “& þi messe songen, & serued God alle myȝht,  
 “þan to be hongen in þi frendis sight,

**NOW** of þis olde monk & þis new kȳng,  
 þat was not worth a fonk, don has his endȳng.

þe folk was alle pesed, to Statyn wild þei cheue.  
 Of Statyn þat was sesed Roberd toke his leue  
 With ricchesse inouh, þat he to Acres led,  
 & teld kȳng R. how of alle þat he had sped,  
 “ þe folk of Griffonie a monk þei chese to kȳng,  
 “ Sib Isaak a partie had mad a chalangȳng.  
 “ In Cipres wer þei comen, þer maistrie gan þei kiþe,  
 “ & we ageȳn þam nomen, & tok him als suiþe.  
 “ To Cherȳn we him led, & þer he brak prisoun.  
 “ Est we toke him fled, brouht him ageȳn to toun,  
 “ þe courte opon him sat, þe quest filed him & schent.  
 “ For trespas of þat, he toke jugement.  
 “ Allas! for vilenie,” said R. þe kȳng,  
 “ þat a kȳng suld so die, hanged for no þing!  
 “ Roberd þou ert to blame, þou did ageȳn resoun,  
 “ Certes þou has don schame tille alle þat bere coroun.  
 “ Sir,” said Roberd, “ þer of is <sup>ȝ</sup>not to speke;  
 “ Late alle þis be sperd, on Gode’s enmȳs þe wreke.  
 “ Siþen Philip hider cam, he gaf neuer non assaut:  
 “ It wer mykelle scham to mak suilk a defaut.  
 “ A partie has þou sped, þanked be God alle myȝht;  
 “ ȝit salle þou mak þam dred, or com a fourtenȳght  
 “ Do reise vp þin engȳns, & wȳn of þam þise dikes.  
 “ I trowe þe Sarazins our comȳng mislikes.

**RICHARD** als suiþe did reise his engȳns,  
 þe Inglis wer þan bliþe, Normans & Peteuȳns.  
 In bargeis & galeis he set mylnes to go,  
 þe sailles, as men sais, som were blak & blo,

Ricardus  
 paravit se  
 ad castel-  
 lum.

Som

Som were rede & grene, þe wýnde about þam blewe,  
 A sellý sight to sene, fire þe sailles þrewe.  
 þe stones were of Rýnes, þe noýse dredfulle & grete,  
 It affraied þe Sarazin, as leuen þe fire out schete.  
 þe noýse was vnride, it lasted alle day,  
 Fro morn till euentide, þer of had maný affray.  
 To while þei had wondryng, of þis þat þei ne knew  
 Stode R. our kýng, þe chýne in tuo he hew,  
 & sesid þe Sarazin dikes, maugre þam euerilkon.  
 Now þe Sarazins mislikes, to Mahoun mad þei mone.  
 Our Cristen wer fulle fayn, þe sauh R. þerin,  
 þe dikes wer all drawen with iren chýnes þrin.

- ¶ “ Certes,” said þe Soudan, þat was in Acres toure,  
 “ þis is a kýng a man, þis is a werreoure,  
 “ Me þink els a wonder, bot he salle do grete wo,  
 “ He salle sched vs o sonder, fro Acres salle we go.  
 “ If he forth haf grace, as he now bigynnes,  
 “ Hiþen salle he vs chace, & alle þis lond he wynnes.

Lamenta-  
 tio facta ad  
 Regem pro  
 fame Chri-  
 stianorum  
 per episco-  
 pum.

- ¶ The bisshop of Perouse com to kýng Richard,  
 “ Sir, ouer meruailouse our duellýng here is hard;  
 “ Sir, here biforn of men haf we told  
 “ Fourti þousand lorn for hungre & cold.  
 “ þe hungre was so grete, & þe cold so stark,  
 “ þat a quarter whete was at tuenty mark.  
 “ For ten mark men sold a litille bulchýn,  
 “ Litille lesse men told a bouke of a motoun.  
 “ Men gaf fueten schillynges for a goos or a heen,  
 “ For þe grete lordýnges bouht to seke men.

- “ An aȝ bi it selue for fiue schillynges was boult,  
 “ A pere for penyȝes tuelue, or þei had it nouht.  
 “ þe comon of þe oste bouht þam hors flesch,  
 “ Or mules or assis roste, or haf bien mete lesse.  
 “ Manȝ grete mishappes, manȝ hard trauaile,  
 “ Haf comen vs hard clappes, whan þei gau vs assaile.  
 “ He told to þe kȳng manȝ hard chance,  
 “ þat tellis here no þing, bot alle in þe romance.  
 ¶ He tellis in þe romance, sen Acres wonnen was,  
 How God gaf him faire chance at þe bataile of Cayfas.  
 ¶ Siþen at Nazareth, at þe Assompcion messe,  
 At Assur he did to deth þe Sarazins more & lesse.  
 ¶ Siþen at Japhet was slayn fanuelle his stede,  
 þe romance tellis grete pas þer of his douhtȝ dede.  
 Bot þe bisshop sais vnto kȳng Richard,  
 How þam felle oper wais so manȝ woes & hard.  
 “ Bot,” Sir, “ we here wele telle, ȝe ere so trew a kȳng,  
 “ Our folk þat here duelle, ȝerne ȝour comȳng.  
 “ Ouer alle now is said, his comȳng þank we God,  
 “ Our hope is on̄ him laid, & fulle wele is it trod,  
 “ þat ȝe salle wele speche, to schorten our soierne,  
 “ & mend our grete nede, to ioȝ þat it mot torne.  
 “ ȝour wille is euer so gode, & ȝour treuth so treist,  
 “ ȝour douhtȳnesse of blode þe Sarazins salle freist.  
 “ Now, Jhesu, for þat croice, þou þoled on̄ passioun,  
 “ Here our sinfulle voice, & grant ȝow wȳnne þe toun.

Ecce pro-  
bitas Ri-  
cardi.

**W**HAN kȳng R. herd, þe Cristen had suilk pȳn,  
 Fullē soft he him ansuerd, wepand with his ine,  
 “ To Criste for me biseke, þat he gȳue me þat grace,  
 “ þe Cristendom to eke, þe Sarazins to chace.  
 R. also suiþe did set his pauilloun,  
 His maistrie sone gan kiþe, he dight him to þe toun.  
 Now ere þe dikes wonnen opon Gode’s enmȳs,  
 & sautes has bigonnen, þorgh whilk he getis pris.  
 So did kȳng Philip with sautes on þam gan pres,  
 Bot for a forgetilschip R. & he boþe les.  
 Philip left his engȳnes withouten kepȳng a nȳght,  
 þat perceȳued þe Sarazines, with fire brent þam doun right.  
 For he com on þe morne, assaut he wild haf gȳuen,  
 His Engȳns fond he lorne, brent & tille askes drȳuen.  
 R. said his avis, blamed him for þat dede.  
 A werrecour þat were wȳs, desceyt suld euer drede,  
 Wele more on þe nȳght, þan opon þe daȳ,  
 In mirke withouten sight wille enmȳs mak affray.  
 R. lent him of hise, Acres for to assaile;  
 Philip withouten fayntise did alle his trauaile.  
 þe to kȳng & þe toþer assailed it so hard,  
 þat þe Soudan broþer cried pes opon forward.  
 Alle þei went to here, what þe Soudan wild say:  
 þe folk com alle in fere with þo kȳnges tueȳe.  
 ¶ þis was þe Sarazins sawe, “ þe toun geld zow we wille,  
 “ If ge grant vs þe lawe, I salle saȳ zow þe skille.  
 “ Late vs alle out com, þis is þe first we chese.  
 “ þat non be slayn ne nom, ne life no lȳmme lese;

“ & if þat we wille take a baron of zour oste,  
 “ & Cristen kȳng him make, to regne bi þis coste,  
 “ Him þau wille we saȳ, who is moste valiant,  
 “ If ge consent þat way, þe marchis of Mounfraunt.

De pace  
tractata  
secundum  
formam in-  
ter Reges &  
Saracenos.

**R**ICHARD was hastif, & ansuerd þat stund,  
 “ Certes þou lies cheitif, & as a stinkand hund,  
 “ Here ere a þousand mo more worþi haf pris,  
 “ þan he þou tellis fro, þat ilk traitoure marchis.  
 “ It salle auaille him nouht, þat he zour Soudan sent.  
 “ I se þat he has bouht þe lond with his present,  
 “ & þis lond is oure, & our right wonȳng,  
 “ For oure ancessoure hereof was he kȳng,  
 “ & ge ere our enmȳs, þe Cristendam to spille,  
 “ & now is þe marchis turned to zour wille.  
 “ I rede out of þis oste þe marchis go his gate,  
 “ Bi God þat mȳght has moste, he maȳ go to late.  
 “ If he þorgh traytorie salle bē at zour deuȳs,  
 “ I salle do him hang hie, or drawe with runcȳs.

**S**AID þe kȳng of France, “ R. whi art þou wroth,  
 “ What is zour distance, þat he is þe so loth?  
 “ & he is gentille knȳght, of kȳnge’s blode comen,  
 “ If he with vnright ouht of þin haf nomen,  
 “ He salle at þi wille mak alle þin amendes,  
 “ & late alle be stille, þat þou him defendes..  
 ¶ Said þe kȳng R. “ Sir, at zour honoure,  
 “ In þat ilk forward he zelde me mȳ tresoure,

" þat my fadere Henry gaf to þe Holy lond.  
 " He toke it wikkedly out of þe Hospiteler's hond.  
 " Fourti þousand pounde, & if he zelde it me,  
 " We salte fare & founde als frendes falle to be.  
 Sir Philip stille he stode, worde ne spak he more,  
 In þat same way þei gode, right als it was ore.  
 Richard asked þo landes, þat þe Cristen wan  
 Out of þe Sarazins handes, & chased þe Soudan.  
 þe Sarazins wild not zelde so mony londes sere,  
 Ne þe kynge's ne wilde acorde in oþer manere.

**O**FT tille our Inglis men was schewed a mervaille grete,  
 A darte was schot to þem, bot non wist who it schete.  
 In þe schaft was purtreit, þorgh þe holy goste trowe I,  
*In nomine patris, it said, & filii & spiritus sancti.*  
Pece miraculum. Was neuer Cristen man couþe perceyue þe certeyn,  
 Ne wist what tyme no whan it passed out eft ageyn,  
 It com fro þat tureile, þat R. had down smytyn,  
 Alle þe Sarazins conseile in þe schaft was writen,  
 & alle þer ordinance, k yng R. it wiste,  
 It was a fulle faire chance schewed þorgh Jhesu Criste.  
 R. mad þankyng to Jhesu for þat sond,  
 & for þat schewyng to wirschip him suld he fond.

**T**O Philip & Richard þe Sarazins said þei wild,  
 In a gode forward, þe toun to þam zeld.

11

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1 A Phelipp & Richard les | Sarecyns volaint Souent la cite



Of Jerusalem þe land þei said he suld it haue,  
þerto tuenti þousand of Cristen men to saue.  
þei treistid not þer till, bot þei did it in dede,  
þe kynge's with gode wille vnto assaut zede.

R. had minoures, þat mýned vndere þe walle,  
A pece with a grete cours at ons felle doun alle.  
þe Frankis bare þam stoute, þe mýned boþe & east  
Vnto a toure Maudut, & wan it at þe last.  
þe Sarazins som þei slouh, & som for drede fied,  
At þat tyme wele inouh þe Frankis manly sped.  
þe Inglis at þer triste bifor þam bare alle doun,  
& R. als him liste þe way had redy roun.  
Now has R. entre, & Acres taken es,  
þe Sarazins com fulle fre, & offred him grete riches.

Acres ci-  
vitas capta  
est per Ri-  
cardum.

**V**NTO Philip of France þe Frankis mad a crie,  
“þi worschip to auance com, in als kýng hardie.  
“Com in as lord of fe, for fedeles ere þei hopped  
“& slayn alle may þou se, þat þi way stopped :  
& now is Acres taken þorgh R. þe conquerour,  
His banere held þam waken was put of o toure.  
Kýng Philip did also, his baner was forth laid,  
& righ it felle þerto, for no man him withsaid,  
I þe erle of Ostrece cam, & put his banere out,  
& R. asked þorgh wham þe erle bare him so stout.

cite rendre & bien promet-  
taynt, Ke la seinte tere Je-  
rusalem rendraynt, Et viut  
mille Cristiens qen prisoun  
anaint. Ne Phelipp ne Ri-

chard de ceo se assyaynt, Mes  
de jour en altre al assalt a-  
laynt, in *Codd. Gallicis*.

'Le duk de Austrice i  
veent, & banere desplye, *Gall.*

Kýng R. þorht hatie after þe Erle sent,  
 & asked, “ of what seignorio holdes þou lond & rent,  
 “ þat þou has put out here þi baner for maistrie,  
 “ Among kýnges baneres, withouten auowric?

“ **SIR**, said þe duke, “ I am now comen here,  
 “ þise Sarazins to rebuke, & slo at mý powere.  
 “ Mý lond I hold with right, at no man’s dome,  
 “ Bot of God alle mýgh, & Saynt Petir of Rome.  
 “ ‘ If þou to non þat lyues,” said R. “ þou chene ne bowe,  
 “ þi lond men salle gife tille one þat may it vowe.  
 Grete scathe afterward in a litille þrawe  
 Com tille kýng R. for þat envios sawe.

De obsidi-  
 one castri  
 Pilgrim, &  
 de remoci-  
 one Phi-  
 lippi.

**NOW** haf þe Cristen won Acres þat was lorn,  
 þe Sarazins ouer ron with force & doun born.  
 þe folk was mýkelle & strong, of mete þei had grete nede,  
 þam burd departe þer þrong, þat lond mot þam not fede.  
 þei parted þe oste in tuo, þorgh comon acordance.  
 R. wille was so, so was Philip of France.  
 A castelle was þer biside fro Acres a jorne,  
 Grete scape it did bi tide to þe Cristen in þe cuntre.  
 þe castelle hight Pilgrým, of alle it bare þe flour:  
 þe Sarazins kept it þat tým for þer chiefe warinstour,

*quin & duk etiam infrain MSS.  
 Gallicis. Adeo ul apud inter-  
 pretem nostrum idem valeat  
 erle quod duk, id quod paullo  
 post etiam liquet, ubi duke*

*plane habet.*

‘ Sire duke, dist le Reis,  
 par le fiz Marie, Si tu nas  
 seýgnour, ta tere ert altrýe,  
 Gallice.

þat

- þat castelle was fulle strong, & ille for to wynne,  
þe Sarazins kept it long, þei wer inow þer in.  
Philip went him þidere, þat castelle to conquere,  
þe Frankis alle togider did nouh whan þei com þere.
- ¶ Richard oste forth ran, & grace bifor him fond,  
Auhþ jornes he wan with in þe Sarazins lond.  
Philip þat þer lay to spede had he no grace,  
It was not worþe an aȝ, his dede no his mānace.  
R. herd it say, he dred an oste mot skip  
Behind, & stop his way bitwex him & Philip,  
“ & if þe Soudan ros opon Philip of France,  
“ & I wer þan in clos withouten cheuisance,  
“ So myght it in a while þe gode torn tille ille,  
“ A man salle aȝ drede gile, þe gode is not at wille.  
R. his oste did turne, tresore he had inouh,  
Nouht wild he soiorne, to Philip fast he drouh.
- ¶ Whan kȳng Philip hard, þat R. was comand,  
How faire hap with him ferū, so fer wan in þe land,  
þat R. turned ageȳn, his marschalle teld him whȳ;  
& said Philip, “ certeyn our dede is not worþi.  
“ Our dede has bene nouht sen we hider camen,  
“ To turne haf I þouht tille Acres alle samen.  
“ If R. hider com, wynne it bifor vs alle,  
“ þat we þis sege nom, schame it wille vs falle.  
“ þan salle men doute vs lesse, men se we do no dede,  
“ þe Sarazins our pruesse not so mykelle wille drede.

**N**OW is þe oste Frankis tille Acres alle went,  
 & comen ere þe Inglis with pauilloun & tent,  
 & loged þam right wele ouer alle þer þam þink,  
 Inouh þei had catele, & plente mete & drynk.  
 Whan þei had alle eten, & watches mad alle preste,  
 To gete þat þei had geten, R. gede to reste.

*Eccc de-  
 precacio  
 Ricardi per  
 totum.*

¶ Orelý on þe morn his messe he gede to here,  
 To Jhesu of Marý born þis was his prayere:  
 “ Lord Jhesu,” he said, “ als so vermyly  
 “ As mý luf is on þe laid, & on þi moder Marý,  
 “ Help me to venge þi dede of þis Sarazins kýnd,  
 “ þat gaf conseile & rede, þe to bete & býnd,  
 “ & namly on þat blode, þat com of fals Pilate,  
 “ þat wist sakles þou stode, whan he on þi dome sate.  
 “ Jhesu for þin honour, if it be þi wille,  
 “ I ask þe now socoure, mý gernýng to fulfille.

*Eccc quæ-  
 dicit Ri-  
 cardus.*

**R**ICHARD at Godesbord' his messe had & his rightes,  
 Here now swilk a word he spak to his knyghtes:  
 “ Of þis kyng Philip haf we no maner of help,  
 “ Togidir I rede we kip, þat men of vs gelp.  
 “ I vowe to Saynt Michael, & tille halwes þat are,  
 “ þat for wo ne wele hiþen ne salle I fare,  
 “ Ne tille Acres go, tille þe castelle be taken,  
 “ þat Philip went fro, for vs has it forsaken.  
 “ For his awen default with vs he has envie,  
 “ Go we to þe assaut þat God vs alle condie.

*De capei-  
 one castri  
 per Ricar-  
 dum.*

¶ þe dikes were fulle wide þat closed þe castelle about,  
 & depe on ilk a side, with bankis hie without.

Was þer non entre, þat to þe castelle gan ligge,  
 Bot a streite kauce, at þe end a drauht brigge,  
 With grete duble cheynes drauhen ouer þe gate,  
 & fyfti armed sueynes porters at þat gate.  
 With slenges & magneles þei kast to kȳng Richard,  
 Our Cristen bi parcelles kasted ageȳnward.  
 ' Ten sergeanz of þe best his targe gan him bere,  
 þat egre wer & prest to couere him & to were.  
 Himself as a Geant þe cheynes in tuo hew,  
 þe targe was his warant, þat non tille him threw.  
 Right vnto þe gate with þe targe þei gede,  
 Fightand on a gate, vnder him þe slouh his stede.  
 þer for ne wild he sesse, alone in to þe castele  
 þorgh þam alle wild presse, on fote fauht he fulle wele.  
 ¶ & whan he was withinne, & fauht as a wilde leon,  
 He fondred þe Sarazins otuynne, & fauht as a dragon.  
 Withoute þe Cristen gan crie, "allas! R. is taken,  
 þo Normans were sorie, of Contenance gan blaken.  
 To slo doun & to stroye, neuer wild þei stint,  
 þei left for dede no noȳe, ne for no wounde no dȳnt.  
 þat in went alle þer pres, maugre þe Sarazins alle,  
 & fond R. on des sightand, & wonne þe halle.  
 No body bot he alone vnto þe Cristen cam,  
 & slayn he had ilkone, þe lordes bot þre he nam.  
 With þo þre o lyue his messengers went,  
 Tille Acres gan þei dryue, to Philip mad present.

De probi-  
tate ejus,  
quando  
pugnauit  
per se in  
castro.

---

' Dis seriauntz des plus | unt le cors le Reis sa targe  
 feres, e de melz vanez, Di a. | ount portez, *Codd. Gallici.*

**N**OW is grete honour comen to Inglis men  
 þorgh R. þe conquerour, his douhtȳnes we ken.  
 Kȳng Philip of France fulle gretely is he noyed,  
 þat R. had suilk chance, þe castelle had destroyed.  
 þorgh spie þe Soudan wist, þat Philip was no payed,  
 No gamen him ne list, bot held him alle dismayed.  
 To Philip a letter he sent þe Soudan Saladȳn,  
 A'noþer to R. went, þat brouht a Sarazȳn.  
 þus þan gan he seȳe, als it wer for þer prove,  
 Unto þe kȳnges tueȳe, " þe Soudan gretes ȳow,  
 " & sais for seuen ȳere God þan were þe trewe.  
 " If ȳour God be so clere, & of so grete vertewe,  
 " As ȳe preche oft tide, for sothe ȳe schew & scie,  
 " We Sarazins on our side be þat tȳme salle purue,  
 " þat þis lond salle be ȳours, & we bicomе Cristen,  
 " Withouten mo stours or blode spillȳng of men,  
 " & haf alle þat ȳe wan withouten gansaying.  
 þerto ansuer gan Philip þe kȳng,  
 & said, " þer men bedis skille, skille men ouh to take.  
 " þo þat wille not þat tille, skille salle þam forsake.

" **A**LLAS!" said Richard, " þat euer it suld be couth,  
 " Or spoken efterward said of Cristen mouth,  
 " þat for a Sarazins sawe, contreued of fals quayntise,  
 " A Cristen man suld him withdrawe fro Jhesu Criste seruise.  
 " Alle ere we hider comen, Jhesu Criste to serue,  
 " þe way for him we nomen, for him to lyue & sterue.  
 " His childre ere we alle, of God our fader biforn,  
 " þis lond suld to vs falle, þer our fader was born.

" Jhesu

“ Jhesu was born here, & alle our first lȳnage,  
 “ We ere his childre dere, we clayme þis our heritage,  
 “ þat þise paen hondes our ancestre haf rest,  
 “ & þorgh hard woundes of þam salle reȳme it eft.  
 “ Bot if þei wille with pes þis lond geld vs alle quite,  
 “ þei salle þan haf reles, of fayth gode respite.  
 “ If þei at no certeyn wille geld it vs with pes,  
 “ We salle wyne it ageȳn, þat þei bifor vs les.  
 “ þat dos not his deuere with dede no with rede,  
 “ Hastely þis gere falle him þe serȳnges dede.

**P**HILIP vnderstode, R. wild not consent,  
 þat ilk conant forth gode, þat þe Soudan sent.  
 Philip held him stille, & bigan to smȳle,  
 Men sais þat comes of ille, & þinkȳng som gile.  
 Nopeles day & oþer he purueied priuclȳ,  
 Of mast, sailȳ, & roþer he dight his schip redȳ.

¶ Oft he sent for leue vnto kȳng R.

Sekenes gan him so greue, þat he mot wende homward.  
 He was in poȳnt to zelde þe gaste, & sone to die,  
 For eucl he ne mȳght him welde, in bed behoued him lie.  
 Sen oþer wais ne mȳght vaile, þan said R. for wo,  
 “ Philip now wille me faile, & alle gate wend me fro.  
 “ Conant holdes he non, þat he to Jhesu hight,  
 “ With body & soule alon to venge him at his mȳght.  
 “ Sen Jhesu he wille not venge, ne hold his vowe no þing,  
 “ He salle him chalenge þe day of his endȳng.

Philippus  
 licentia pe-  
 tit a Ri-  
 cardo ad  
 Franciam  
 se paravit.

---

‘ Ke son deuer ne face, | prist, [Hastiement luȳ prenge  
 pur quȳ la croice perist, [sive | la male mort subit, *Codd. Gall.*

“ If

" If he wille go or duelle, as he wille I wille wele,  
 " þe despite, þat is to telle, to God is don ilk dele.  
 ¶ Fulle oft biforhand bituex þam was distance,  
 For wynnȳng of þe land, þat R. wan þorgh chance.  
 Haluendele asked Philip, as for first conant,  
 & for felawschip of Cipres conquerand.  
 Of þat Philip of France, for he suld haf grantise,  
 Mad R. a quite clamançe fro him & alle bise,  
 & neuer þorgh no destresse suld clayme þer of no right.  
 Philip with grete mekenesse his trouth þerto plight,  
 Gascoȳn & Normundie suld geme at his powere,  
 Withouten vilanie, tille his comȳng were nere.

**P**HILIP tok his leue, withouten more essoȳne  
 His suld alle to cheue, tille Sir Hugh of Burgoȳne.  
 Alle þe Frankis oste Sir Hugh had in kepȳng,  
 Now sailes fro þat coste, home wendes Philip þe kȳng.  
 In þe se sailand he lendes toward Lumbardie,  
 ' þe erle of Ostrice wendes with him companie.  
 R. stille he leues, þe lond he wild more se,  
 & Saladȳn he reues þe flom of <sup>a</sup> Cisare.  
 At þat ilk flom Richard gaf bataile,  
 Greuance had he som, here now of his trauaile.  
 In Antioche, in Acres, in alle þo ilk cuntres,  
 He set wardeȳns watres, to kepe alle þe entres.  
 Siþen toward Cayfas displaied his banere,  
 & euer his nauie was in þe se biside not fere.

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<sup>a</sup> Le duk de Austrice *Codd.* | rye, *MSS. Gall. tam h̄ic quam*  
*Gellici.* <sup>a</sup> Cesaree, *sive Cesa-* & *infra.*



**RICHARD** <sup>1</sup>his his spie on Soudan Saladyn,  
 Som said he suld lie at þe toun of Joppyn.  
 To Joppyn whan he cam, þe Soudan was not þere,  
 þe flom þe Soudan nam, R. forto affere.  
 Saladyn priuely was bussed beside þe flom,  
 & spied strete & stie what R. suld com,  
 þat he suld not pas, ne <sup>2</sup>mo man of his oste.  
 þe water stopped was, þer passage suld be moste.  
<sup>3</sup>Saladyn did stoppe þe dikes <sup>4</sup>kank & bro,  
 þat non suld ouer hoppe, ne man ne hors suld go  
 þorgh þat enbussement, þat was so priuely,  
 R. suld be schent, if þat way he com by.

De pugna  
 ad flumen  
 Cisarie.

**RICHARD** fast him drouh toward Cisare,  
 To witte where or how þe best passage mot be.  
 Whan R. þider cam, he sauh þer was tre gette,  
 Passage non he nam, þe forthes weŕ withsette.  
 R. beheld aboute, of gile he drede him neid,  
 Of Sarazins a grete route, (þe lond was vmbeleid,)  
 & alle þat suerd mot þere, or oþer wapen weld,  
 Were sette R. to dere, enbussed þorgh þe feld.  
 He said, "Jhesu mercy, & þi moder dere,  
 "Wherfore we com & why, now we fynd þam here.  
 Whan he sauh he ne myght passe on non wise,  
 In þre parties to fight his oste he did deuisse.

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<sup>1</sup> F. has. <sup>2</sup> F. no. *Nam* | <sup>3</sup> Saladyn les hoers de flum  
*Codices Gallici*, De Richard | ad saisye *Gallice*. <sup>4</sup> F. bank.  
 ny passe, ne nul de sa partye. |

De Jacobo  
Auenue.

**S**IR James <sup>1</sup> of Auenue he had þe first eschele,  
 Was non of his vertu in armes did so wele,  
 Gentille of norture, & noble of lynage,  
 Was non þat bare armure, þat did suilk vassalage.  
 Of werre & of bataile he was fulle aise,  
 þer wisdom suld auaile was non so trewe als he.  
 Pere had he non in þe lond þer he was born,  
 He praied þe kȳng on one he mot be first biforn,  
 & he gaf him þe vamward, þe Sarazins oste to cleue,  
 & he at kȳng R. for cuer þan toke his leue.  
 þe kȳng withoute essoȳn suld be in þe midde,  
<sup>2</sup> & þe erle of Burgoȳn he suld haf þe þridde.  
 With were þe templers, & þer fraternite,  
 Fals in alle maners, so tellis þe stori me.

De turmis  
Saladini.

**O**N þe toþer side þe of þe Sarazin,  
 In þe vamward suld ride þe Soudan Saladȳn,  
 Paien most worþi of alle þe lond of his kȳn,  
 So told me þe stori þat I fond writen in.  
 In þe secund turbe was maister Coradȳn  
 Lord of Damas, his fader was Safadȳn.  
<sup>3</sup> Soudan so curteȳs neuer drank no wȳne,  
 þe same þe Romans sais þat is of Richardȳn.

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. of the *Heralds Office* 'tis de Aucunes, in one of Mr. *Anstis's* de Aucune, but in the other de Auenues. Yet below both of Mr. *Anstis's* Copies have Auenues. <sup>2</sup> Al duk de Burgoȳne la terce est co-

maunde, Et al mestre du Temple oue [sive ou, vel ou] sa fraternete, MSS. *Gallici*. <sup>3</sup> Soldan plus curtoȳs ne goustait vnkes vȳn. De la terce eschele mestre fu Melchȳn, Seygnour de Bandas, <sup>e</sup> Melchi-

¶ & ouer þe brid pas was maister Sir Melchýn,

Lord of Baudas, & Sir Matifasýn,

Lord of Galile, & þe stede þat Chaýn,

& Sire of þat cuntre, þer Abel was slayn.

¶ ' James of Auenue, he was verray pilgrýn,

He gan first remue þe croice mad on his brýn.

On þer first eschel he smot in fulle hastif,

& þorgh þam ilka del, als grehound or mastif,

Tuýs withouten encumbre, with suerd in his hand,

He slouh withouten numbrec, bifor him mot non stand.

Biside com a Sarazins, bituex him & a bank,

Sir Kalaphes Durýns, he smote of James schank.

¶ þan spak James, " þo a kosýn help Richard,

" Fulle fer ert þou me fro, kast þe now to me ward.

" þi sister sonne am I, þou eam & I cosýn.

" ' þi fader kýng Henry in þe castelle Constantýn

" Mý moder þan gate he opon dagne Auelyn.

" Countas of Marche was sche, & or I git do mý fýn

" Mý dede salle I venge on Kalaphes Durýn.

" With a gode suerd of lorenge he smote þorgh þe Sarazin,

James lese þer his hand, & died in þat pýn.

On þe morn men him fand, & þe frere Baudwýn,

De morte  
Jacobi.

Welchifasýn, [*sive* Wetiphasin] Seýgnour de Galýle & del leu on Caýn Tua son frere Abel par [*vel* on] feloun engýn *Codd. MSS. Gallici.*

' Sire Jaqes de Aucunes, [*sive* Auenues] verray pelrýn, Se seýgne de la croice & prent son chemýn [*sive* chýmýn *vel*

chimyn] *MSS. Gall.* ' Le Rey Henry ton pere en chastel Constantýn Engendra ma mere sur dame Auelyn, Countesse de la Marche, pur Dieu & Scint Martýn Venez venger ma morte sur ceo Saracýn, *Codd. Gallici.*

A frere of þe hospitalle, þe erlc's sonne Paulyn,  
Was lord of Morian alle & of Mount ' Modyn.

**W**HAN R. herd say, þat James was slayn,  
He wend for dole to deý, he com as a wode man,  
° & Saladyn sauh him cam, þer of fulle wele he lete,  
Ageyn R. he nam, togider gan þei mete,  
A kȳng & a Soudan of alle þe world þe beste.  
R. tille him ran, a stroke on him he fest,  
He smote him in þe helm, bakward he bare his stroupe.  
þe bodý he did ouerwhelm, his hede touched þe croupe,  
He felle doun with þe dȳnt, bot son he ros vp light,  
Herneys nouht ne tȳnt, bot est on hors fulle wight.

De insul-  
tatione regis  
Ricardi &  
Saladini.

R. at þat turne þe slom he wan fulle wele,  
For Sarazin ne wild he skurne þat were of his eschele.  
Fourti þousand paien, what drenkled & what slayn,  
& a þousand Cristen, so was þe tale certeyn.  
For soth þe þrid eschele fūile hard was bisted,  
þe templers ilk a dele failed & þicn fled.  
þe 'erle'' bakward was born, & alle þe Frankis men  
Fulle nere had þei bien lorn, bot þei cried, *help Cristen.*  
þe erlc bigan to cric, " turne and help vs Richard,  
" Or els salle we die, þat ere in þis rereward.

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|                                                                                                   |                                                                                                  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>' Moryn <i>Codd. Gall.</i> 2<br/>Qaunt Saladyn lȳ vait de<br/>bone volentez Aproche al Reý</p> | <p>Richard, ia sunt encountrez,<br/><i>Gallice.</i> 3 Duk de Burgoýne<br/><i>Codd. Gall.</i></p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

11

"SIR," said kȳng Guȳon, "turne ageȳn, I rede,  
 "Frankis & Burgoillon, els allegos to dede.  
 "þe Soudan Saladȳn has þam nere conquered,  
 "þe templers magre mȳn, fals þei er & ferd.  
 "If þei had standen nere, þe mȳght haf wonnen pris,  
 "Non dos þer deucere, bot Raynald þe marchis.  
 Said þe kȳng R. "if þe duke be taken,  
 "It salle be þam hard, bot þei haf him forsaken.  
 þe flom sone he left, ageȳn toke his gate,  
 þe duke fro þam he rest, welnere he com to late.  
 ² þe duke at þat bataile lost sex & þrittȳ knȳghtes,  
 þre hundreth of þedaile, a hundreth sergeanz at rightes.  
 þe duke alle þese les, & þo þat were olyue,  
 R. for alle þe pres saucȳ did þam vp rȳue.  
 At þat tȳme R. þere manȳ a man slouh he,  
 þe kȳng sonne of Dare he smote in tuo his the.  
 þe Soudan Saladȳn he was fulle vnfayȳn,  
 He fled with mȳkelle pȳn vnto þe mountayȳn.  
 R. has þe pris at þe flom of Cisare,  
 þe Sarazin force doun his, Jhesu we þank þe.

¹ De Jerusalem le Reȳ  
 Guȳoun gentȳls Dist al Reȳ  
 Richard, Sire tournez le vȳs,  
 Le duk e sa eschele sunt ia  
 taunt supris, Le Soldan Sa-  
 ladȳn apoȳ [*sive* ad poȳ, *vel* a  
 poȳ] les ad conquȳs, *Codd.*  
*Gall.* ² Le duk pardist cel

heure chivalers trent & sȳs,  
 Treis centz de petaȳle, seri-  
 auntz cent e dȳs. Et de cel  
 eschele, qauntz qe sount re-  
 mȳs, Fet le Reȳ passer le  
 flum a [*vel* ad] lour amȳs,  
*Codd. Gall.*

1 ÞISE Sarazins were so fesid, þat fled was Saladýn,  
 & Cisare has he sesid, Japht & Joppýn,  
 Cades & Ascalon, alle has kyng Richard :  
 Under him kýng Guyon had þam alle in ward.  
 Þe duke was in a cas, his wondes wer so grým,  
 þat his leche was in ille hope of him,  
 & R. was fulle dred, þe leche mot him not saue."  
 Tille Acres þei him led, better hele to haue.  
 In þer way ilk dele þei fond voide als helthe.  
 Þe toun of Mount Carmele, þe toun of Nazareth,  
 þe strong castelle Pilrýn, þat first women was,  
 Alle tok Ricardýn, Caloýn & Kayfas.  
 Ilkon þise þei scised, tome alle þei fond,  
 Seke were þer heised, heled þam of wound.

Saldanus  
 venit tra-  
 ctare pa-  
 cem.

1 Þe Soudan to R. sent, to speke togider in glath,  
 For þe pes it ment, & of no maner wrath.  
 Ne no þing suld it greue vnto þe Cristiente,  
 þe barons said bi leue, welcom mot he be.  
 Saladýn come þider þat day þat he sette,  
 þe barons wer togider, þe kýnge & þam he grette.  
 1 "Sir," said Šaladýn, "þi God has grete powere,  
 "Er alle þise Cristen þin, þat þou kepes here ?  
 "Þise Inglis," said R. "in my kepýng þei are,  
 "Þe Frankis haf oþer ward, wiþ þe erleof Burgoýn þei fare.

|                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                             |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Richard Reis Englaýs<br>ad saisiye Cesaree, Joppen e<br>Scalon, Cades & Japhe, Et<br>al Reý Guyoun la garde ad<br>done. Le duk de Burgoýne | est si male mene, Qe lý Si-<br>rogene del duk est desperee,<br>Et le Reý Richard mout [ <i>si e</i><br>mult] desconforte, <i>MSS. Gall.</i> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

“ Bot þei be of þi faith, els do þei wrong,  
 “ þei stand alle to gode graith, whan þou ert þam among,  
 “ & þou ert comen fro ferne, & riche kýng is of fe,  
 “ If þou pes wille gerne, for þe & þi meýne,  
 “ & trewe for seuen gere, I consent þertille,  
 “ If þou has þat manere, to do euenhede & skille.

“ **CERTES** Saladýn, “ said þe kýng Richere,  
 “ To mak partie ageýn mýn git ha þou gode powere,  
 “ & for þe pes to seke has þou no mýstere,  
 “ þertille to mak me meke, mý herte to git in wehere.  
 “ þou has power inouh, wherto askes þou pes?  
 “ & mý wille wille not bouh, to grante þat þou ches.  
 “ If þou þe lond wille zeld, þerof is to speke,  
 “ & siþen if þou wild þi laý forsake & breke,  
 “ & take our bapteme of funte, as childre zing,  
 “ I salle gyue þe a reame, & do þe coroun kýng.

Responsio  
Ricardi.

“ **SIR,**” said Saladýn, “ þank I auh zow conne,  
 “ þat þou me profers of þin, & has non enchesonne.  
 “ If I mýght þe pacmie justise þam ilkone,  
 “ & non had seignorie bot I mý self alone,  
 “ þan I trow mý þouht mýght acord to þin,  
 “ Bot now dar I nouht. “ Mý broþer Safadýn

Saldanus  
dixit.

“ Sire, dist Saladýn, gre  
 te deý sauer, Ke tu sauuz  
 desert me vols honourer,  
*Gallice.* “ Mon frere Saf-  
 fadýn teent son regne entere,

Ses fiz sunt grantez seý-  
 gnours, ne volent lesser Tere  
 ne tenement, pur nulý prech-  
 er, *Gall.*

“ Is riche of tenement, his sonnes strong & stith,  
 “ þer wille wille not be went, ne lete þer lond ne lith.  
 “ Wild þe bicom Cristen, fulle eth I were to drawe,  
 “ Bot I dar not for þam alle one to leue our lawe.

**R**ICHARD said, “ per faÿ, go now & conseile þe,  
 “ & bi þe þrid day, þat salle haf certeynte.

“ Bi þan I salle þe say, how þat it salle go,  
 “ Of pes to haf þe way, or werre, on of þe tuo.

Listen now a gile of Sir Safadÿn,

Contreued a wikked wile on his broþer Saladÿn.

¶ Now wendes Saladÿn þer his oste gan lie,  
 His <sup>1</sup> boþer Safadÿn his comÿng did spie,  
 He sent to kÿng R. a stede for curteisie,  
 On of þe best reward, þat was in paemie:  
 Bad him bi þat ðere token, ware him for tricherie;  
 Said, “ Saladÿn was fulle soen, on him maÿ non affie,  
 “ He sais behind þi bak, in strange companie,  
 “ Wordes þat er to lak, he dar þe wele diffie,  
 “ If he & þou alone myght gow togider alie,  
 “ He myght withouten mone of þe wyne þe maistrie;  
 “ & Sir, if þou be suilk, als men of þe crie,  
 “ Rebuke him for þat ilk of þat anauntrie.  
 “ If I may be auaile of hors or armurie,  
 “ Forsoth I salle not faile, to mende þi partie:  
 Bot or þat day felle to stand, þat þer acorde suld be,  
 Had R. herd tipband out Normundie.

---

<sup>1</sup> Sic    <sup>2</sup> Si tu soÿs taunt | crye, Rebukez le bien de sa  
 vaÿllant, com le mounde te | sur quiderÿe, *Codd. Gallici.*



¶ “ þe folk out of France to Normundie were comen,  
 “ To R. desceyuaunce his londes haf þei nomen.  
 “ Bot he com right son, Normundie to fende,  
 “ His right bes nouht doun soner þan any wend.  
 “ Wherfore to som of his he schewed þam þe skille,  
 To treus on alle wise him burd grant þertille.

**U**NDER þe mount Thabor, in a faire medue,  
 Boþe þe parties wer þore to conseile for þe treue”

“ Sir,” said Saladyñ, “ is it þi wille to say,  
 “ þis day is myñ & þin, chese þou now what way.  
 For Safadyn’s sawe R. had enuie,

De pace  
tractata &  
ordinata  
per Ricar-  
dum &  
Saladinum.

Wherfore a gode þrawe he stod in a stadie.

þat sawe þat he þer said, so wele it was of leten,  
 In boke it was vp laid, git is it not forgeten.

R. þis ansuerd to Saladyñ for treu,”

For þo men þat it herd wrote vs þat word alle new.

“ **TREUS** þou askes a þrowe, for tuo gere or þre,

“ þo men, þat þe knowe, say þou skornes me.

“ þe folk of paiemie þe word þer of fer gos,

“ Of alle þat seignorie þorghout þin is þe los;

“ In armes is þer none, þat to þi renoun reches,

“ Wherfor þou has gone, & of þi priesse preches,”

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|                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                         |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>“ Le Reý Richard as vns<br/>             “ la chos certífýe, Et a parler<br/>             de trewe al Soldant plus se<br/>             plýe, <i>MSS. Gall.</i>    “ Est Sa.</p> | <p>ladýñ venuz en amour saunz<br/>             boýdie, Et prýe al Reý Ri-<br/>             chard, que son plaisir lý dýe,<br/> <i>Codices Gall.</i></p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

“ þat if þou me mot mete bi our seluen tuo,  
 “ Mý lif I suld forlete, or mý hede for go.  
 “ & if þou wille it proue, þat þou ert so worþi,  
 “ A stede tille our behoue here is on alle redi.  
 “ Now for þi grete valow, I ask þe a bone,  
 “ þat or we grante trew, fight we als so sone,  
 “ þan on non oþer side body so bolde to be,  
 “ On fote ne hors ride, to socour me no þe.  
 “ & whilk of vs is doun, & mad is recrcant,  
 “ Cleyme & accioun he lese, & þe remanant  
 “ Of þat ilk land, þat Cristen euer auht,  
 “ þat þei held in þer hand of God þat þam it tauht.  
 ¶ þan said Saladýn, “ if þou fynd aný man,  
 “ Cristen or Sarazin, <sup>1</sup> þat what týme or whan,  
 “ I mad auancement with þe alone to fight,  
 “ Bot I to bataile went for mý reame’s right,  
 “ Here I salle þe gyue a’le mýn heritage,  
 “ & als along as I lýue tó be in þin ostage.  
 ¶ þe maister of þe Temple com procurand þe pes,  
 “ No more of þis to demple, tak þat þat ge first ches.  
 Saladýn for alle hise hette to hold conaunt,  
 Seuen gere at his deuise, & R. þer to graunt,  
 þat ilk a Cristen man suld hold & haue certeyn  
 Alle þat he þer wan, & no þing zeld ageyn.

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<sup>1</sup> *Id est*, that knows or can tell what, &c.

**N**OW is it in forward alle pesed & wele ent,  
 Now turne kȳng R. tille Acres is he went.  
 After kyng Guȳon & for his sonne he sent, .  
 Of Antioche Reȳmon him also he ment,  
 Aunfreȳ of Turoȳn he was þer present,  
 Of Triple erle Bumoun fulle suiþe þider glent,  
 Sir ' Ruffȳn broþer Leoun, alle þise held parlement.  
 Kȳng R. his resoun said þam, " how he was schent,  
 " Philip did him tresoun, destroyed his tenement.  
 " For to stanch his foȳsoun homward haf I ment.  
 " Normundie alle doun, mȳkelle þer of is brent  
 " & slayn blak & broun of alle þat he mot hent.  
 " I wille of þat feloun tak vengeance,  
 " þat so forðos mȳ coroun, if grace be to me lent.  
 ¶ " Wherfor ge lordȳnges, ge ere me lefe & dere,  
 " I take in ȝour kepȳnges þe londes þat we wonne here.  
 " þe freres of þe hospital, & þe temple also,  
 " Biseke þam I salle, þat þei hȳlp ȝow þerto.  
 " Now haf I don & said, & tauht ȝow þat I maȳ,  
 " Mȳ hope is on ȝow laid, lordȳnges haf gode daȳ.

**T**HE prince of Antioche, & þe kȳng Guȳon,  
 Bumunde erle of Triple, & Aunfreȳ of Turoun,  
 þise had in þer ward cite, kastelle & toun,  
 þat þe kȳng R. wan of Sarazin feloun,  
 & Isaac þe Emperour takes his liuerisoun,  
 With freres mad soioure in temple dominoun.

*Rex dixit  
 baronibus  
 suis & pe-  
 ciit licen-  
 ciam ab eis,  
 & iter ar-  
 ripuit ver-  
 sus An-  
 gliam.*

*' So 'tis also in one of Mr. | other, as also in that of the  
 Anstis's Copies. But in the | Herald's Office, 'tis Rupȳn.*

His doughter with þe quene was for hir warisoun,  
 & so felle it to bene, hir fader lese þe coroun,  
 & as R. home went toward þis regioun,  
 Or he were taken or hent, or holden in prisoun,  
 He gaf his sistere þat while vnto þe erle Rejmoun.  
 Lord of Saynt Gile, aman of grete renoun.  
<sup>1</sup> I fond in mý boke, what skille ne for whi,  
 þat he his folk forsoke, & gede so priucli.  
<sup>2</sup> Aufrice to asprie him were better haf left,  
 þer in þorgh felonie was he robbed & reft,  
 Taken with enmýs & holden in prisoun,  
 I kan not say þe pris was gyuen for his ransoun.  
 In prison was he bonden, as þe Romance sais,  
 In cheynes & lede wonden, þat heuy was of peis.  
 A noþer pýne he had, if it may be trod,  
 With <sup>3</sup> iren nayles sad, it sais, his fete was schod.

<sup>1</sup> Forte, I ne fond. <sup>2</sup> *Po-  
tius, Austrice, cum MSS. Gall.*

<sup>3</sup> Without all doubt King Ri-  
 chard was used very roughly,  
 and not agreeable to his Royal  
 Dignity, after he was impri-  
 soned. 'Tis for that very rea-  
 son, that some Historians tell  
 us (notwithstanding it be not  
 mentioned in this Chronicle)  
 that a Lyon was brought to him  
 when he was confined in pri-  
 son, with an intent to have (by  
 that means) destroyed him. But  
 instead of that, he kill'd the  
 Lyon (to the great confusion

and astonishment of his ene-  
 mies) by thrusting his arm into  
 his mouth, and thereby bruis-  
 ing him so at the heart, that he  
 died. John Rastall is one of  
 those, that speaks of this memo-  
 rable Action, taking notice, at  
 the same time, of the causes of  
 his being set upon, and of the  
 vast sum of money that was de-  
 manded and paid for his ran-  
 som. At the same time he like-  
 wise observes, that, according  
 to some, he was called Cure  
 de Lyon from this Heroical  
 Exploit, but, according to o-  
 thers,

thers, (who take no notice of this Affair) from his invincible Courage. Rastall himself seems to think, this Denomination was occasion'd by his killing the Lyon; and for that reason, as I take it, it is, that the wooden Cut, which he hath given us of K. Richard, represents him with the Lyon between his Legs, and thrusting his right Arm down his Throat. 'Tis probable he had seen old Pictures that confirm'd this Representation. 'Tis also likely, that his Brother-in-law Sir Thomas More (from whom he had receiv'd so much assistance in his Historical Enquiries) approved of it. Indeed I have not yet seen (that I remember) any other old Figure, (besides this in Rastall) in which K. Richard is drawn after this manner. And yet I cannot but think, that he was surnamed Cure de Lyon from some particular Action, rather than from his Courrage in general, it being usual with our Ancestors to give Surnames from particular remarkable Accidents, such as distinguished them in a peculiar manner from other eminent persons. And as Richard I. had got a very great name for his overcoming the Lyon (as well as he had for abundance of other very uncommon Instances of Courage) so others also strived to follow

his Steps, and were forward to encounter Lyons, and were willing to have themselves pictured as engaging with them. And, for better remembrance of such Adventures, they were often painted in old Halls, just as were also the Encounters that Gentlemen of Activity in Feats of Arms had with any strange Knights, such as those of the Blesells, hinted at by Leland, Itin. Vol. VII. p. 61. Such Pictures were look'd upon very justly as great Ornaments to Halls, and 'tis pity more care hath not been taken to preserve them. Sometimes there were figures in our old Wainscotts that had Allusion to Heroical Actions, and these, therefore, ought also to be regarded by curious Persons, who may even from thence be capable of illustrating some Particulars in our History. I have seen curious Works of this nature in some old Houses in Oxford. They were much in vogue in Q. Elizabeth's time, as they had been also in the Reign of her Father K. Henry VIIIth. when Cabinets were, withall, finely adorn'd with Pictures of Antiquity, as may appear as well from other instances, as from that which had been Leland's Cabinet in the Bodleian Library. But instead of expatiating, I

*shall give Rastall's own words, as I find them in the Copy of his Chronicle that was lent me by my kind Friend Mr. Murray.*—This kynge

Rycharde perceyued that the Chrysten people decresyd in the holy lande | aswell by infyrmytes as lacke of vytell | toke a truce for. iii. yere and returned whomewarde | and sent the quene his wyfe by the see | and he sayled with a small company into Histra & there landed | where he was takyn prisoner by the duke of Ostreche and by him put in prison | and brought to Henry Emperour of Almayne | whiche put hym in stronge prison | and after Raunsomed hym at c. M. li. whiche duke of Ostryche was afterwarde therfore accursed of the pope for the wronge done to kynge Rycharde.

¶ Also for the payment of this sayd Raunsome | afterwarde the woll of all the whyte monkes and chanons in Englande was solde | and rynges | iewels, of prelates and vessels and chalices of all the churches thorowe the lande | and dyuers and many shrynes scraped and spoyled of theyr golde and syluer.

Dyuers causes there were as wryters reherse | that the Emperour sholde owe grudge to kynge Richarde | one was because kynge Rycharde had promysed to the Emperour an ayde for the wynnynge of the kyngdome of Cicyle | whiche the Emperour claymed as his inheritance | whiche promyse kynge Rycharde as he sayd brake. Another cause was for that the kyng Rycharde toke from a knyght of the duke of Ostryche the dukes banner and trode it vnder his fete in dispyte of the duke and of the Emperour his lorde | & therfore the duke & the Emperour were gladdes to do kynge Rycharde displeasure.

¶ It is sayd that a Lyon was put to kynge Rycharde beyng in prison to haue deuoured hym | and when the Lyon was gapyng | he put his Arme in his mouth and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard | that he slewe the lyon. And therfore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de lyon | but some say he is called Cure de lyon because of his boldenesse and hardy stomake.

kynge  
rycharde  
takyn  
prisoner.

þerfor þe pape of Róme cursed þam wroþerheile,  
 Alle þat did þat dome, or þerto gaf consaile.  
 His moder dame Alienore, & þe barons of þis land,  
 For him trauailed sore, & broult him out of band.

**W**HAN he of bond was brouht for raunson þat was riche,  
 His moder so bisouht, he aryued at Sandwiche.  
 To Canterbire fulle euen he souht to haf his bote,  
 Miles he gede seuen to Saynt Thomas on fote.  
 With fulle riche offerýng he wirschipped S. Thomas.  
 His praier did him bryng out of his hard cas,  
 þanked God & him so wele for him had schaped,  
 þat of his anguys grim so lightly was escaped.

**T**O while þat R. was bigond þe se in hold,  
 Jon did him trespas, his rentes tok & sold,  
 His castels scsed & brak, bigan a grete distance,  
 & neuer no word spak of R. deliuerance.  
 Bot als a kyng of lond Jon þare him fulle stoute,  
 þerfor R. wele fænd with dome to chace him oute,  
 & deme him als a noþer, for his vnkýnd folie.  
 To kyng R. his broþer Jon mercý gan crie,  
 þer moder þam bisouht, for to be at one.  
 Of trespas þat he had wrouht R. forgaf it Jon  
 & said, "þi misdede be in þi mýnsyng,  
 "Euer more to drede, eft to do suilk þing,  
 "& I wille neuer more on þi trespas þenk,  
 "If þou repent þe sore, þat þou did suilk a blenk.

Dummodo  
 Rex R. in-  
 carceratus  
 fuit ultra  
 mare, Jo-  
 hannes fra-  
 ter ejus  
 commisit  
 multis in-  
 iuriis con-  
 tra eum.

De parlia-  
mento apud  
Londonias.

**RICHARD** to Londen wendes, to hold parlement,

For his barons sendes, & þei alle to him went.

At Westminster ilkone parlement þei held,

To þam he mad his mone, & þus to þam teld.

¶ “ Lordynges of my chance wele ge auh to wite,

“ & þat þe kýng of France wille me disherite.

“ For þat I was bistad bigond þe se in hold,

“ þerfor Philip is glad, & beres him fulle bold.

“ My castels he takes, & seises my citez,

“ Destruction he makes of rentes & feez.

“ Wherefore barons dere, sais me a gode certeyn,

“ & how & what manere my lond to gete ageyn.

Ecce comes  
sapienter  
& breuiter  
respondit.

¶ þan spak þe erle Rogere, as a man fulle wys,

“ Erles with þar powere, barons þat er of pris,

“ Knýghtes gode & wight, sergeanz alle in ferd,

“ þise salle alle be dight, & help þe with þer suerd.

“ Bisshopes & persons, burgeis of citez,

“ & rich merchandes estsons salle help with þer<sup>1</sup> mone.

“ Abbay & priorie, & oþer religions,

“ For vs salle pray & crie in þer afflictions.

“ Better is holy bede of man þat right lyues.

“ & standes vs in more stede, þan alle þe gode he gyues.

¶ þe comen wele was paied of þat conseilýng,

þat it were not delaied so was R. þe kýng.

**NOW** wille kýng R. alle his lond extende,

Merschalle & stiward þerfor about dos sende,

& homage & feaute he askes & relcue,

þe barons er fulle fre, to do as to þer chefe.



Now has þe kȳng wele sped, & comen ageȳn to London,  
 & penies with him led, & spendȳng has he fondon.  
 His barons alle aboute fast tille him drowe,  
 With hors & armes stoute, þer com tille him inowe.  
 R. wendes to schip, he wille no lenger duelle,  
 þe boste of kȳng Philip saȳn þan wild he felle.

**A**RIUED is R. at Depe in Normundie,  
 He laȳ þer half a zere, estres to aspie.  
 & whan he sauh he mȳght, oȳ his folk affie,  
 ' His werre ordeȳnd & dight to þo þat couþe þam guȳe.  
 To Gascoȳne þat he were fulle smertly he gan hic,  
 Cursels a çastelle þere he wan with maistrie.  
 þe sergeanz þat it held wer in poȳnt to die,  
 To prison þei þam zeld, bot mercy gan þei crie.  
 git he tok a pray, þorgh quayntise & spie,  
 Burrez he wan þat day, boþe hous & seignorie,  
 At þe dangu þat nȳght he tok his herbegerie.  
 To Cursels Philip had tight with alle his companie,  
 He ne wist it golden was, tille he com so nehi.  
 Whan he wist, he fled þat pas, to Gisors tok þe stie.  
 R. perceȳued þis, þat Philip to Gisors fled,  
 He comanded his Inglis, þat after fast þei sped.  
 þei com Philip so nere, þat he cried, "tak þe kȳng,"  
 Bot non so hardi were, to smȳte him for no þing.  
 Me þouht kȳng Philip inouh was disconfite,  
 Whan he & alle his trip for nouht fled so tite.

Transfreta-  
 vit versus  
 Norinanni-  
 am & Gas-  
 coniam con-  
 tra Regem  
 Francie, &  
 cepit Bur-  
 rez & Gi-  
 sors.

<sup>1</sup> Sa gwere fet ordiner, les | quytaygne sa banere desplȳe,  
 dutres estabȳe, Deuers A. | MSS. Gall.

' Pauillon & tent Philip bihýnd him left,  
 To R. was it sent, no þing þerof rest.  
 For mykelle lete þei ligge, þerof mad þei nò force,  
 Philip vnto þe brigge þei chaced him of Gisors.  
 On þe brigge were alle þe vamward & þe rere,  
 Under þam þe brigge gan falle doun in to þe riwere.  
 Philip & his meýne in þe water lay,  
 Schame him was to fle, & so him com þat day.

Markade.  
 dixit deri-  
 sionem regi  
 Franciæ.

**A** Knýght a bourdour kýng R. hade,  
 A doubtý man in stoure, his name was Markade.  
 He sauh kýng Philip als he lay in þe water,  
 " Sir kýng rise vp & skip, for þou has wette þi hater.  
 " þou fisshes not worþe a leke, rise & go þi ways,  
 " For þou has wette þi breke, schent is þi hernays.  
 þe brigge was brode & long, boþe of tre & stones,  
 Whan so mykelle þrong was þer on at ones.  
 Sex hundreth mot men se, so fele fallen þer were,  
 Of whilk þrittý & þre did þer endýng þere.  
 R. comanded alle gate, þat Philip suld men sauc,  
 For no þing suld þei late, bot help þat lif mot hauc.  
 Of Mount Morice Mathi a baron renome,  
 Sir Alayn of Russie, Sir Fouke de Geffre,

' Tent e pauyllioun, ke  
 Phelipp werpist, Sunt al Rey  
 Richard tote saunz countre-  
 dit. Phelipp oue [sive ouf]  
 ses Fraunceys al aler se prist,  
 Richard oue [sive ouf] ses  
 Englaris chacaunt [sive chas-  
 chaunt, vel chasaunt] les suist

Al pount de Gysors, qe nest  
 pas petit. En la rere garde  
 nes vn Fraunceys remist.  
 Molt fu le pople grant, qaunt  
 le pount chaist, Le Reis en  
 la Rywere entre les autres  
 gist, MSS. Gall.

þise grete werē alle taken, & þer knyghtes þam bi,  
 Makade held þam waken, & tok of þam tuenti.  
 þe prisons he had in ward, for he was gode & trewe:  
 Now turnes kyng R. to se his lond Anjowe.  
 Sen þis ilk tyme bifore or afterward,  
 I knowe no more to ryme of dedes of kyng R.  
 Who so wille his dedes alle þe soth se,  
 þe romance þat men redeþ þer is the propirte.  
 þis þat I haf said it is Pers sawe,  
 Als he in romance laid, þer after gan I drawe.

**T**HE firth day formest next Palmesonenday,  
 þe tyme, as I gest, R. gæde to play  
 þorgh a cuntre, men calle it Lymosin,  
 þe castelle manaced he þat Philip had þer in.  
 R. com ouer nere, þe castelle to aspie,  
 þat sauh an alblastere, a quarelle lete he flie,  
 & smote him in þe schank, for þat stroke, allas!  
 It bigan to rank, þe querelle envenomed was.  
 Sipeñ on þe nyent day died kyng Richard,  
 He ligges at an abbay men calle Founz Ebrard.  
 He regned nien gere, & sex monethes mo,  
 Maugre þe alblastere, þat þus R. gan slo.  
 I wene it hate Chahalouns, or it hate Galiard,  
 Ouper þe castelle or þe toun, þer smyten was R.  
 A thousand & a hundred þe date nienti & nien,  
 þat R. fro vs sundred, dede he was with pine.

De morte  
 Ricardi  
 per bali-  
 sterium.

m. c.  
 xc. ix.

Now

**N**OW is kȳng R. dede, & laid in stone,  
 Non heire was afterward, bot his broþer Jon,  
 His broþer erle Geffrey right heire felle to be,  
 (Bot after R. day Jon tok þe dignite  
 Or Arthure his <sup>1</sup> sonne,) if he had had his lif.  
 Bot Jon was þe enchesonne, & moued þer a strif.  
 Tiping here we say, þat Jon wille wedded be,  
 þe erle of Aquileȳ his douhter takes he,  
 Elizabeth þe gent, fair lady was sche,  
 Tuo sons of þer descent, tuo douhters ladies fre.

Johannes  
 Rex coro-  
 natus est  
 per Huber-  
 tum Archi-  
 episcopum  
 Cantuariæ.

**T**HE Ersbisshop Hubert of Canterbire þe se  
 Com with gode hert, to do þe solempnite.  
 At Westmȳnster, þorgh assent of erle & baroun,  
<sup>2</sup> To þat I ore ment Hubert gaf þe coroun,  
 & enoynted he was als kȳng þorgh resoun.  
 Jon did aȳ trespas, men fond in him enchesoun,  
 He lyued in wo & strife, & in tribulacioun.  
 He was of licherous life, þorgh what his nacioun  
 Partic ageȳn him ches, & wild haf born him down.  
 Normundie he les at his confusioun,  
 In þe courte of France he was cald a feloun  
 For Arthure dede þat chance, his broþer sonne Geffroun,  
 Erle was of Bretaȳn, þat to þis lond had right  
 For to haf bien cheftaȳn. If Jon his dede had dight  
 Mȳ maister nouht he wrote, to write he me forbede.  
 Noþeles wele I wote, siþen þe child was dede,

<sup>1</sup> *Id est*, Geffrey's.    <sup>2</sup> A | oue [*sive* ouf] grant deu-  
 Johen le fiz Richard ad done | cioun, *MSS. Gall.*  
 la coroun, Enoȳnt est en Reis

Jon had right pertille, þe lond to haf in ward.  
þat Arthur suld bi skille haf bien heýre next Richard :  
Arthure sister ȝing for dole þat maiden suete  
For sorow scho mad endýng, hir name was Margarete.

**N**OW þe bode is gon to France, Arthure is dede,  
& somond haf þei Jon, to Philip courte him dede,  
To tak his Jugement of þat ' felonse,  
His dede to him þei ment, Arthur's þe Bretaynie.  
Jon dred þat wendýng, to France wild he nouht,  
Wherfor Philip þe kýng oñ londes souht,  
Tolouse & Tolousan seised & Normundie,  
þorgh slaughter of þat man Jon les þat seignorie.  
What dos þe kýng of France? atires him gode nauie  
Tille Ingland, ochance to wyne it with maistrie.  
He wend haf wonne þis lond as he did Tolousan,  
þe cuntre sone he fond in his berð redý ran.  
þe Walsch & oþer inow, with þam of Peuenese,  
þe Frankis men þei slow, Philip was fayn to fle.

**N**OW is Philip fled, here wan he bote lite,  
& Jon Northward him sped, his lond for to visite.  
Unto Scotlond he sent after kýng William,  
To Lincoln William went, & Jon ageýn him cam,  
Withoute þe toun a myle, & in þe wýntertide,  
þe day of Saynt Cecile þer parties gan abide.  
Homage he did him suere, & scaute in fere,  
þat faith he suld him bere, at alle his powere.

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<sup>1</sup> *L. felonie.*

Boke þer was non fette, ne non þer after fore,  
 Hubert his croice doun sette, & William þeron suore.  
 þis is þe same Hubert, þat þe saw of nam,  
 þat trnslate S. Gilbert in þe hous of Sempýngham.

De morte  
 Huberti, &  
 electione  
 conventus,  
 & minaci-  
 one Regis  
 apud con-  
 ventum &  
 archiepi-  
 scopum.

**N**OW Hubert is dede our Sire, & to God is gon,  
 þe Prioure of Canterbire sendes to kýng Jon,  
 Bisouht him of leue, to mak eleccion,  
 To chese þe suld cheue aman of gode renoun.  
 Jon wrote to þe couent, bisouht þam alle holýche,  
 þat þei wille make present to þe bisshop of Norwýche.  
 Of som he had grantise his wille forto do,  
 & som said oþerwise, þat it suld not be so.  
 Alle þe priour side þe suppriour þei ches,  
 Oþer for enuie & pride þe voice of many he lcs.  
 þe priour said, " þis day þe suppriour chese we,  
 þe toþer side said, " nay, þe kýnge's praier salle be.  
 With him of Norwiche grete partie gan hald,  
 Wherfor boþe holyche to Rome þe parties cald.  
 Monkes fourtene with him of Norwýche held,  
 In a voice alle bidene vnto þe kýng þe teld,  
 & suore him in leaute, how so euer bitid,  
 Norwýche he suld be Ersbisshop sacrid.  
 þise monkes stoute & stark, to spede wele þei wend,  
 þe kýng þre hundreth mark gaf þam forto spend.

**N**OW er þei alle on gate, vnto þe courte þei cam,  
 Eleccion þorgh hate it falles to no fram.  
 To þe pape of Rome þei mostred þer resoun,  
 þe pape at his dome þer elites quassed down,  
 Eft he bad þam chese a man of gode renoun,  
 Or þei suld þer voice lese of alle þer eleccioun.  
 Now is þer voice alle laid to Norwýche partie,  
 Bifor þe pape þei said, Norwýche is most worþie.  
 þe pape wild not consent, he quassed þer elite.  
 þe monkes alle were schent, suspended þam als tite.  
 þe pape þei felle biforn, mercý gan him crie,  
 Unto þe kýng þe suorn, to maynten his partie.  
 þe pape þam assoled, & set þam vp at des,  
 So þei were conseiled, of Langton Steuen þei ches.  
 þise monkes were dismaied for Steuen of Langton,  
 þe pape þer of was paied, mad þe confirmacion.  
 Maister Steuen of Langtone Ersþibishop salle be,  
 þe kýng casten down. who was wroth bot he ?

**W**HAN þe kýng vnderstod, þat his clerk was forsaken,  
 For soth þan was he wode, & maister Steuen taken.  
 þe clergie of þat schire so euelle he þam led,  
 þe monkes of Canterbire fro þer cloistere þam fled,  
 & gaf it to Brabans þe cloister in kepýng.  
 þorgh conseil of Sathans wrouht þer Jon þe kýng,  
 þe pape sauh out of cours þe wikkednes of Jon,  
 Him & his fautours he cursed euerylkon,  
 & enterdited þis lond, þat messe was non said,  
 A ded man if men fond, in kirke gerd was non laid.

De feritate  
 Johannis.

De Anglia  
interdicta  
& Rege ex-  
communicato.

He was a fole of lif, & vsed lichoric,  
Both mayden & wif alle wild he ligge bie.  
What did þe baronage & burgeis of Cite?  
Distroied & did outrage of castelle, toun & fe.  
About þei gan him chace, & hunted him als hayre,  
Long had he no space to duelle no wele fare.  
Manȳ men of his kȳnde sauh him so abaued,  
For him þei fauht with mȳnde, & oft so was he saued.

De Rego  
Scotorum.

ALS þis wo was lastand in cursȳng perilouse,  
Kȳng William of Scotland did his douhter spouse  
To þe erle of Boloȳn, & whan Jon it wist,  
Withouten anȳ essoȳn, North alle gate him list.  
Son he wan Berwik, a castelle he þouht to reise,  
He cast þe groundwalle þik, his folk he þouh þer eise.  
William he þouht to greue, for þat grete despite,  
þat he withouten leue, his douhter gaf marite.  
Edenburgh & Rokesburgȳ vp þat he asked quite,  
& his sonne Alisandere for ostage.ȝeld him tite.  
Bot þe kȳng William alle þis ageȳnsaid,  
In conaunt þat þei nam with pes alle was it laid.  
¶ Of William has Jon þe pris, toward þe South he drouht,  
& rennes oȳ his enmȳs, & dos þam schame inouh,  
& his enmȳs oȳ him, & destroyed alle his fez,  
Ilk one tille oþer were grim þorgh tounes and citez.  
So þat holy kirke, & alle þe ordinez,  
& bisshop wo he wike, & clerkes of dignitez:  
þei rene þam prouendes, þorgh power þat þei haue,  
& no man þam defendes, no wille þam help no saue.

De contumelia regis  
& baro-  
num.



¶ Oft was þe pleynt mad vnto þe pape.  
 þe manfours ateynt, & cursed ouer þe nape.  
 þe pape of þer errours had fulle grete pite,  
 He sent to þer socoure tuo legates ouer þe se.  
 At Douere þei gan ariue, Pandolf & Durand,  
 To London gan þei driue, þe barons þer þei fand,  
 þorgh Pandolf prechýng þer werre was brouht tille ende.  
 þe barons & þe kýng were mad felaulhes & frendes,  
 Asoiled & alle on euen, bot þe kýng an oth suore,  
 He suld him venge on Steuen, whider so euer he fore,  
 & of þo fourtene monkes, where men mot þam finde,  
 Be beten alle foukes or in prison þam binde.

¶ Pandolf & Durand did com forth þe Ersbisshop,  
 & þe monkes forþ þei fand, Jon said, þei suld hedeles hop.  
 Pandolf proued þe kýng, in his disputeson,  
 He mayntend wrongfulle þing, & wild to no reson.  
 He proued þorh wisdom in ilk manere cas,  
 þat þe kýng misnam, & did grete trespas.  
 Alle gate þe kýng he pesed, so þat þe werre was ent,  
 & ilk a clerke sesed ageyn to haf his rent.  
 Pandolf tok his leue, & to Rome went,  
 I trow on him gan cleue many riche present.  
 Now is Pandolf gone, & Steuen Ersbisshop es,  
 Assoiles kýng Jone of alle his wikkednes.  
 Jon has sonnes tuo bi Elizabeth þe quene,  
 & tuo doubters also, fairere were non sene.  
 Henry was eldest, heyre of alle his þing,  
 & Richard zongest, of Almaýn chosen kýng.

De pace  
per legatos.

De filiis &  
filiabus  
Regis.

Isabelle fair as floure, þat neuer childe had,  
 Frederik þe Emperour Emperice home hir lad.  
 þe erle of Leycestre þe toþer weddid here,

De morte  
 Johannis.

& Jon regned in þis estre kýng auhten zere.

At þe abbay of Suýnesheued þer he drank poýson;  
 At ' Hauhe his lif he leued, so say men of þat toun.

M<sup>o</sup>. cccc.  
 3 xiiii<sup>o</sup>.

A þousand & tuo hundred þe date was & sextene,  
 Hlis týme was alle forwondred, & endid alle with tene.

Henricus  
 tercius  
 coronatus  
 est.

**AT** <sup>2</sup> Westmýnstere euen es Jon laid solempnely,  
 þe Ersbisshop Steuen corouned his sonne Henry,  
 A gode man alle his lyue, of pouer men had mercie,  
 Clerkes þat wild þryue, auanced þam richelie :

<sup>1</sup> *What he says here about King John's dying at Haughe (which is in Calceworth hundred in Lincolnshire) is very remarkable, and contrary to other Historians, who make him die in the castle of Newark. But it seems Robert of Brunne (for 'tis not in the French) had it from tradition, the people of Haughe talking frequently of it in his time.*

<sup>2</sup> *It should be rather Worcester, as it is in other Historians, and indeed in the French Peter de Langtoft. En labbeýe de Swýnheued homel'lenpusonayt, Il gist a Wircestre, il memes le volait. Ore est le Rey Jon mort, e senelye Lerceuesqe Esteuen ad coroune Henry.*

Prodhome fu touz jours, des pouers aueýt mercy, Plus ama seinte Egleyse qe nul Rey deuauant ly. Clers ke chaunterent bien sunt tost eurichý. Eglýses & prouandes ne sunt esparný, Ke Clerk de la cha-pele nait porcioun par mý, in the MS. of the Heralds Office. But in one of Mr. Anstis's Copies we have, home lempoýsonayt, Egista Wyrcestre, and a little after, plus ama seynt Eglises, and after that, Eglises ne prouandres. Which variations are not of so much consequence as those in the other of Mr. Anstis's Copies, where the whole passage is read thus: Al Abbaye de la Swýnheued home lenponsonait, Il

Kirkcs wild he dele prouendis þat wer worþie,  
To clerkes of his chapele, þat wele couþ syng & hie.

**H**ENRY kȳng our prince at Westmȳnster kirke  
þe erlȳs douhter of Prouince, þe fairest may o lif,  
Hir name is Helianore, of <sup>1</sup> gentille norture,  
Bigond þe se þat wore was non suilk creature.  
In Ingland is sche corouned þat lady gent,  
Tuo sonnes, tuo douhteres fre Jhesus has þam lent,  
Edward & Edmund, knȳght gode in stoure,  
Of Laicestre a stounde was Edmund erle & floure.  
Vnto þe Scottis kȳng was married Margarete,  
Of Bretaȳn Beatrice zing þe erle had þat mayden suete.  
Faire is þe werk & hie in London at Westmȳnster kirke,  
þat þe kȳng Henrie of his tresore did wirke.  
Grace God gaf him here, þis lond to kepe long space,  
Sex & <sup>2</sup> fiftȳ zere withouten werr̃ in grace;  
Bot sone afterward failed him pȳwere,  
Bot his sonne Edward was his conseilere.  
Our queene þat was þen dame Helianore his wife,  
þe gode erle of Warenne <sup>3</sup> Sir Hugh was þan olife,

gist a Wilecester, il meme le  
volait.

Anno Domini M. cc. xvi.

Ore est le Ray Job mort,  
et en senclȳ Lerceneske E-  
steuene ad corounet Henri.  
Prodhome fust tuz jeurs, de  
pouers auait mercy, Plus  
ama seint eglise ke nul Rays  
deuaunt lȳ. Deus en sa cha-  
pele fu noblement seruȳ, Par

chapelayns et clers de la re-  
uestery. Clers ke chauntent  
ben sunt tost en richi. Egli-  
ses et prouendes ne sunt pas  
esparny, Ke clerk de la cha-  
pele nad porcioun par my.

<sup>1</sup> De gentyl parente MSS.  
Gall. <sup>2</sup> Rectius, fourty, cum  
Codd. Gall. <sup>3</sup> Sire Huges  
lespeuser MSS. Gall.

Sir William of Valence, Sir Roger Mortimere,  
 Jon Mauncelle þe clerke, & an erle Richere,  
 & oþer knyghtes inowe of bi gond þe se,  
 To þe kȳng drowe, auanced wild þei be.  
 Edward suffred wele, his fadere haf his wille,  
 þe barons neuer a dele said þe kȳng did ille,  
 Aliens to auaunce ouþer in lond or rent.  
 To mak disturbaunce þei held a parlement.  
 Of þe aliens ilk taile þe lond voided clerc,  
 Of þe kȳng & his consaile þei sent a messengere.  
 þe ' kȳng sent þam ageȳn, his barons alle þei grette,  
 At Oxenford certeyn þe day of parlement sette.

**A**T þis parlement rested þat distaunce,  
 For þer was it ent, aliens to auaunce.  
 þe kȳnge's state here paires, þorgh conseil of baroun,  
 To him & his heȳres grete disheriteson.  
 Of wardes & relese þat barons of him held,  
 þer ne was ore of chefe, tille him no þing suld zeld;  
 & oþer þat held of þam, þer þe kȳng felle be partie,  
 Nouht of þat suld claym of all þat seignorie.  
 Tille ilk a lordȳng suld ward & relese falle,  
 Bot tille þe kȳng no þing, he was forbarred alle.  
 þe kȳng perceȳued nouht of þat ilk desceit,  
 þe chartre was forth brouht with wittnes enseled streit.

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' Le Reis les respount, [*vel*, droyt] a Oxenforde la parle-  
 Le Rays pur respouns] jour | menter, [*vel*, a Oxenford v tout  
 les fet doner, Tut draît [*vel*, parlementer,] *MSS. Gall.*

' Ne no men þat were strange in courte suld haf no myght,  
Ne office to do no chance withouten þe comon sight.  
þis þei did him suere, als he was kȳng & knȳght,  
þat oth suld he were, & maynten wele þat right.

**T**HE kȳng was holden hard, þorgh þat he had suorn,  
His frendes afterward, þo þat were next born,  
þe com to him & said, " Sir, we se þin ille,  
" þi lordschip is doun laid, & led at oþer wille.  
" We se þis ilk erreure nouht þou vnderstode.  
" It is a dishonoure to þe & to þi blode,  
" þou has so bonden þe, þei lede þe ilk a dele.  
" At þer wille salle þou be, Sir, we se it wele,  
" Calle ageȳn þin oth, drede þou no manace,  
" Nonþer of lese ne loth, þi lordschip to purchace,  
" þou may fulle lightly haf absolutioun,  
" For it was a gilerȳ, þou knew not þer tresoun.  
" þou has frendis inowe in Englund & in France,  
" If þou turne to þe rōwe, þei salle drede þe chance.  
¶ þe kȳng listned þe sawe, at þat consail wild do,  
þe barons had grete awe, whan þei wist he wild so,

Barones  
miserunt  
pro Sý-  
mone de  
de' monte  
forti.

' Et qe nul estraunge en  
court eyt pussaunce, Ne qe  
le Rey saunz els de tere nul  
aunaunce, Ne mette en baylle  
saunz lour ordinaunce, in the  
*French MS. of the Herald's  
Office. And so also in one of  
Mr. Anstis's Copies, unless it be  
that it hath ey for eyt; but in*

*the other of his Copies the pas-  
sage is read thus: Ke nul  
alȳens en curt eust pussaunce,  
Si noun par assent de commun  
volȳaunce. Et ke la Rays  
apres de terres nul aunaunce,  
Si Englays ne sait et de la  
nessaunce. <sup>a</sup> Dele.*

þei tok & sent þer sond after Sir Sýmoun.  
 þe Mountfort out of lond was, whan þis was don.  
 A message þei him sent, þe Mountfort son home cam,  
 þe barons with on assent to Sir Sýmon þei nam.  
 þei told him þe processe of alle þer comon sawe,  
 & he as fole alle fresse fulle eth þer to to drawe.  
 Withouten his conseile, or þe kýnge's wittýng,  
 To maynten þer tirpeile he suore ageyn þe kýng,  
 þe statute for to hold in werre & in pes,  
 þe poyntes þat þei him told, þerfor his life he les.  
 Hardely dar I say he did a perte folie,  
 Als wýs men þis way, here ferst þe toþer partie.

De guerra  
 inter regem  
 & barones  
 & de  
 Mounfort.

**S**IR Sýmon was hastif, his sonnes & þe barons  
 Sone þei reised strif, brent þe kýnge's touns,  
 & his castels tok, held þam in þer bandoun.  
 On his londes þei schok, & robbed vp & doun.  
 þo þat þer puruciance of Oxenford not held,  
 With scheld & with lance fend him in þe feld.  
 In alle þis barette þe kýng & Sir Sýmon  
 Tille a lokýng þam sette, of þe prince suld it be don.  
 An oth suore þei þare, to stand to þe ordinance,  
 Ouer þe se to fare bifor Philip of France,  
 At his dome suld it be, withoute refusýng.  
 þer for went ouer þe se Sir Henryr our kýng.  
 þe quene wild not duelle, to þe kýng gan hir hie.  
 þus mý boke gan telle, scho tok grete vilanie  
 Of þe Londreis alle, whan scho of London went.  
 Whi þat it suld falle I ne wote what it ment;

Bot whan þe kȳng of France had knowen certeynly,  
 þat þe purueiance disherite kȳng Henry,  
 He quassed it ilk dele þorgh judgement.  
 þe kȳng was paied wele, & home to Ingland went.  
 Whan Sir Sȳmon wist, þe dome ageȳn þam gon,  
 His felonie forth thrist, samned his men ilkon,  
 Displaied his banere, lift vp his dragoun,  
 Sone salle ge here þe folie of Sȳmoun.

**T**HE erle did mak a chare at London þorgh gilerȳ,  
 Himself þer in suld fare, & seke he wend to lȳ.  
 Sexti þousand of London armed men fulle stoute  
 To þe chare were fondon, to kepe it wele for doute.  
 þer þe bataile suld be, to Leaus þai gan þam alie,  
 þe kȳng & his meȳne were in þe priorie.  
 Sȳmoun com to þe feld, & put vp his banere,  
 þe kȳng schewed forth his scheld, his dragon fulle austere.  
 þe kȳng said on hie, "*Sȳmon ieo vous desie* ;  
 Edward was hardie, þe Londres gan he ascrie.  
 He smote in alle þe route, & sesid him þe chare,  
 Disconfited alle aboute þe Londreis þat þer ware.  
 Edward wend wele haf fonden þe erle þer in,  
 Disceȳued ilk a dele, he went & mȳght not wȳn.  
 Towhille Sir Edward was aboute þe chare to take,  
 þe kȳnge's side, allas! Sȳmoun did down schake.  
 Unto þe kȳnge's partie Edward turned tite,  
 þan had þe erle þe maistrie, þe kȳng was disconfite.  
 þe soth to saȳ & chese, þe chare's gilerie  
 Did Si Edward lese þat daȳ þe maistrie.

De bello  
 apud  
 Leaus.

Rex Al-  
mannie  
captus est,  
\* multi alii.

þe 'fourtend day of May þe batail of Leaus was  
A þousand & tuo hundreth sexti & foure in pas.  
¶ þe kȳng of Almaȳn was taken to prisoun,  
Of Scotland Jon Comȳn was left in a donjoun.  
þe erle of Warenne, I wote, he scaped ouer þe se,  
& Sir Hugh Bigote als with þe erle fled he.  
Many faire ladie lese hir lord þat day,  
& many gode bodie slayn at Leaus lay.  
þe nombre non wrote, for telle þam mot no man,  
Bot he þat alle wote, & alle þing ses & can.  
Edward, þat was zing, with his owen rede,  
For his fader þe kȳng himself to prison bede.  
For þe kȳng of Almaȳn his neuow was ostage,  
In prison nere a zere was Edward in cage.

The ba-  
tall at  
Lewys.

<sup>1</sup> *Others say the 12th. of May. See Stowe's Annals, pag. 194. Ed. fol. But not so rightly, as I take it. See Dugdale's Baronage, Tome I. p. 408. Rastall says in his Chronicle, that it was fought the 23d. of May.—And than (says he) the barons with a great multytude of the citee of London | and with a great hoost of other people came agaynst the kyng—betwene whome the. xxiii. day of May was fought a maruelous cruell battell at Lewys | and the Londoners that gaue the fyrst as- sent | by reason of the sharpe shot of Arowes & strokes gyuen*

by them of the kynges partes began to drawe backe.

But the barons incurraged theyr men in suche wyse that they nat onely set vpon them with fresshe men | but incurraged so them that gaue backe | that they turned agayne & fought so fersly that the kynges parte gaue backe | & the kyng lost the fylde. where the kyng hym selfe & the kyng of Romainys & Edward the kynges son were takyn prisoners & many other mo | and. xx. M. men slayne for this battell contynued the more part of the day. <sup>2</sup> *Præfige, &.*

Aboute



Aboute with Sir Sýmoun þe kýng went þat gere,  
Cite, castelle & toun alle was in þe erle's dangere.

It was on a day Edward þouht a wile,

He said he wild asay þer hors alle in a mile.

He asayed þam bi & bi, & retreied þam ilkone,  
& stoned þam alle werý, standand stille as stone.

A suyft stede þer was a lady þider sent,

Edward knowe his pas, þe last of alle him bent,  
Asaied him vp & doun, suyftest he was of alle.

þat kept him in prisoun, Edward did him calle,

"Maister haf gode day, soiorne wille no more,

"I salle zit, if I may my soiorne, trauaile sore.

þe stede he had asaied, & knew þat he was gode,

In to þe watere he straied, & passed wele þat flode.

¶ Whan Edward was ouere graciously & wele,

He hoped haf recouere at Wigemore castele.

Edward is wisely of prison scaped oute,

Felaus he fond redý, & mad his partie stoute.

þe erle's sonnes wer hauteyn, did many folie dede,

þat teld a knyght certeyn to þe erle al þei boþe gede.

**T**HE erle gede on a day, to play him with a knyght,  
& asked him on his play, "what haf I be sight?

þe knyght ansuerd & said, "in zow a faute men fynde,

"& is an ille vpbraid, þat ze ere nere blynde.

þe erle said, "nay perde, I may se right wele.

þe knyght said, "Sir nay, ze vnnep is any dele.

"For þou has ille sonnes, foles & vnwise,

"þer dedes þou not mones, ne noult wille þam chastise.

Edwardus  
evasit de  
carcere  
Herfordiæ;  
Et de eva-  
sione ejus.

Ecce die-  
tum militis  
ad comitem  
de filiis.

“ I rede þou gýue gode tent, & chastise þam sone,  
 “ For þam ȝe may be schent, for vengeance is granted bone.  
 þe erle ansuerd nouht, he lete þat word ouer go,  
 No þing þer on he þouht, tille vengeance felle on þo.  
 Euer were his sonnes hauteýn, & bold for þer partie,  
 Boþe to knyght & sueýn did þei vilanie.  
 For lese ne for loth, folle wild þei not spare,  
 Wherfor wex with þam wroth Sir Gilbert of Clare.  
 Sir Gilbert herd say of þer dedes ille,  
 Of non þe had aý to stýnt ne hold þam stille.  
 þer of Edward herd say, þat Gilberd turned his wille,  
 To Gilbert tok his way, his luf to tak & tille.  
 Sone þei were at one, with wille at on assent  
 His luf fro Munfort gon Itelle Sýmon for schent.  
 Treuth togidere þei plight Edward & Gilbert,  
 Ageýn Sýmon to fight, for ouht þat mot be herd.  
 Mercy suld non haue Sýmon no his sonnes,  
 No raunson suld þam saue for doute of drede eftsones.  
 Schent is ilk baroun, now Gilbert turnes grim,  
 þe Mountfort Sir Sýmoun most affied oñ him.  
 “ Allas! Sir Gilbert þou turned þin oth,  
 “ At Strýuelýn men it herd, how God þer for was wroth.

De filiis  
 Symonis &  
 stultitia eo-  
 rum per  
 totum.

**T**HE erle sonnes vp & down of parties mad þei bost,  
 Towhils at Northamptoun þise kýnges gadred ost.  
 Sýmon sonnes it left, to Killýngworth þei went,  
 & þer þe soiorned est, þer floterie þam schent.  
 Suilk ribaudie þei led, þei gaf no tale of wham,  
 Towhils Sir Edward had seisid alle Euesham.

De bello de  
Euesham  
per totum  
lege.

¶ þe fift day it was after Lammesse tide,  
 & writen is in þat pas, at Euesham gan þei ride.  
 In þe alder next þat þe bataile was of Leaus,  
 þe gynnȳng of heruest, as þe story scheawes,  
 Com Sýmon to feld, & þat was maugre his,  
 Or euer he lift his scheld, his wist it ged amȳs.  
 He was on his stede, displaied his banere,  
 He sauh þat treson gede, doun went his powere.  
 He sauh Sir Edward ride, batailed him ageȳn,  
 Gloucestre þe toþer side, þan wist þe erle certeȳn,  
 His side suld doun falle, tille his he said sone :  
 “ God haf our saules alle, our dayes ere alle done,  
 Edward first in rode, & perced alle þe pres.  
 þo þat him abode þer lȳues alle þei les.  
 He mad his fader quite of prison þer he laȳ,  
 Deliuerd him als tite with dȳnt of suerd þat daȳ.  
 Hard was þat bataile, & ouer grete þe folie,  
 So scharply gan þai assaile, so mykille folk gan die.  
 Stoutly was þat stoure, long lastand þat fight,  
 þe daȳ lost his coloure, & mirk was as þe nȳght.  
 þe lif of manȳ man þat ilk daȳ was lorn,  
 þo þat it first bigan wrotherhaile wer þei born.

**N**OW is þe bataile smȳten, Sir Sýmon is þer slaȳn,  
 His sonnes, als ȳe witen, died on þat playn.  
 His membres of þei schare, & bare þam to present  
 Sir Hugh Despenser, þare als he to dede went.  
 Sir Rauf þe gode Basset did þer his endȳng,  
 Sir Pers of Mountfort fet his dede at þat samenȳng.

Sir

Sir Guy Baliol died þore a zong knyght & hardy,  
 He was pleyned more þan oþer tenty.  
 þise & many mo died in þat stoure,  
 þe kȳng may sauely go, & maynten his honour.  
 Pris þan has þe sonne, þe fadere maistric,  
 þer went Northampton, so wild kȳng Henric.

**A**T þe parlement was flemed barons fele,  
 þe countas of Leicestre, hir sonnes wild no man spele.  
 Oþer lordes inowe of erles & barouns,  
 To þe wod som drowe, & som leſt in prisouns.  
 To ſay longly or ſchorte, alle armes bare.  
 ' Almerik or Mountfort depriued was þare,  
 & þe tresorie, þat he had in kepyng,  
 & gaf þat ilk bailie tor þe Mortimere ſonne zing.

De parla-  
 mento apud  
 Northam-  
 ptoniam.

**¶** A legate Ottobon þe pape hider ſent,  
 To mak þe barons on þorgh his prechement.  
 þe quene com out of France, & with hir alle þo,  
 þat for þe puruciance were exild to go,  
 Saue Jon þe Maunselle, he died bigond þe ſe,  
 Als chance for him felle, þe toþer welcom be.

De Octobro  
 no legato.

A<sup>o</sup>. m<sup>o</sup>.  
 cemo.  
 lxxvi<sup>o</sup>.

**¶** A thousand & tuo hundred, & ſex & ſexti,  
 þat þat er ſled & ſundred þo riſe ageȳn Henri.  
 For after þe takyng of Kilyngworth caſtelle,  
 þe flemed ageȳn þe kȳng ros eft fulle rebelle.

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' Emerike de Mountfort | Seint Pere, de Euerwik nomez,  
 sloques fu prȳuez De la tresoriȳe, | Als ſiz le Mortȳmer le Reȳ lad  
 dount fust estallez En leglyſe | donez, *MSS. Gall.*

For þe men þat were fled disherited of þer londes,  
To purches þam þei sped, now ilk of þam so fondes.  
Robert of Ferers he robbed boþe & slouh  
Bi nýght in stede sers, & tille his felawes drouh.  
Of þam was þer non þat lufed kýng Henry,  
To Chestrefeld ilkon þe com vngratiously.  
þe kýng did þam spie with gode men of renoun,  
Com on þam priuelie, assailed þam in þe toun.  
þe barons fault ageýn, þei wist of no socoure,  
Many of þam wer slayn, & som passed at honour.  
þat was þe gode Deýuile, he did wele his deuere,  
þat stoure he held a while, & passed quite & clere.

¶ In þe monýng eft bigan a new stoure,  
Robert Ferers þer left, Baudewyn þe vauasoure  
Lord of Chestrefeld, þise mýght not lightly fle.  
þer side alle down held, taken were þer meýne.  
Robert Wollerton, I trowe for som trespas,  
He had grete renoun, on Kene hanged he was.

¶ þis douhtý Deýuile his name was Sir Jon,  
Of Axholm to þe Ile he scaped himself alon.  
For to robbe & reue, þer he held his haunt,  
He wild spare ne leue burgeis no merchaunt.  
& whan he dred him ouht, for ouercomýng of mo  
Toward þe South he souht, als he were non of þo,  
Bot as a passand man, felawes forto seke,  
So often away he wan, & vmwhile cheke bi cheke.  
þus did þe Deýuile more þan haf a zere,  
& gadred him þat while inouh of powere.

De rapaci-  
tate Judeis-  
mi apud  
Lincol-  
niam.

- ¶ Whan þei wer inowe, on whilk þei mot asie,  
To Lyncoln þei drowe, & þer þei suld relie.  
þe tuelft day of Aprile, whan þer powere was grete,  
& went alle at o wile, in to Lyncoln þei schete.  
þorghout þe Juerý þei robbed þam & slouh,  
þe cofres with tresorý þe braken & þe aweý drouh.  
þe chartres & þe scriis þat noied Cristen men,  
þat lay for vsure in pris elleuen als for ten,  
Were casten in fire & brent in podels vilainly,  
Of Jues slayn & schent a hundred & sextý.
- ¶ Whan Sir Edward herd, þat þei had Lyncoln taken,  
& þe Juerie misferd, þer tresorie ouerschaken,  
He sped him þider in haste, with hilled hors of pris,  
He com & fond alle waste, away were þo enmýs,  
þei went to þe ilde of Hely vnto Sir Hugh Pecche,  
þei manned þam so boldely, on þam had non entre.  
Edward lete not wele, þat he with þam not mette,  
To Kilyngworth castele he went, þe sege to sette.  
Fro Midsomeretide to þe Apostle S. Thomas  
þe fled mayntend þer side, þe castelle holden was.  
For alle þat þider went, Sir Edward & ilkon,  
Untille þe pape sent his legate Ottobon.  
Whan þis legate was comen, of som he was bisouht,  
In forward out þei nomen, els wild þei nouht.  
Sir Henry of Hastýng he gald it bi his wille,  
Ouer alle maner þing life & lymmes haf stille,  
& alle þer tresorie, þat þerin was fonden,  
Withouten vilenie vnto þe pes bonden.

þis legate Ottobone mad a cursyng hard  
Of þam euerilkone, þat brak þat afterward;  
& som of þer heýres so hard charged wore,  
& git many it peýres, & som has satled sore.  
¶ þan went þis Ottobone þorghout þe cuntre,  
& quaynted him with ilkone, lewed & ordine,  
& many of þam wer mendid of folies þorgh his dome,  
& he þe better spendid als he went to Rome.

**SIR** Edward vnto þe ilde he went of Hely,  
With many man fulle wilde to bataile redý.  
Edward alle aboute he spied in to ride,  
With in had þei no doute, defendid on ilk side.  
So ageýn Edward þei held it half a gere,  
þei sauh þe sege so hard, þei sent a messengere,  
þei ilde forto zelde at his owen biddýng,  
If he þam sauc wilde ageýn Henry our kýng.  
Edward was curteýs, & man fulle of mercý,  
With hors & herneýs he went to kýng Henry.  
¶ Right in alle þis fare wex an euel chek,  
Ageýn Gilbert of Clare þe kýng was in contek.  
Sir Edward was witnes, whi þe wrath suld be,  
Bot git to me it es forsoth als priuete.  
þe men þat were in þe ilde of þis contek herd,  
þe conseiled þam a while, & siþen to London ferd  
To Gilbert of Clare, & mayntend his powere.  
With him bileft þei þare a quarter of a gere.  
Men in hert it kast, þat were of gode avis,  
It myght not long last suilk werre & partis,

þe partis conseile hent, messengers þei ches,  
 Unto þe kýng þei sent, for a finallé pes.  
 At þe last right nede, pesed behoued it be,  
 So þat ilk man gede with pes to his cuntre.

**E**DWARD als so quik toward þe North him sped,  
 þe castelle of Alnewik he tok, & with him led  
 þe gode lord Vescý, þat was so trew a knýght,  
 To kepe þat seignory he tok tille on þat myght.  
 Sir Edward com to London, þer was his fader Henry.  
 On knes he felle to grounde, & praied for the Vescý.  
 þe kýng was fulle curteis, forgaf him ilk a dele,  
 þe lord of Kilýngworth als þat tyme sped wele.  
 His body did þe saue withouten prisoun,  
 His londes forto haue, he gaf þe kyng raunson.  
 ¶ Right als þis werre was ent, & þe lond in state,  
 þe pape his bulle sent hider vnto þe legate,  
 & comanded him to preche þorgh alle þe lond,  
 þe Sarazins do grete wreche, þe Cristen for to schond.  
 Unto þe kýng of France was sent an oþer legate,  
 þat teld him of þat chance, whan Lowýs herd of þat,  
 Himself þe first was croised on his flessch.  
 Forto wend þat pas, his wille was euer fressh.  
 Sir Henry of þis lond was þat ilk wille,  
 His sonne þer to him bond, his fader mot leue stille,  
 Sir Edward toke þe croice, for his fader to go,  
 Jhesu þou grant him vólce, to venge him on þi fo.  
 A þousand tuo hundred mo, & sexti & ten,  
 Sir Edward forto go he gadres him doughty men,



**T**HE next Letenes tide Sir Lowys went his way,  
 No langere wild he bide, for þing þat men mot say,  
 With erles & barouns, with knýghtes gode of plight,  
 Als suilk prince of renoun felle to haf þorgh right.  
 He hied him fulle gare toward þe Grekis se,  
 þank God his gode fare, whan he schipped suld be.  
 Withouten any hime þe wynde gan him driue  
 Untille þe lond of <sup>1</sup> time, & þer he gan vp ariue.  
 þe Sarazins to destroie fulle nobilly he gan,  
 þe Cristendam mot it noie þe dede of suilk a man.  
 \* Long dured he nouht, siþen he comen was,  
 Bot þat God wille haf wrouht els his dede, allas!

**T**HE next heruest folowand Edward was fulle gare,  
 Bi Rome he went þat land, with þe pape spak he þare.  
 Siþen in Cezile alle þe wyntere he lay,  
 þe somer com in a while, & he went on his way,  
 In þe se sailand to <sup>2</sup> time, & whan he com to lond  
 Tiping com him vntime, Sir Lowys dede he fond.  
 þer duelled he no more, tillle Acres went our kýng,  
 þe Cristen þat þer wore wer fayn of his comýng.  
 Grete folk of Frisland, þat to Acres were comen,  
 Tille him þei were willand, for lord þei alle him nomen.  
 þe oste was sprede fulle wide, about Acres þat lay,  
 Alle paemie þat tide was in grete affray.

Iter arri-  
 puit versus  
 terram  
 sanctam.

<sup>1</sup> Sic MS. *Rectius*, Tune, (i.e. Tunes, sive Thounes, ut in Codd. Gall.) <sup>2</sup> Mout fu grant damage, qe viuer ne póaýt, Mort le prist, allas! sa vie

terminaýt, MSS. Gall. <sup>3</sup> Sic etiam & hoc loco MS. nostr. Angl. at Tune potius legend. Nam. Tunes sive Tounes in Codd. Gall.

Of men of armes bold þe numb're þei ame,  
 A thousand & tuo hundred told of Cristen men bi name.  
 ' þe lond þei suld haf wonne þorgh powere þat þei had,  
 Bot if treson had gonne, & þorgh disceit bien lad.  
 Mykelle was þe drede þorgh out paemie,  
 þat Cristendam at nede mot haf suilk cheualrie.  
 þe Soudan was in wehere þe Cristen had suilk oste,  
 Sir Edward's powere ouer alle he dred moste,  
 þerfor day & nyght he was in grete studie,  
 On what manere he myght Edward slo þorgh spie.

**T**HER es a stede of wyne, þei calle it *haut assise*,  
 Men norise childre þer inne, on merveilous wise,  
 Euer in joy & blisse, in alle þat þei may do,  
 þei wene it salle neuer misse, ne oþer dede com to.  
 þei faire right als dos foles, þei do as men þam say,  
 þe childir of þo scoles, þei þink to lyue ay.  
 þe Soudan of þo in cloþes of gold him clad,  
 Tille Edward suld he go, & do as þe Soudan bad.  
 A letter þis fole tok, bad him for nessh or hard  
 þeron suld no man loke, bot only Sir Edward.  
 Envenomed knyfe he bare also priuely,  
 þat non þer of were ware, who so stod him by.  
 Bi þam self alone in chambir suld þei be,  
 So bad þe Soudone schewe him his priuete.

De haut  
 assise, locus  
 nobilitatis  
 inter Sara-  
 cenos, ubi  
 custodiun-  
 tur pueri  
 cum gaudio,  
 nec metuunt  
 mortem, sed  
 æstimant  
 semper vi-  
 vere.

' La tere fu lour wayne | fust la meschaunce, qe les  
 par poer saunz desceit, Ne | encombrayt, *Gallice.* <sup>a</sup> *Sic,*

“ & whan þou sees leýsere, þat he ne perceýue þi witte,  
 “ With þe knyf him <sup>1</sup> to      with þe knyfe him to smite.  
**¶** Comen is þe Sarazin to speke with Sir Edward,  
 Clad in cloþes fýn, himself is a mósard.  
 He said he wild speke with þe kýng priuely,  
 Conseile non to breke, no telle it alle oñ hy.  
 Sir Edward granted wele, tille his chambre him brouht,  
 Of treson neuer a dele, no þing þer on he þouht.  
 þe letter in his hand laid, enselid & in silke bounde,  
 þe envenomed knyfe out braid, & gaf Edward a wounde.  
 To, I wene, he lauht, als his Romance sais,  
 A trestille Edward rauht, þat heuý was of pais.  
 þe Sarazin so he smote in þe hede with þat treste,  
 þat braýn & blode alle hote & igen alle out gan brest.

De vulne-  
 racione  
 Edwardi.

**N**OW for Edward woundes þe Cristen ere sori,  
 þat with in fo stoundes ere chances fallen selli.  
 His surgien him tolde, if he suld him saue,  
 & his lif holde, reste behoued him haue.  
 þat was a mischance, þat þer hede down laý,  
 & þe kýng of France died þat oþer day.  
 A noþer git more stark, þe pape þat týme was dede,  
 & þe patriark þe legate liggis in lede.  
 þe kýng of Nauer hight his help to Sir Edward,  
 In Cécile þe dede him dight, als he was þiderward.  
<sup>2</sup> To God his fader foundes mad his testament,  
 Sir Edward of his woundes was in grete tourment.

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<sup>1</sup> *Sic um spatío. quodnam* | *è Gallicis non colligo.*    <sup>2</sup> Sire  
*vero verbum desit vernaculum,* | Edward par ses playes est en  
 grant

After þe Martýnmesse þat he died here,  
 He regned more ne lesse þan sex & fifty ȝere.  
 At Westmýnstere he lis tounbed richely,  
 In a marble bis of him is mad story.  
 Sen þat he was dede God has schewed his life.  
 Edward with his rede in his lyue tok a wife,  
 þe kýnge's douhter of Spayn da Helianore fulle zing.  
 Of hir fairhede was faýn Edward ouȝ zong kýng.  
 In Acres of hir is born a mayden childe dame Jone,  
 Was non fairer biforn of Inglis als scho one.

Anno. m.  
 ccmo.  
 lxxiiº.

A þousand & tuo hundred þe date sexti & tuelue  
 Sir Edward help is sundred, o lyue is bot him selue.

De morte  
 Henrici  
 Regis tertii.

¶ þe day of Saynt Edmound, þat martir <sup>1</sup> is & kýng,  
 Sir Henry at Londoun in God mad his endýng.  
 þat tyme his sonne Edward was in paemie,  
 His chance felle þer so hard, þat home behoued him hie.  
 For alle his help was deûe, als I said beforne,  
 þis lond behoued haf hede, his heritage in born.  
 þe date of Criste pundred, þes fele ȝeres to mene  
 A þousand & tuo hundred sexti & fourtene.

Anno.  
 mº. ccº.  
 lxxiiiº.

grant torment, Le Rey Henry  
 son pere ad fet soun testament.  
 Apres le seint Martýn káunt  
 Maladye luý prent, L. & .vi.  
 annz fu Reis enterement. Il  
 gist a Wemonstere en tounbe  
 [vel en tounbez] richement,  
 Sachez ke dieu [vel deus] pur  
 ly ouer apertement, MSS.  
 Gall. ..

<sup>1</sup> This is the 20th. of Nov.

but then others (among whom  
 is Rastall) observe, that hedied  
 on the day of Saint Edmund  
 archbishop of Canterbury,  
 which is the 16th. of that  
 Month, and this I look upon as  
 the truest account, notwith-  
 standing the former is followed  
 (through mistake) by Dr.  
 Brady, contrary to his own  
 Author Matthew Paris.

¶ IN







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